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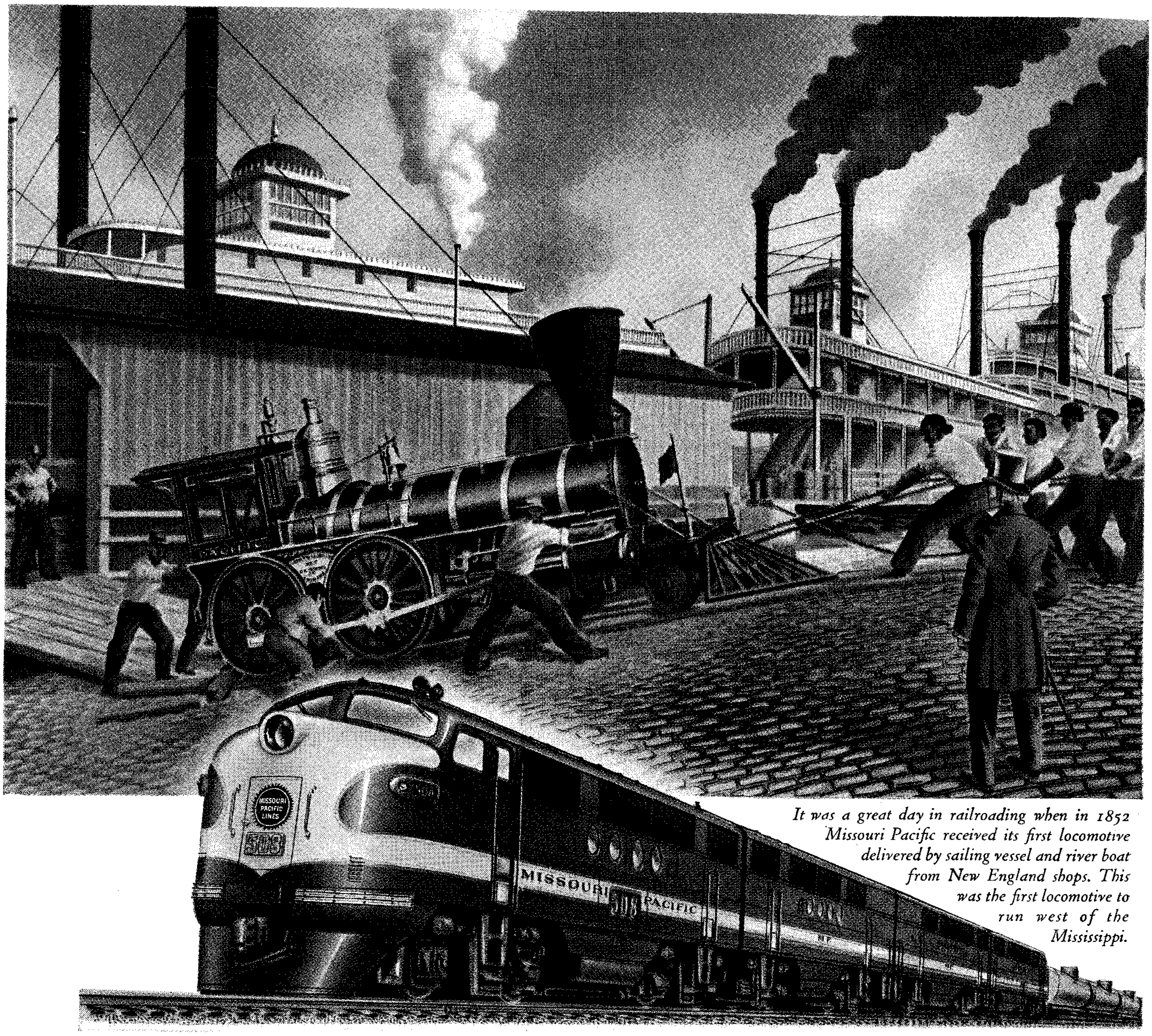
THE NEW YORKER



It was a great day in railroading when in 1852 Missouri Pacific received its first locomotive delivered by sailing vessel and river boat from New England shops. This was the first locomotive to run west of the Mississippi.

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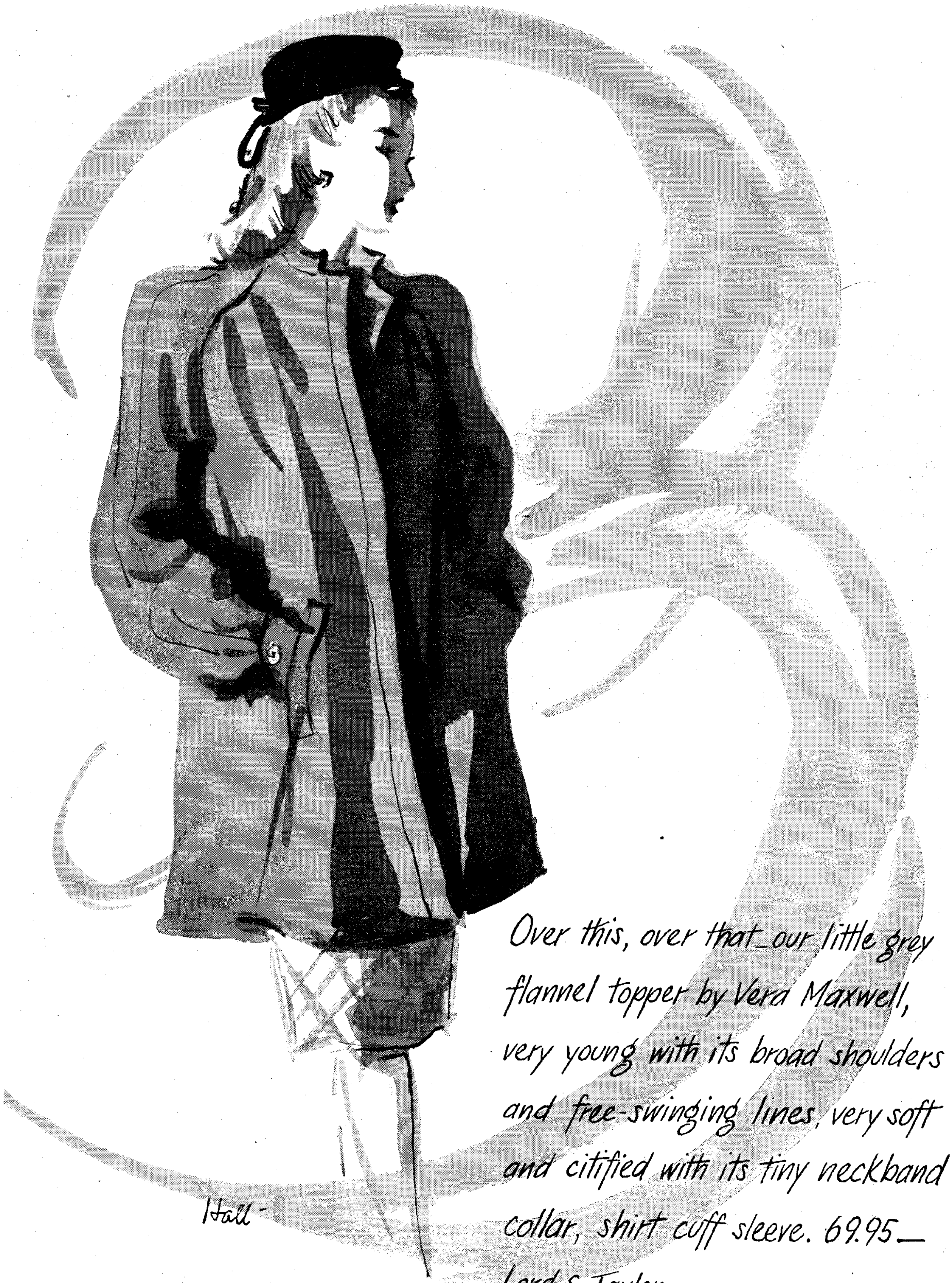

Over this, over that—our little grey flannel topper by Vera Maxwell, very young with its broad shoulders and free-swinging lines, very soft and citified with its tiny neckband collar, shirt cuff sleeve. 69.95—

Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's fine, restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give brilliant performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading rôles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt in something about a popular columnist who wants to be a thinker. Several funny scenes but not very convincing in its more serious moments. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent and moving treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's play about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

The Tempest—Margaret Webster has cut and rearranged this poetic fantasy, but it still remains one of Shakespeare's more exhausting plays. With Vera Zorina as Ariel, Canada Lee as Caliban, and Arnold Moss as Prospero. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Moves on Mon., March 19, to the Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent (who is being replaced by Harvey Stephens through Wed., March 21), and Audrey Christie are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Dark of the Moon—A play by Howard Richardson and William Berney, with incidental music by Walter Hendl and a cast headed by Carol Stone. Directed by Robert E. Perry and produced by the Shuberts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., March 15 and 17, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:30.)

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead, with Henry Hull and Donald Cook, in a play by Philip Barry. Directed by John C. Wilson and produced by the Theatre Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

It's a Gift—A comedy by Curt Goetz and Dorian Otvos with a cast including Mr. Goetz, Valerie Van Martens, and Whitford Kane. Directed by Robert Henderson. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Betty Garrett and Frank Libuse do their best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon, and Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A fine, carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Alicia Markova, and a couple of hundred others in a spectacle that is ambitious even for Billy Rose. Cole Porter wrote the music and there are sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Sing Out, Sweet Land!—The Theatre Guild's musical history of America, containing such old favorites as "Frankie and Johnny" and "Casey Jones" as well as a lot you've probably never heard, is a very happy inspiration indeed. Alfred Drake (through Wed., March 21), Burl Ives, Bibi Osterwald, and Alma Kaye. (International, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., March 24.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Happily Ever After—A play by Donald Kirkley and Howard Burman, with Gene Lockhart. Crane Wilbur directed and the producers are Bernard Klawans and Victor Payne-Jennings. Opens Thurs., March 15. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—A play written and directed by George Kelly with a cast including Catherine Willard, Neil Hamilton, and Jean Dixon. Produced by Stanley Gilkey and Barbara Payne. Opens Mon., March 19. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Night-

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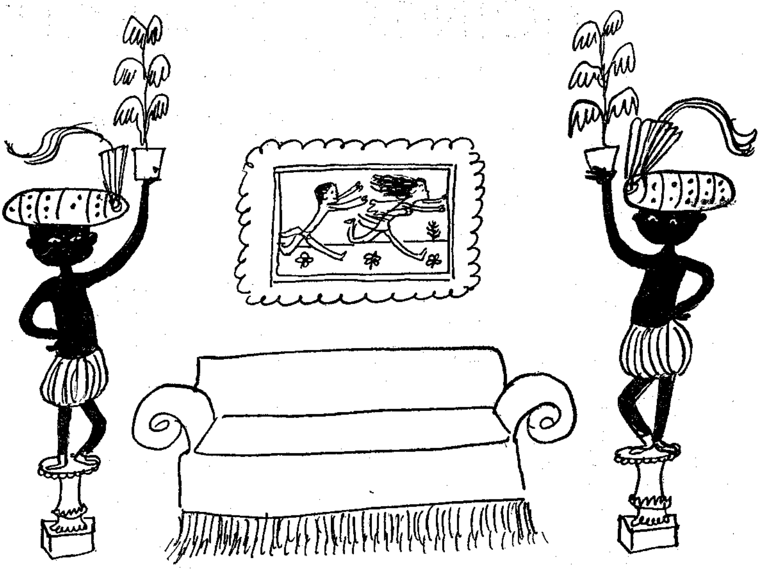

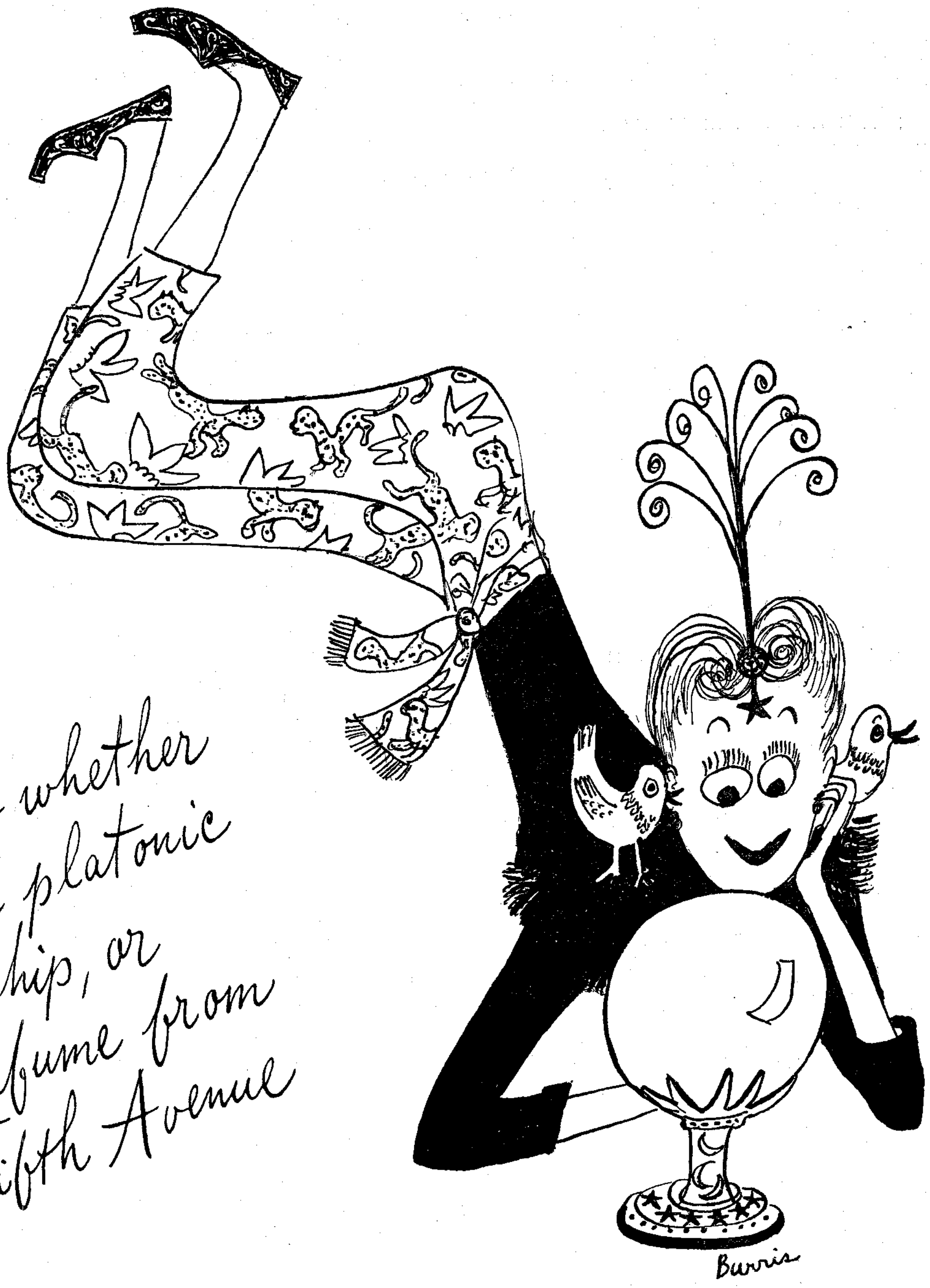

She wants
to know whether
he'll offer platonic
friendship, or
perfume from
Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

ly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Kiss Them for Me—A play by Luther Davis, based on Frederic Wakeman's "Shore Leave," with Richard Widmark and Jayne Cotter. Directed by Herman Shumlin and produced by John Moses and Mark Hanna. Opens Tues., March 20. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Firebrand of Florence—A musical version of Edwin Justus Mayer's "The Firebrand," with music and lyrics by Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin. The cast is headed by Melville Cooper, Earl Wrightson, and Beverly Tyler. Directed by John Murray Anderson and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thurs., March 22. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Variety Program—Zero Mostel, Grace Castagnetta, Kenneth Spencer, and others, in the third of a series of programs: Sat., March 24, at 8:40 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call GR 3-3323.)

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—Presenting "Little Black Sambo": Sat., March 17 and 24, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

Heckscher Children's Theatre—Presenting "Annabelle Steps In" and "The Tenth Word": Fri., March 23, at 7:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative programs—"Mozartiana," "Danses Concertantes," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Frankie and Johnny," Thurs. Eve., March 15. . . . "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Danses Concertantes," and "Ballet Imperial," Fri. Eve., March 16. . . . "The Nutcracker," "Pas de Deux," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., March 17. . . . "Serenade," "Danses Concertantes," "Igrouchki," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Eve., March 17. . . . "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Ballet Imperial," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sun. Aft., March 18. . . . "Mozartiana," "Blue Bird," "Rodeo," and "Scheherazade," Sun. Eve., March 18. . . . "Coppelia," "Danses Concertantes," and "Prince Igor," Wed. Eve., March 21. . . . "Mozartiana," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Pas de Deux," and "Ballet Imperial," Thurs. Eve., March 22. . . . "Swan Lake," "Danses Concertantes," "Igrouchki," and "The Red Poppy," Fri. Eve., March 23. . . . "Snow Maiden," "Mozartiana," "Pas de Deux," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Aft., March 24. . . . "Scheherazade," "Danses Concertantes," and "The Red Poppy," Sat. Eve., March 24. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Pearl Primus—With her group. Sat., March 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, other entertainment, or maybe just deathly silence. Because of the new curfew, most of the establishments listed are still experimenting and some of them may change their minds rather abruptly and several times. In general, it is to be noted that opening hours have been advanced to between 4 and 7 P.M., that there is dancing once more nearly everywhere at the dinner hour and a great deal more tea dancing, and that night life, though it may be shorter, is still just about as merry as ever.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras playing their polite dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An elaborate ice show constructed around the pink and beautiful Joan Hyldoft. Eddy Rogers' orchestra for dancing.

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—Robust lampooning by George and Gene Bernard, comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff, and all sorts of nice music by Evelyn Knight, Pearl Bailey, and the Herman Chittison Trio; no dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Merriment by Imogene Coca and Avon Long, music by Hazel Scott and Ed Hall's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson and music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with chromium-plated customers. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play nonstop music. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Russell Swann, that accomplished magician, is in the elegant Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Morton Downey, the upper-register songbird, chirping cheerfully in the Persian Room. Ray Benson provides dance music all evening. . . . For people with fond memories, tea dancing to Mark Monte's music every afternoon in the Palm Court Lounge.

Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Good, standard Ruban Bleu amusement by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, Thelma Carpenter, Garland Wilson, and the Cedric Wallace Trio; no dancing.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra plays and Gomez and Beatrice dance in the Iridium Room. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is inconspicuous dance music and the entertaining songs of Dorothy Shay.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and a rumba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand for tea dancing every day and stay on through the evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, old-school but comic, is in the Wedgwood Room, where Leo Reisman's orchestra plays moodily for dancing. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; Jacques Thaler's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' piano; no dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Kitty Carlisle, back in harness, along with a show full of handsome young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; music, rumba and otherwise. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **400 CLUB,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, which has Jess Stacey at the piano, at this bargain-basement counter. . . . **COPA BAR,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the Milt Herth Trio and a rumba band. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra will replace Harold Stern's on Tues., March 20. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra (to be replaced by Boyd Raeburn's on Thurs., March 22) and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PL 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

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Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a small hole in the ground, but there's Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): James P. Johnson's fine band and Willie the Lion Smith's neat trio; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum's piano and Benny Morton's orchestra, a combination good enough for most anyone. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp providing the high (and hot) spots of the band behind the bar. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): a new band headed up by Ben Webster and his saxophone. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart and his lively quartet, and a new band headed by Don Byas. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his trio; dancing.

ART

American Abstract Artists—The ninth annual exhibition: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 15.

Marjorie Bishop—Expressionist paintings: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The thirteenth biennial water-color exhibit, this time a survey of the art in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 29.

Paul Cadmus—Drawings, in the artist's first show in eight years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

Children—Paintings by about seventy-five artists, from the seventeenth century to the present; a benefit for the Public Education Association: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28.

Enrico Donati—New paintings: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Louis Ferstadt—Paintings; also water colors by his fourteen-year-old daughter: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

Perle Fine—Abstract paintings: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Arnold Friedman—Twenty-four new paintings, going toward Cubism, by the modern Impressionist: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Alberto Giacometti and Laurence Vail—Sculpture and bottles: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 16.

Arshile Gorky—Paintings by a man who mingles Expressionism with Surrealism: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Adolph Gottlieb—New oils: 67 Gallery, 67 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

Groups—At the **FEIGL,** 601 Madison, at 57: Kokoschka and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 17. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: oils, drawings, and prints by modern French artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: Utrillo, Vlaminck, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15.

Jean Hélion—Recent paintings by the Abstractionist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Eric Isenburger—Landscapes, interiors, and views of New York: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Paul Klee—A retrospective show, including works from private collections: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Sigmund Kozlow—Soft and fuzzy Pennsylvania landscapes: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Ernest Lawson—Sixteen paintings by one of America's early Impressionists: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

Julian Levi—Fourteen paintings done since 1942: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

Lucio Lopez-Rey—A large show of the Spanish painter's work: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

Henry Mark—Paintings and serigraphs: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Matta—Recent paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

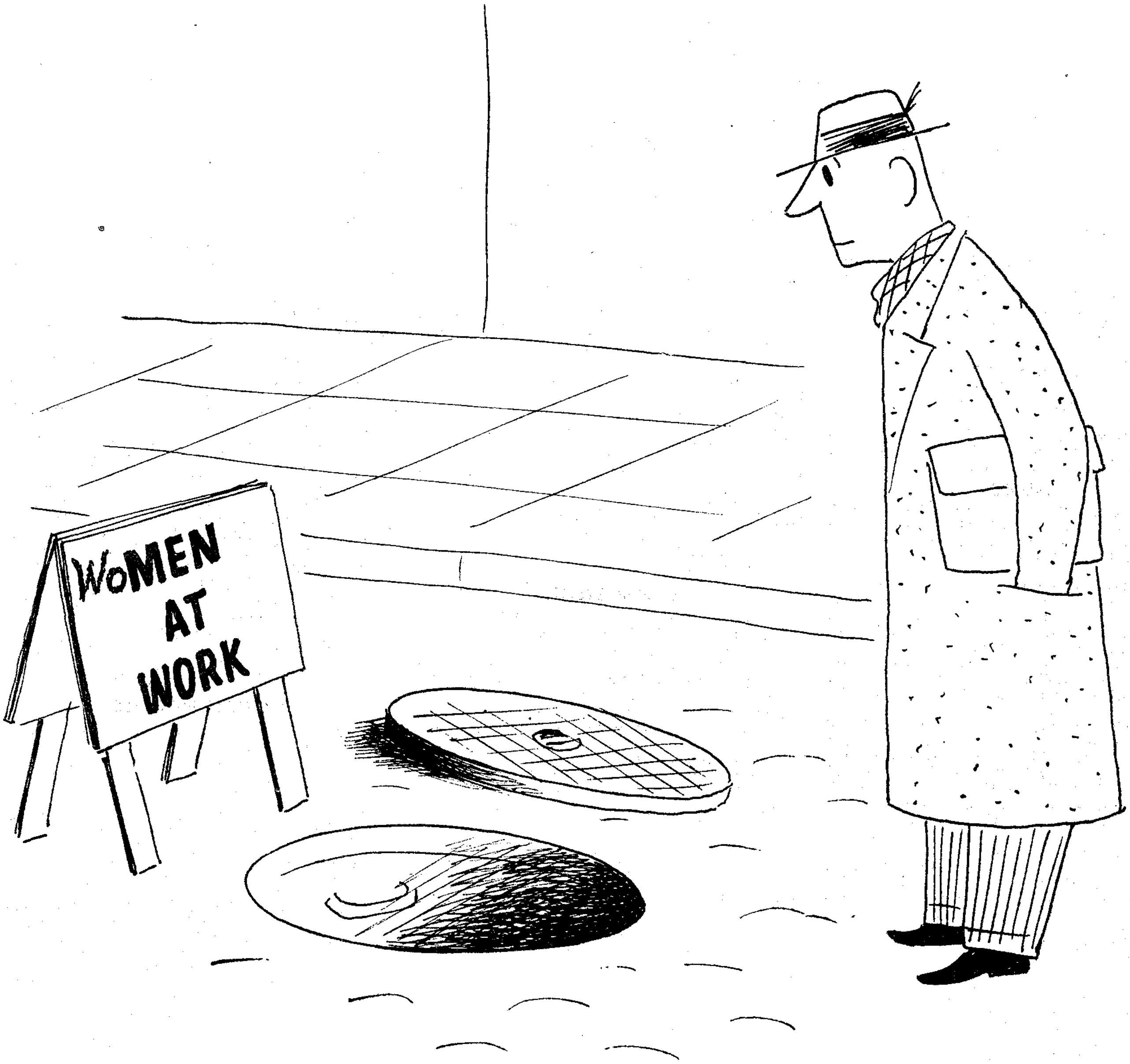
Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Paintings by William Sidney Mount and other nineteenth-century genre painters (through April 1); also, ten Gobelin tapestries which have been presented to the Museum by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and the Museum's collection of medieval sculpture and tapestries, which has been in storage since the beginning of the war. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and prints, by Europeans and Americans, recently acquired by the Museum; also, thirty-five prints by Paul Klee. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., March 18.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the power of the magazine
which has the largest
audited circulation of ANY magazine,
given it exclusively by women

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The annual show of painting and sculpture. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 3.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 29.

MINÉ OKUBO—Paintings and drawings documenting relocation centers for Japanese: American Common, 40 E. 40. Wed. and Fri., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 28.

AMEDÉE OZENFANT—Recent paintings, done in America: Passedoit, 121 E. 57: Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

PABLO PICASSO—A private collection of his work: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

ANTON REFREGIER—New paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

IVER ROSE—Recent paintings: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

SAINT JEROME—Paintings and sculptures of the Saint, done by artists of the fifteenth through the seventeenth centuries: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

TSCHACBASOV—About twenty-five oils by the Expressionist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

VIENNA—Some of Salomon Kleiner's rococo prints, together with less inspired views of the city: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Work by European artists now living in America. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thurs., March 15, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 16, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sun., March 18, at 3 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting, Thurs., March 22, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 23, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., March 24, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Joseph Szigeti, violin, March 15, 16, and 18; Rudolf Firkusny, piano, March 22-23; and John Corigliano, violin, March 24.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Leopold Stokowski and Virgil Thomson conducting: Thurs., March 15, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Leopold Stokowski conducting the short version of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," assisted by the Collegiate Chorale: Mon., March 19, and Tues., March 20, at 8:30 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall: Sat., March 17, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): Fri., March 16, at 8:30 P.M.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting; soloist, Rudolf Serkin, piano. Tues., March 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. Sat., March 17, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MUSEUM CONCERTS—The annual symphonic series, David Mannes conducting. Sat., March 17 and 24, at 3:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—F. Charles Adler conducting; soloist, William Lincer, viola. Wed., March 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Lohengrin," Thurs., March 15, at 8 P.M. . . . "La Bohème," Fri., March 16, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Fidelio," Sat., March 17, at 2 P.M. . . . "Die Walküre," Sat., March 17, at 8 P.M. . . . "The Golden Cockerel," Mon., March 19, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Tristan und Isolde," Wed., March 21, at 7:45 P.M. . . . "Die Meistersinger," Thurs., March 22, at 7:30 P.M. . . . "Don Giovanni," Fri., March 23, at 8 P.M. . . . "Carmen," Sat., March 24, at 2 P.M. . . . "Siegfried," Sat., March 24, at 7:45 P.M. . . . Among the singers on the Sunday-night concert, March 18, at 8:30 P.M., will be Eleanor Steber, Armand Tokatyan, and Lillian Raymondi. (PE 6-1210.)

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Violin. Fri., March 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

PAULINA RUVINSKA—Piano. Sat., March 17, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

HELVETIA MAENNERCHOR—Swiss choral group. Sat., March 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ANNETTE ROYAK—Soprano. Sun., March 18, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. Sun., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ROSS WORSLEY—Bass-baritone. Sun., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

OLD MUSIC—Georges Laurent, flute; Alfred Zighera, viola da gamba; and Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; in a program of eighteenth-century chamber music. Sun., March 18, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

COOLIDGE STRING QUARTET—With Frank Sheridan, piano; and Mitchell Miller, oboe. Mon., March 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Mannes Music School, 157 E. 74. BU 8-0656.)

BERNARD KUNDELL—Violin. Tues., March 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER MUSIC—New music by contemporary composers. Fri., March 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. No tickets necessary.)

AMERICAN CHORAL MUSIC—The Emanu-El Choir, and soloists, conducted by Lazare Saminsky. Fri., March 23, at 2:30 and 5 P.M., and Sat., March 24, at 10:15 A.M. (Temple Emanu-El, 5 Ave. at 65. For information about tickets, call RH 4-1400.)

JOSEF HOFMANN—Piano. Sat., March 24, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—National Invitation Tournament: quarter-finals, Sat. and Mon., March 17 and 19; semi-finals, Wed., March 21; at 8:15 P.M. . . . National Collegiate Athletic Association Tournament: Eastern regional semi-finals, Thurs., March 22; Eastern regional finals, Sat., March 24; at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Jimmy Bivins vs. Melio Bettina, heavyweights, ten rounds, Fri., March 16; Lee Oma vs. Tami Mauriello, heavyweights, ten rounds, Fri., March 23. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

FENCING—Metropolitan Open Championship, women's foil, individual, Sun., March 18, at 2:30 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur Series games: Sun., March 18, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: a forceful exhibition of Navy photographs, assembled by Steichen, of sea and air battles in the Pacific. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., March 18. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30.

ANTIQUES EXHIBITION—A big show, with everything from buttons to highboys: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. through Sat., March 15-17, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; and Sun., March 18, from 2 to 11 P.M.

GARDENING—A flower show and series of lectures and demonstrations sponsored by the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State, the Garden Club of New Jersey, and the New York Times, will be presented at the New York Times Hall, 240 W. 44, Wed., March 21, from 2 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; Thurs., March 22, from 2 to 5 P.M.; and Fri., March 23, from 2 to 5 and 8 to 10 P.M.; for the benefit of the Red Cross. (For information about tickets, call the Garden Week Committee, LA 4-1000.)

FLOWER SHOW—Orchids and cut flowers in the spring showing for the benefit of the Red Cross: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Thurs., March 15, from 2 to 10 P.M., Fri., March 16, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Sat., March 17, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

THEATRE—Prompt books, manuscripts, costumes, and other memorabilia relating to the careers of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, presented to the Museum by Miss Marlowe: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 8.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 14.

DRESS—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82: "Costumes from the Forbidden City," a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **COSTUME INSTITUTE**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.

NOTE—The annual St. Patrick's Day parade will start at 5th Ave. and 44th St. at 1 P.M. on Sat., March 17, and proceed north to 110th St.

SHOE REPAIRING
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ON THE AIR

STATE DEPARTMENT—Archibald MacLeish, James O. Dunn, and Charles P. Taft, in the fourth of a series of discussions of our international policy, Sat., March 17, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., March 18, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Mon., March 19, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 17 and 24, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 17; Richard Burgin conducting, Sat., March 24; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., March 18, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., March 18, at 9:05 P.M. WQXR. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., March 17 and 24, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Fidelio," Sat., March 17; "Carmen," Sat., March 24; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., March 18, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Jascha Heifetz, violin, Mon., March 19, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Boxing: Jimmy Bivins vs. Melio Bettina, Fri., March 16; Lee Oma vs. Tami Mauriello, Fri., March 23; at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

DARK WATERS—Fairly good psychological horror picture of the Louisiana bayou country, which subsides at the end into routine melodramatics. Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., March 17. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., March 19.)

THE FIGHTING LADY—Splendid documentary, made with the collaboration of the Navy, about an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. No comedians or pretty girls, but some of the best combat shots you're likely to see. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; through Mon., March 19. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., March 21.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., March 21.)

MURDER, MY SWEET—Excellent screen version of Raymond Chandler's mystery story called "Farewell, My Lovely." Dick Powell, who gets slugged, shot, or poisoned practically every other minute, makes a fine, durable detective. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

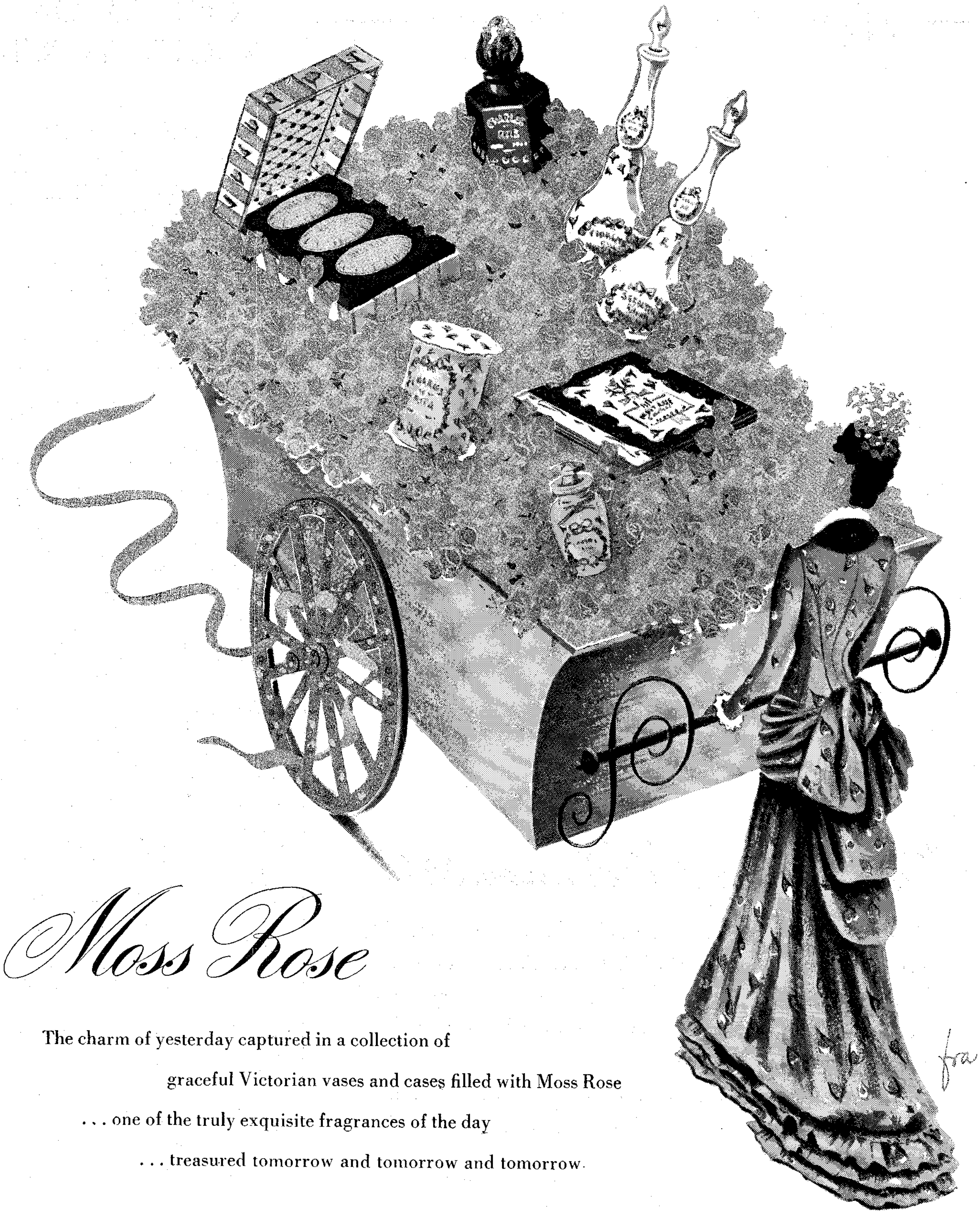
NATIONAL VELVET—Preposterous but charming story about how a twelve-year-old girl wins the Grand National on a horse she won in a lottery. Elizabeth Taylor, Mickey Rooney, and Donald Crisp. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., March 16-19. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Mon. through Wed.. March 19-21. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., March 21-23.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART—Confused film version of a confused novel of London low life, splendidly played by Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Art, 36 E. 8; Mon. through Wed., March 19-21.)

THE RAINBOW—Plain and moving Russian account of the German occupation of a Ukrainian village. Subtitles in English. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., March 15.)

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO—Some fine technical work has gone into this account of the famous lone raid of 1942, but also a bit too much Hollywood stuffing. Spencer Tracy as Doolittle, with Van Johnson and Robert Walker. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., March 15.)

THUNDER ROCK—Smooth British repair job on a fantasy which creaked on the stage here. Michael Redgrave and others. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave.



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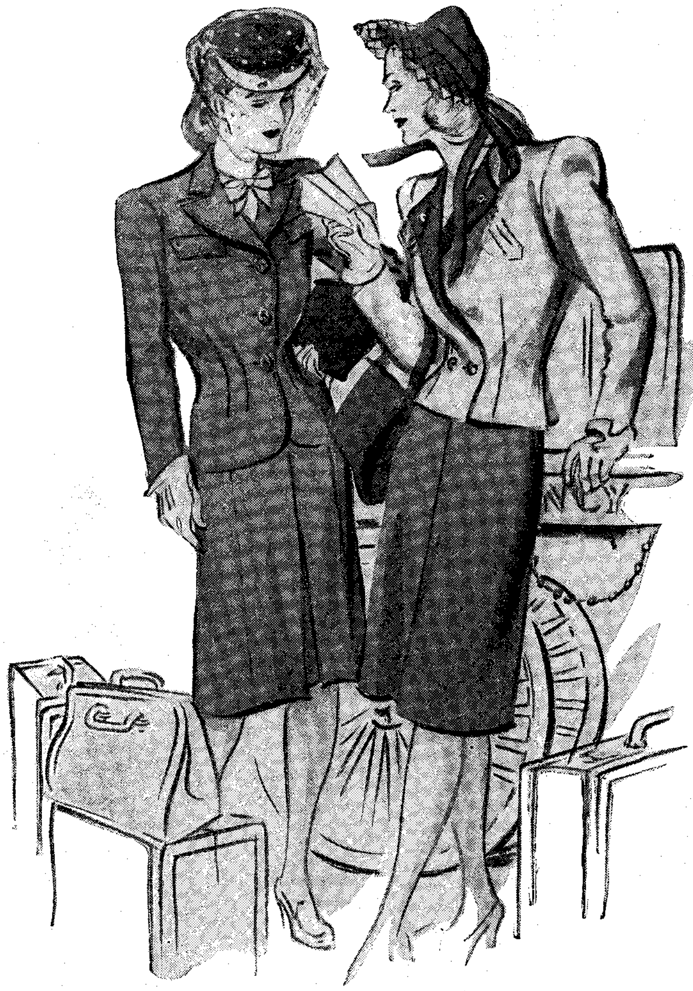

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 72; and Olympia, B'way at 107; Tues. and Wed., March 20-21. . . . Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., March 21.)

To Have and Have Not—A Hemingway novel with a William Faulkner screen treatment, which emerges largely Humphrey Bogart. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., March 15. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sun., March 18. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., March 21. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., March 16-19. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., March 17-19. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Sat. through Tues., March 17-20. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., March 20-22.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's tribute to the Army Air Force makes a better movie than a play, but it is still not exactly grownup entertainment. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., March 16. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., March 18-20. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., March 20-22. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Fri., March 21-23.)

Note—"Iwo Jima," a fine documentary about the landing on what seems to have been the toughest island in the Pacific, will be shown at the Grand Central Newsreel Theatre, Grand Central Terminal; Thurs. and Fri., March 15-16; and at the Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., March 17-19.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., March 21.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., March 17.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., March 20.)

48 Hours (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., March 15. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., March 18-19.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Fri., March 16.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 15. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., March 20-21.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., March 20.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—The Eric Ambler novel about underworld doings in Europe. With Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., March 16-17.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., March 16-19.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., March 21.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—Hitchcock film about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, and Macdonald Carey. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., March 21-22.)

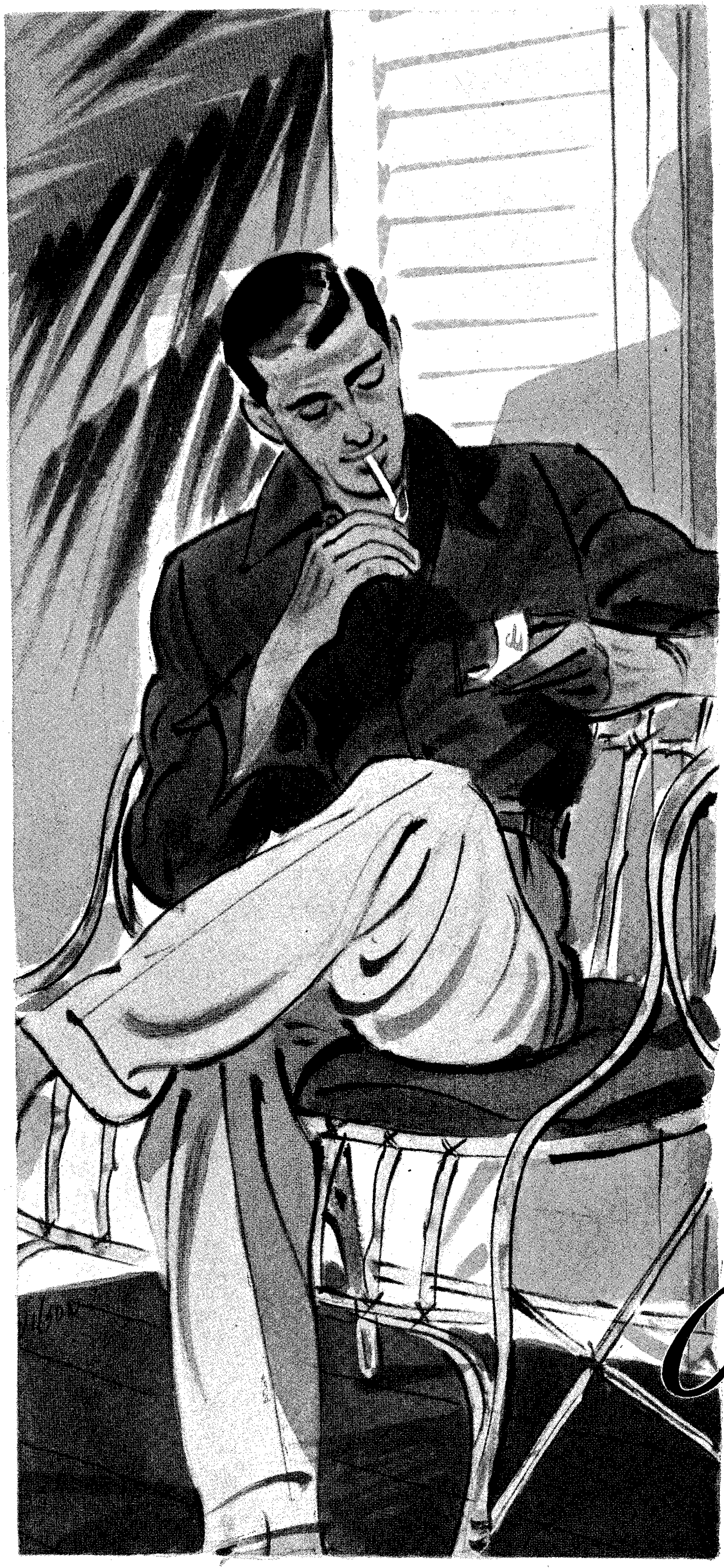
The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., March 18-19.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., March 20.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., March 15.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., MARCH 15: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1903), and "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., MARCH 16-18:



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Destiny" (1921), directed by Fritz Lang. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., MARCH 19-22 (at 4 P.M. only): "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino. . . . FROM FRI., MARCH 23: "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert J. Flaherty.

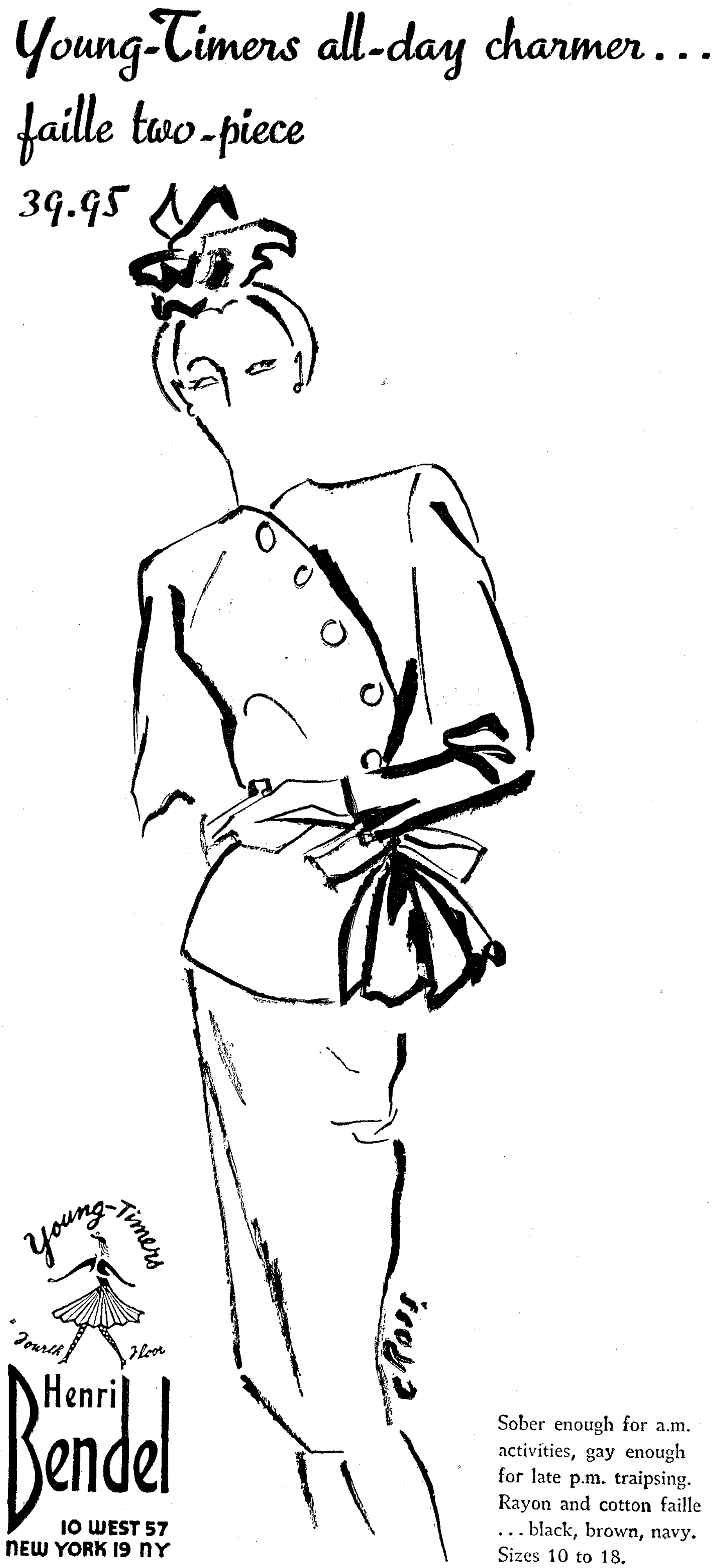
CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to spend two days a week, Mon. through Fri., in the C.D.V.O. offices, doing typing or receptionist or clerical work; men and women to work for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first-aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to take a four-week part-time training course and then work a minimum of six daytime hours a week in hospital libraries. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in a veterans' rehabilitation center.

Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, small games, radios, records, wood-carving equipment, and playing cards. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the C.D.V.O. branch at 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.



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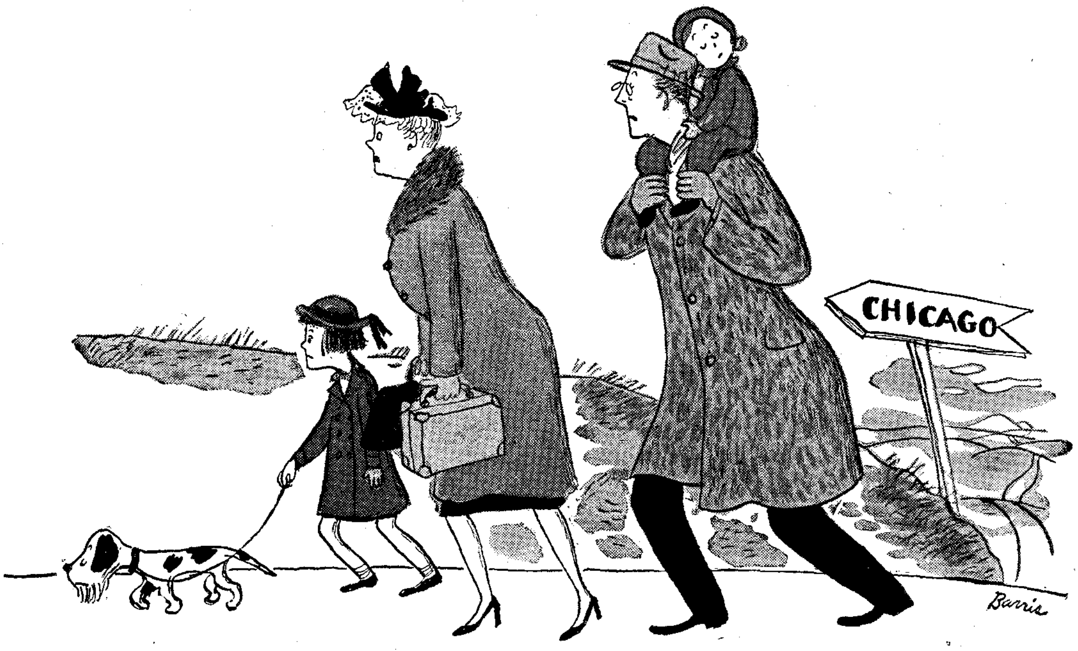

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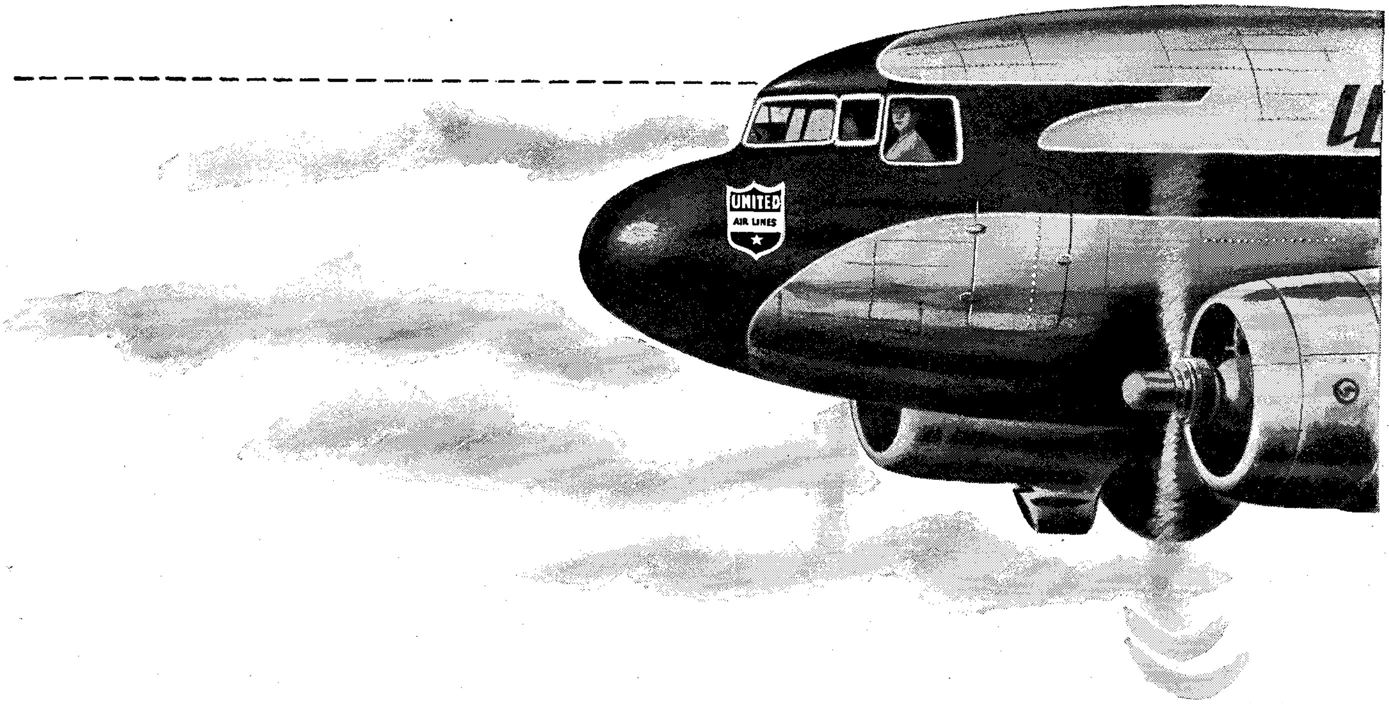

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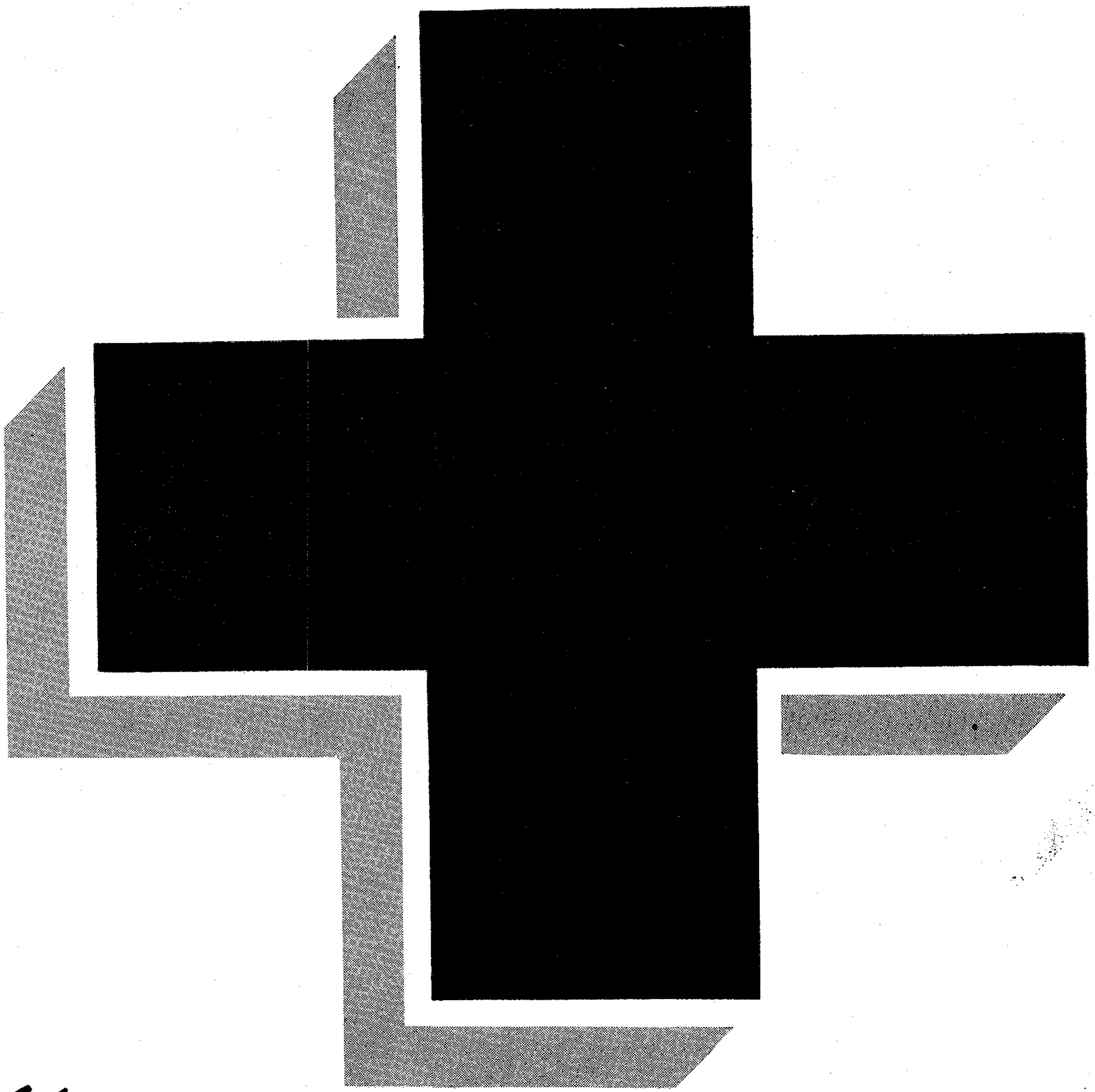

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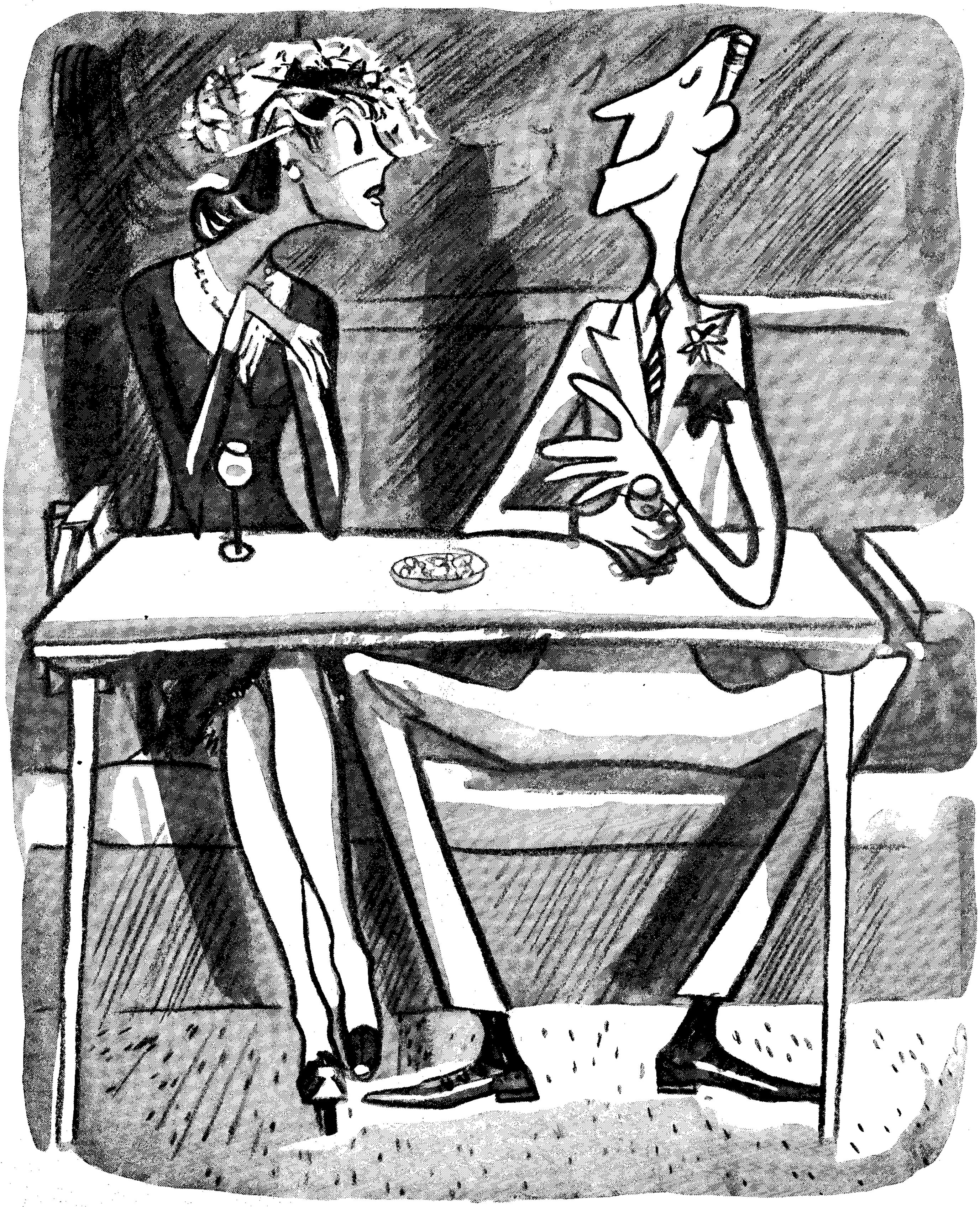

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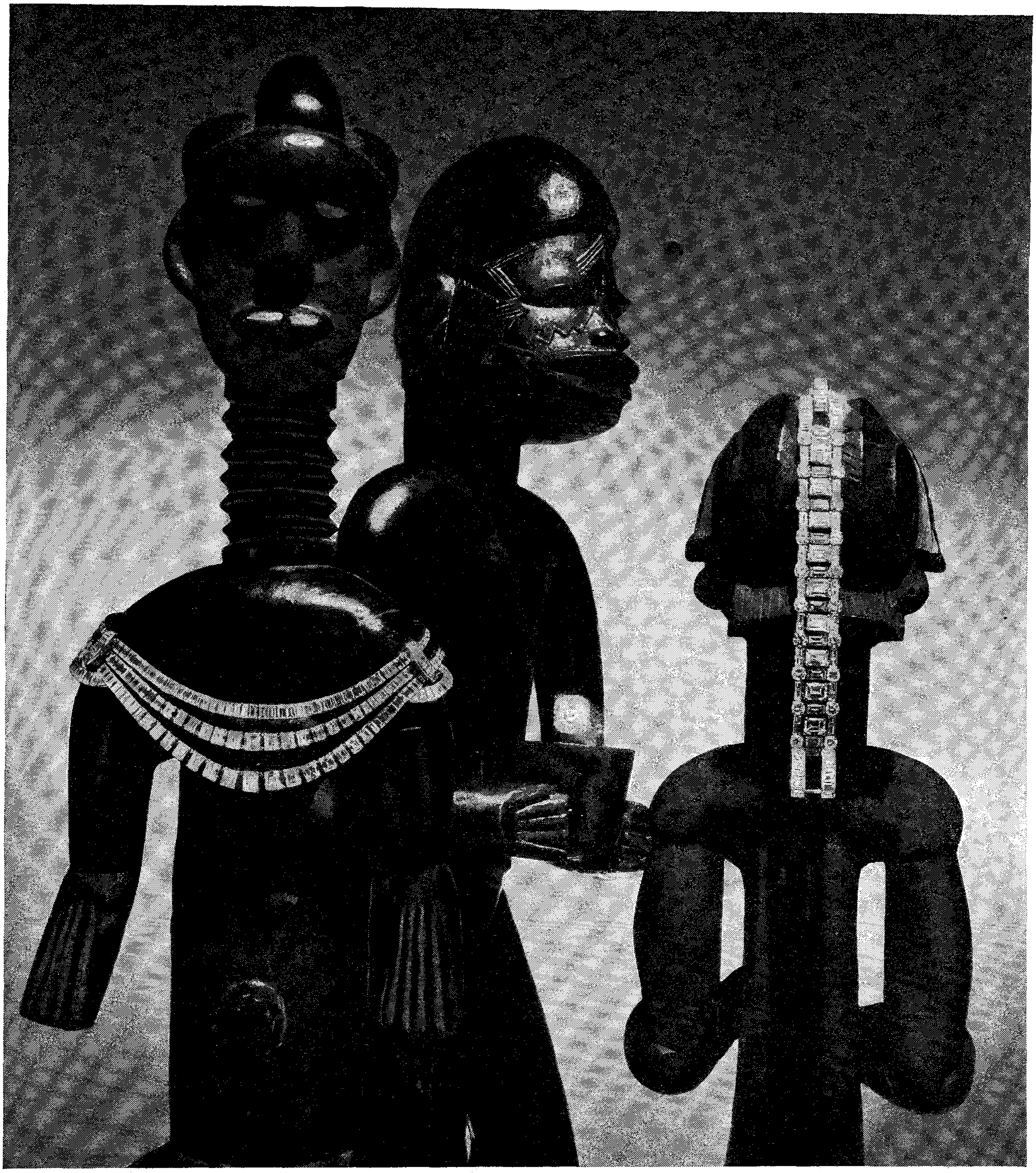

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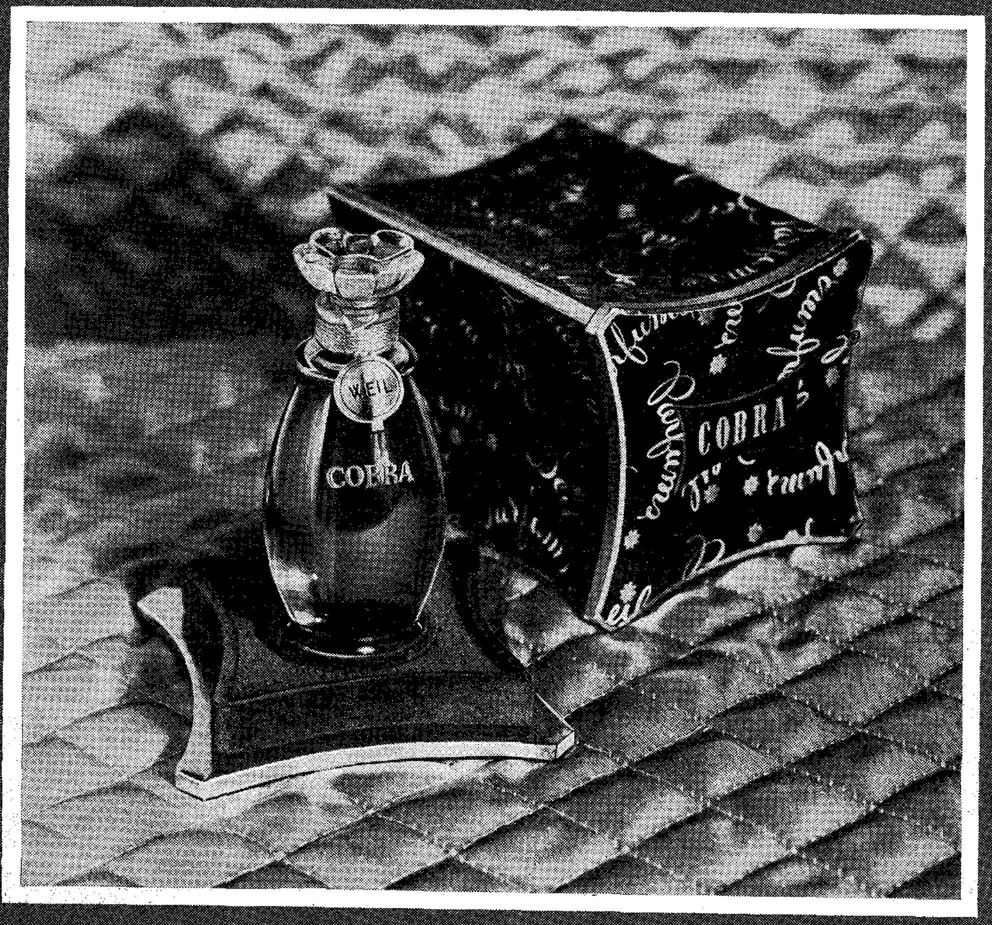
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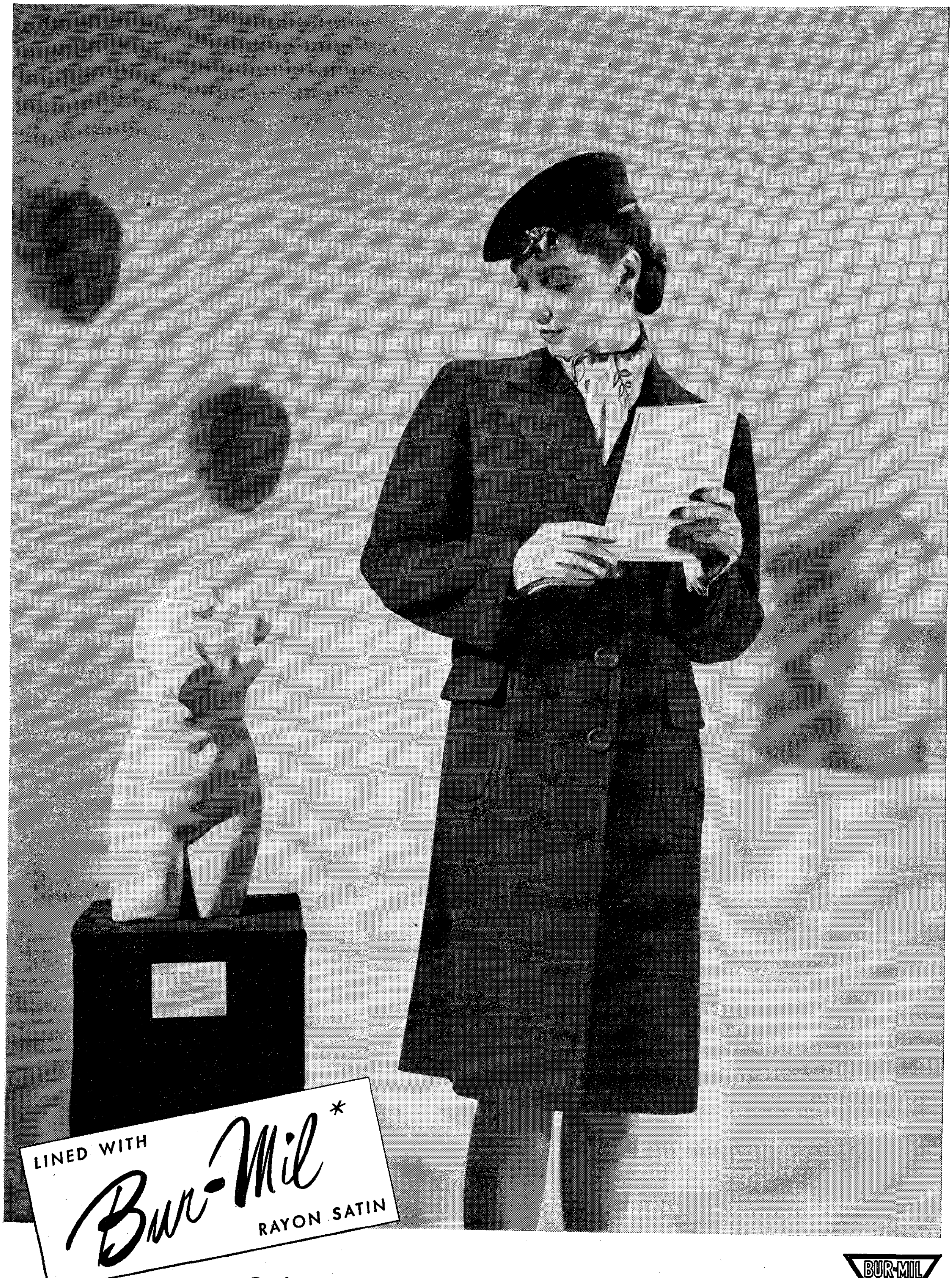
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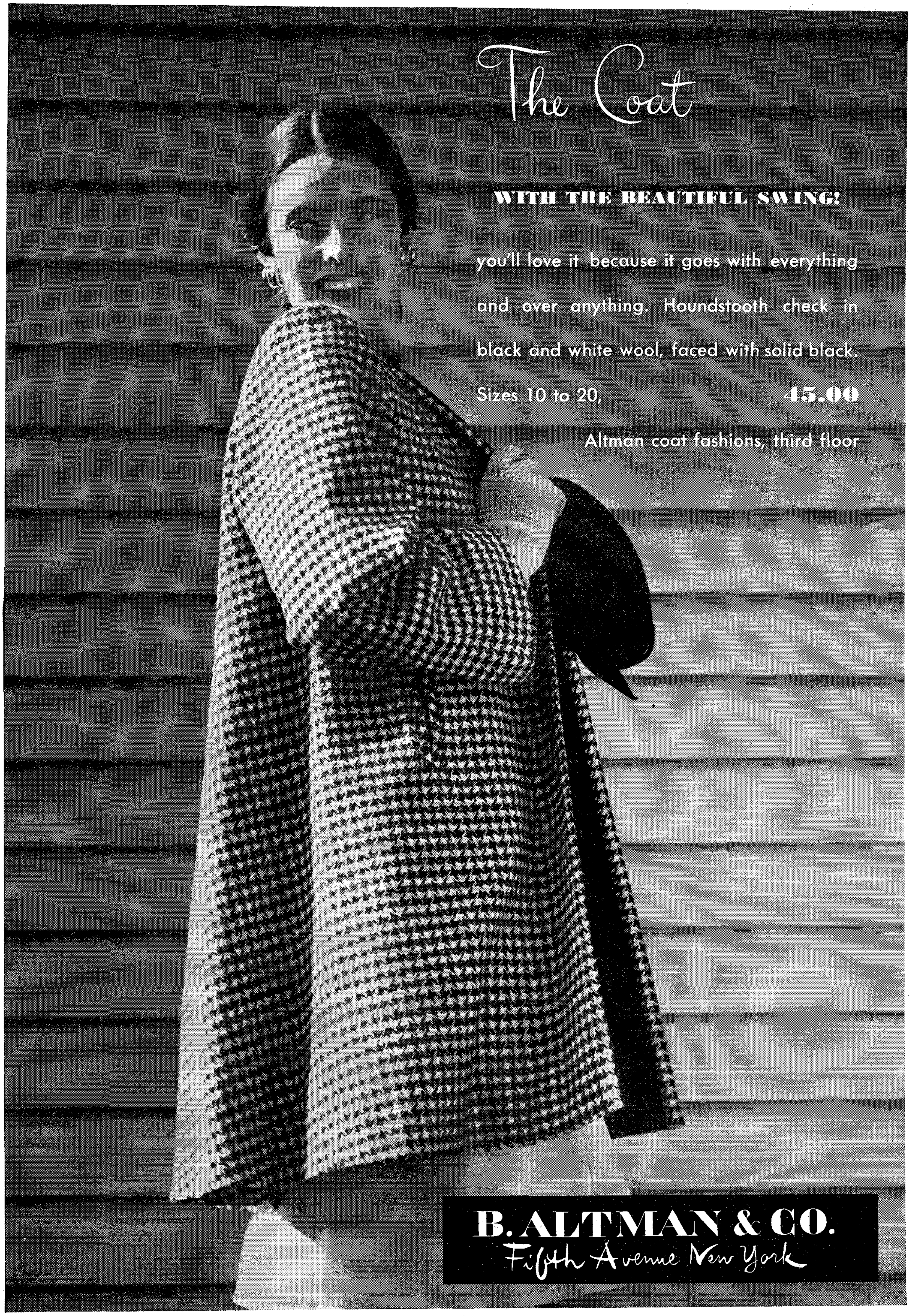

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

YOU can never tell where a German's attention will alight during a crisis. Dr. Goebbels, for example, in Germany's darkest hour, seems to have been preoccupied with a profile of Russell Birdwell that ran in *The New Yorker* a few months ago. We got wind of this when a Ninth Army sergeant sent us a clipping from *Das Reich*, Goebbels' own sheet, and we deciphered the thing and found that it was all about what a decadent country America is, to judge by our profile.

> "Birdwell's Klienten," erklärte die amerikanische Zeitschrift "*New Yorker*," "führen bis zu einem gewissen Grad die Leben von Charakteren in Romanen. Sie sind teils wirklich, teils literarische Schöpfungen. Einige starke Geister benehmen sich, wie es ihnen gefällt, ausser wenn sie besonders für Publizitäts-Episoden posieren; andere erwarten nicht viel reale Existenz zu haben ausserhalb ihrer Publizitäts-Veröffentlichungen. Es ist eine merkwürdige Art der Kunst, in der Charaktere und Zwischenfälle auf Helden und Heldinnen aus Fleisch und Blut aufgepfropft werden."

While Goebbels was rereading this piece and dummying up the next issue, einige starke Geister crossed the Rhine on him.

A SECURITY league in which some nations may be coerced and other nations may not does not recommend itself to the logical mind, any more than does a club in which some members may be spanked and others may not. However good their intentions and strong their efforts, designers of leagues run at last into this familiar dilemma. They run into the stone face of absolute nationalism, and into the impossible task of applying law and order to political entities. They run into the curious little bug that lives in leagues, an ineradicable bug. This bug was in the old League of Nations, and it turns up again, wiggling its feelers, in this new proposal. A league does not provide law and courts, because a league insists on sovereignty, thus implying that a nation shall be its own law. A league does not provide world government; it provides merely a new set of promises, a new set of balances, a new expression of good faith.

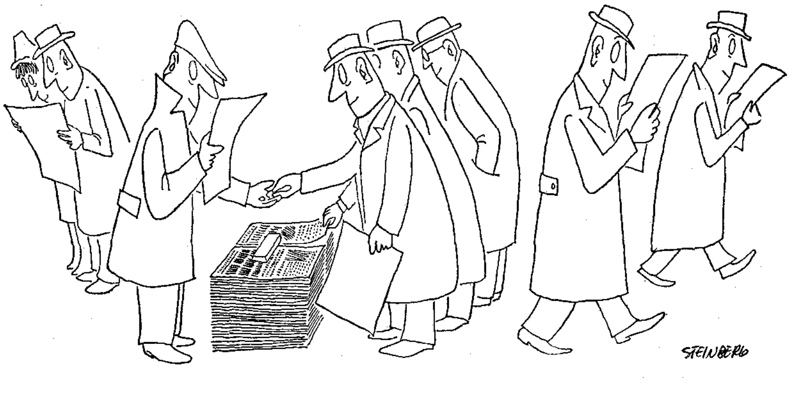
AT least one of our delegates to San Francisco knows that the world is sorely in need of government on a higher level. Commander Stassen said the words last week. His speech in Minnesota was something new in political utterances, for it not only proposed a universal bill of rights but told what the cost of such a document would be. It was the first great speech on federal union which contained the price tag, and it shook our timbers.

"There may be many diplomats who do not know it, there may be many political leaders who are afraid to admit it, there may be people who do not understand it; but the extreme principle of absolute nationalistic sovereignty is of the Middle Ages and it is dead. . . . True sovereignty rests in the people. . . ."

There are the words to keep and love, all you who fight abroad, all you who weep at home.

ONE thing about Stassen, he seems to want to find out what other people think about all this business. He went to see Governor Dewey to ask what he thought, and, whether because of encouragement or because of desperation, he beat it right from Albany to Cambridge to ask the Harvard faculty what *they* thought. That shows an open mind and a sense of direction. It also shows that he is afflicted with the awful loneliness that occasionally settles on a believer in one world. To give this planet even one basic law would require that a little swatch be snipped from everyone's flag and applied to the world's banner, and that, of course, is the most delicate and dangerous surgery ever proposed. Just thinking about it makes a man lonely—makes him want to run up to Harvard and ask Mom if it's all right.

CHILDREN have the gift of solving things directly, easily, and sometimes brilliantly. They do not refer questions back to dubious standards, and they ignore precedents. Something happened recently in Germantown, Pennsylvania, which perfectly illustrates this peculiar gift—we heard of it through a friend. In Germantown there are two schools, one predominantly colored, one predominantly white. The gangs of little boys from the two schools often play together. One day they invented a new game called Race Riot, but when they got assembled



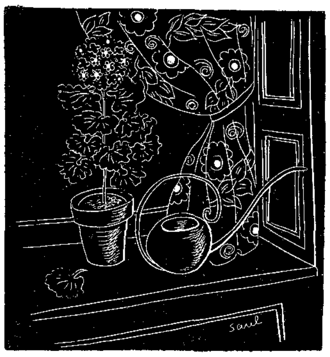
to play it they discovered that there were more white boys than colored boys. Clearly the thing was out of balance and unfair. What to do? Like a flash the children had the answer. The proper number of white boys promptly volunteered to play colored, and the race riot proceeded with even numbers, in perfect equality. Adults, we feel, would have had the devil's own time with a situation like that.

I Told You So

HEREWITH an account of a talk we had with Edward May, one of the first men to cross the Ludendorff Bridge, at Remagen, with the Americans in 1918. May, who lives in Rye and is now a customers' man with Gude, Winmill & Co., at 1 Wall Street, was then a second lieutenant in the Second Division, which he described to us as "the most glorious and gallant body of men in the world." He has worn the Indianhead insignia of the Second Division in his lapel for the past twenty-five years. When the current war broke out, he took off fifty pounds in a vain attempt to get back into service.

"I was a special attaché to the embassy in Paris from 1914 to 1917," he told us, "and I had got to know a lot of generals—Patton and others—and I could speak pretty good French. I figured I could be of some use in this war, but some damned little pipsqueak of a doctor found a miserable congenital blind spot the size of a pin in one of my eyes and refused to O.K. me. That blind spot didn't bother me in the last war, I can tell you that. I was with the Second Division all the way from St. Mihiel through the Meuse-Argonne battle, till November 11th. We had twenty-seven thousand casualties and never had more than twenty-five thousand men in the line, so you can see how we got chewed up. After the armistice, we had a couple of weeks' rest and then were ordered to occupy an area across the Rhine. We were simply to stay there and keep an eye on things until the Germans signed the treaty. In case they started any monkey business, we were to march to Berlin, which is what we damned well ought to have done anyway.

"Being an artillery outfit, we moved at a good rate, but we had orders not to catch up with the German soldiers retiring ahead of us. Sometimes we rolled into one end of a town while they were still marching out of the other. On the morning of Friday, December 13th, 1918, we set out for the Rhine. The weather that day was just about what you'd expect of Friday the thirteenth—cold, raw, and drizzling. We reached Remagen about noon. I got hold of a German photographer there and asked him to take some pictures of us crossing the Rhine. I felt it was an important occasion. In spite of the rain, he got some good pictures of us.



"The Ludendorff Bridge looked brand-new in those days. We were told that it was one of the strongest and widest bridges on the whole Rhine. It had great stone bastions at either end, a high steel arch supporting it in the center, and room for two sets of railroad tracks as well as vehicular traffic. I remember that our horses kept slipping on the railroad tracks, which were in the center of the bridge, between the traffic lanes, and that I ordered the tracks covered with planks to protect the horses. Those planks show in the pictures. We crossed the bridge and went on five or six miles to our area, and I never gave that bridge another thought until three or four weeks ago, when our Army started moving through the Rhineland.

"I told my son—he's only six, but he knows plenty about the Army—and the fellows down at the office, I told them, 'You know what our boys are going to do? They're going to head for Remagen. You just watch that bridge at Remagen.' The papers have made it look like something of a fluke that we happened to hit on that particular bridge, but my feeling is that the generals figured it that way. That's the way *I'd* have figured it. My son and the fellows at the office—they just laughed. Well, when it was announced over the radio the other night that we were crossing the Rhine at Remagen, I said to my son, 'I told you so!' Then I remembered those pictures. I ran up to the attic and got out my old duffelbag. It hadn't been opened in twenty-five years. I'd lost the key to it and I had to break it open with a hammer. Inside, I found my uniform, all mildewed, and my gas mask and boots, and at the bottom of the bag I found the pictures. I called the *Times* and *Tribune* and asked them if they'd like to use them and they said they certainly would—they said they'd hold the presses for them. Well, sir, just hearing that made me feel like I was in the damned war at last. I hopped the next train in to Grand Central."

Loyal Opposition

A LADY who walks her Scotty on Madison Avenue every evening has been haunted in recent months by a lady with a terrier. The meeting follows a set pattern. The dogs bark at one another in friendly fashion, and then the lady with the terrier leans over and shakes her finger in the Scotty's face. "Shut up!" she says. "You ought to be in the White House with Fala. It's exactly what you deserve." Then she trots off, trailing her dog. The last election was evidently one too many for her.

Outdated

IT'S safe to guess that "Die Wacht am Rhein" has stopped being Germany's most popular patriotic song. The martial boasts were a little too explicit: "Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine . . . They'll guard the sacred landmark well . . . While rifle rests in patriot's hand, No foe shall tread thy sacred strand," and so on. Actually, this is the first time the Rhine has been crossed by an enemy of Germany, against opposition, since the song was written. It has had a run of just over a hundred years, which isn't bad at all.

The words were written back in 1840, when the Germans and French felt that they were headed for war and the Rhine was Germany's first line of defense. The author was a short, pudgy young fellow named Max Schneckenburger, a businessman who was driven to versification by pure patriotic zeal. The words first appeared in the press as a poem. It attracted the attention of four composers during the next fifteen years—their names were Mendel, Schroter, Sering, and Wilhelm—and each set it to music. The version that took the popular fancy was Wilhelm's. It was first sung on June 11, 1854, by a male chorus in Essen. During the Franco-Prussian War, all the Germans took it up. Wilhelm was appointed Royal Prussian Music Director and was later awarded a yearly pension equivalent to seven hundred and fifty dollars for his "splendid influence upon the great German armies."

"Die Wacht am Rhein" was never

the German national anthem, nor, for that matter, was the "Horst Wessel Lied," either. It's been "Deutschland über alles" under the kaisers and under Hitler.

Little Hatchet

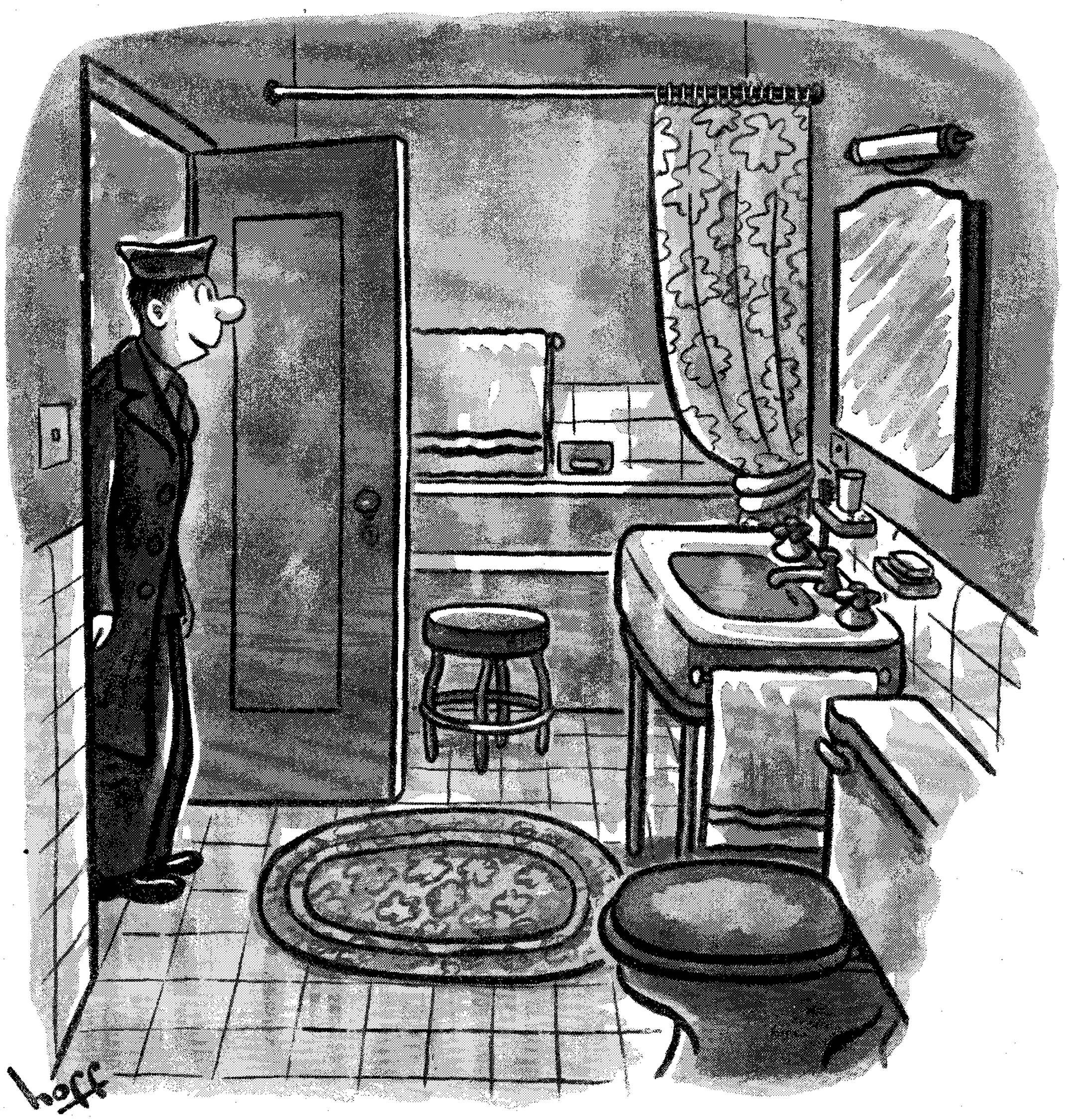
FINDING a house in the District of Columbia for a family that includes several small children is presumably impossible these days, but one young mother we've heard of did just that; or, rather, she almost did it. Accompanied by her son Michael, a winsome little boy of four, she spotted a fine, vacant, tree-shaded old house, ran the owner to earth, and convinced him that *her* children were so well behaved that his no-children rule might safely be ignored. The owner was just about to hand over the keys when he patted Michael on the head and made some friendly remark about what fun the little fellow would have romping in the yard. Michael's reply to this was inexplicable and disastrous. "Yes," he said, with terrifying conviction. "I'm going to chop down *all* the trees." That did it.

Bailey

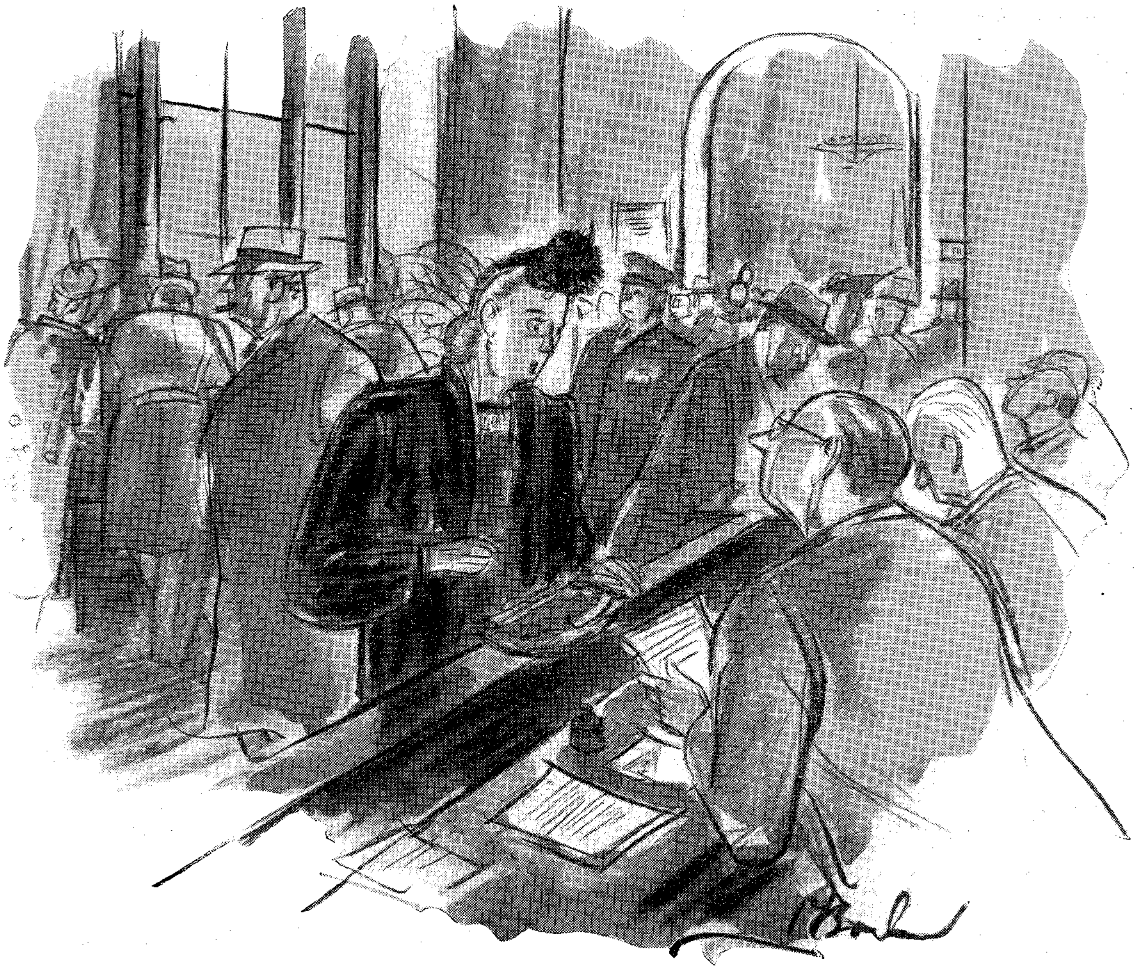
UNTIL last summer, the exact structure and function of the Bailey bridge was a dark secret known only to British and American Army engineers, and to the Germans, who captured several Baileys during the North African campaign and presumably figured them out. The military censors decided not long ago to let the public here in on the secret, with the result that every newspaper and magazine reader knows that a Bailey bridge is like a giant Meccano structure put together with steel pins instead of nuts and bolts. Not so much, however, is known about Donald Coleman Bailey, the inventor. We will remedy this situation, at least to a modest extent. Bailey is an Englishman, born in Yorkshire and brought up in Cambridge. He's now in his early forties, and has for the past fifteen years been a civilian employee of the Ministry of Supply, on the staff of an outfit with a self-explanatory title, the Experimental Bridge Establishment.

If there are any psychologists among our readers, they will doubtless be fascinated by the news that as a child Bailey was attracted to bodies of water, and that this led to a desire to build bridges, dams, waterworks, and the like. He really did something about this, too—studied engineering at Sheffield University and became a bridge specialist, by George. After a brief period as a railroad engineer, he hooked up with the British government, and there he's been ever since. In spite of the fact that he had presumably spent ten years before the war brooding about experimental bridges, his invention came to him in a flash, while he was motoring to a conference with an associate. He jotted down the essentials of the design on an envelope, presented the idea at the conference, and was requested by his superiors to pursue it further. This was late in 1939. It took him another six weeks to make a working drawing. The whole world, practically, now knows about this design on the envelope, but it doesn't know that the first Bailey bridge collapsed, like a prewar opera hat. When it did, Bailey just went back to his drawing board and designed a bridge that didn't collapse.

As far as any of our sources could tell us, Bailey has never seen one of his bridges used in actual warfare; at least, he hadn't up to two months ago. He lives with his wife and a seven-year-old son in a house overlooking the English Channel, and bicycles from there to his office, which is about as definite as the censor will let us be. He's a tall, slender, bespectacled chap, clad in the conventional tweeds and smoking the conventional pipe. He reads detective stories for fun, and would probably be described by Magazine *Time* as "balding." Magazine *Time*, by the way, is responsible for the baffling statement that Bailey bridges cost twelve and a half cents a foot. For *Time*'s informa-



"Gee!"



"But I saved up that money little by little all year just to pay my taxes with. I don't have to pay taxes on that too, *do I?"*

• •

tion, twelve and a half cents' worth of Bailey bridge would be as thin as a razor blade. The actual cost is something like fifty-two dollars a foot for the lightest kind of bridge, and three times that for the strongest, heaviest model. We don't know, at this writing, whether there are any Bailey bridges over the Rhine yet, but there probably will be a lot of them; they will cost around a hundred and ninety thousand dollars each.

Sinister

THE cocktail lounge of the Mayflower, in the nation's capital, continues to be a fertile source of memorable cracks, the latest of which is the following: "The trouble with foreigners is most of 'em speak English *too*."

Peace, It's Not So Wonderful

WHILE everybody else was capering and cavorting last Thursday at the news that the First Army was over the Rhine, the gnomes in the New York Stock Exchange and their clients, trembling at the dim sound of a dove's wings, fell into a panic and sold so many shares that the market broke. Visiting the scene of the peace scare the next day, we found that the brokers had calmed down a little, that the ticker was no longer running behind sales, and that the floor of the Exchange was no more confused than usual. From our post in the gallery, we watched all kinds of characters bustling about as energetically as ants, and just as difficult to tell apart. Occasionally there was an outbreak of whistling when the ticker tape, reproduced like a movie on screens around the Exchange well, showed some stock going upward against the prevailing trend. Dashing here and there among the selling booths were a number of girl pages in blue uniforms trimmed with gold, up to their bobby socks in the crumpled, discarded bits of paper which the brokers trail like seaweed in their wake. With Steel fairly steady at 63½, Pepsi-Cola holding firm at 23⅛, and Dixie Cup solid at 19⅝, we decided that the chances of a sensational day were remote. Just to make certain, though, we went down to the entrance of the Exchange and buttonholed a substantial-looking broker.

"Don't mention my name," he said warily. "Just call me Ishmael." We asked Ishmael whether he thought the dip in the market had been caused by the peace scare or whether it was just a needed technical correction (a bit of financial patois we have picked up from the *Times*). "There are many factors involved in the situation," Ishmael replied. "First of all, a few days before the dip, the Federal Reserve Board announced that it was going to tighten margin requirements. This was unsettling. Then, at twelve-forty Thursday, Marriner Eccles said he was anxious to raise the tax on speculative commitments. This was also unsettling. When Hodges went over the Rhine, which came in on the ticker at two-ten, it was likewise unsettling. I would say that a combination of factors effected the situation." "Didn't the heavy selling begin as soon as the news came in that the First had crossed the Rhine?" we inquired. "Yes," said Ishmael, "but to credit all the selling to that alone would be to ignore important factors in the situation." We dropped Ishmael and went over to see a market analyst we know, a diligent man who works in a welter of pie charts, graphs, and tickers.

"The market was entitled to some reaction," said the analyst. "The crossing and the million-share hour were synchronized, so you could credit the reaction to the First Army. But there's something you want to remember: the market is going up and up and so is business, until we have another 1929 on our hands. You've got to have bear markets when business booms and bull markets when business is depressed. Never in our history, till we got this new so-called scientific banking system, did we have such a disgraceful period as the nearly three years of concurrent bear market and business depression from 1929 to 1932." Our confusion was mounting steadily as the phone rang. "Hello," said our analyst briskly. "Oh, yes. I think this is a temporary weakness. I don't think it is by any means a climax like January or November, when you could buy on resumption of general advance. Last year, on the attempted assassination of Hitler, we didn't go so low. You'll get an automatic technical rally from this climax, but not new highs, the way we came back from January lows. This reminds me of the sell-off in '43 when Mussolini was dumped." After hanging up, our man looked at a ticker, muttered "Ha!," turned on us, and demanded, "Where was I?" "We wanted to know what you thought about this break in the market," we said plaintively. "I've got that right here," he said, handing us a sheet headed "Daily Market Analysis." We read this conscientiously on the way back to the office. "The market," it began, "yesterday staged a temporary selling climax in what seemed to be a deferred response to some of the recent activities reflecting official concern regarding speculative activities. Or maybe it was a combination of deferred response to events at home and more immediate response to news that the First Army had crossed the Rhine. In any event it finally developed into quite an emphatic response to something . . ."

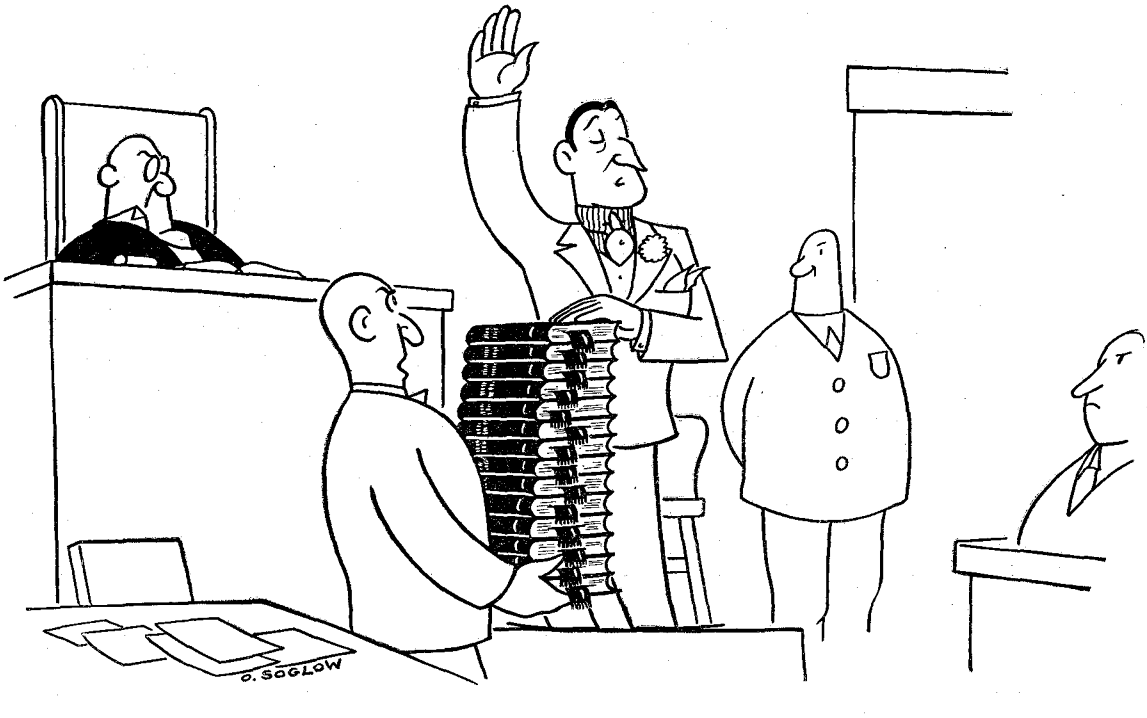
Game

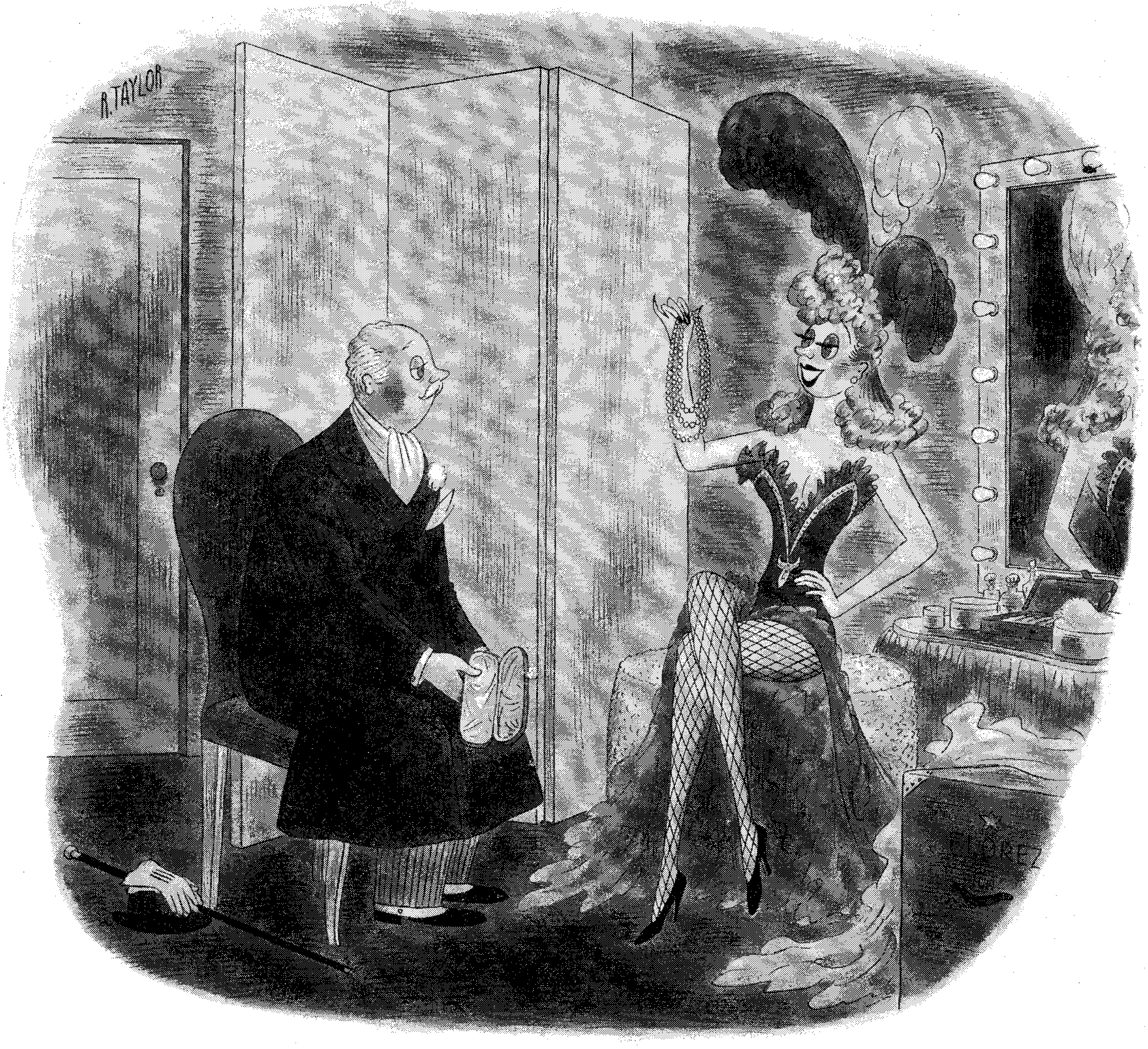
THE full horror of the cigarette shortage was brought home to a friend of ours the other day by a minute drama that he happened to observe on a suburban train. He was gazing judiciously at a glittering young lady who was sitting across the aisle from him when she brought out a cigarette from her handbag and lighted it. It was a cork-tipped cigarette and she lighted the wrong end. She became aware of her mistake as quickly as our friend did and stared at the smoldering cork in despair for a moment. Then she lifted the cigarette to her lovely lips and smoked rapidly until the cork was all burned away. She coughed only once, but she shuddered several times.

Graceful Thinker

LIEUTENANT GENERAL Courtney Hicks Hodges was Lieutenant Colonel Hodges when, just before the end of the last war, he won the D.S.C. As it happened, the occasion involved the crossing of a river. The Americans were on one side of the Meuse, and the Germans either were or were not on the other. It was only eleven days before the armistice, and the situation was confused. Hodges took two companies across the river at dawn and found that the Germans were still there, all right. The detachment was pinned down the whole day by enemy fire. That night, however, three more companies got across, and Hodges led an attack that opened up a gap for a whole brigade and won him a decoration. Stories about generals always say that they're constantly exposing themselves to enemy fire, but this really seems to be the fact about Hodges. In this war, he once visited a regimental command post that was in charge of two young officers. The place was under heavy artillery fire, but Hodges hung around, making conversation, until everybody got nervous. "I know we stayed there too long," he told one of his aides later, "but in the last war it always tickled me to have all hell break loose when brass came up, so I stayed and let them enjoy it."

At fifty-eight, General Hodges is a slender man with iron-gray hair and a small gray mustache. He was born in Georgia and has never lost his Southern accent, in spite of having been stationed all over the world. He's the only professional soldier in his family. His father was the owner and editor of a country weekly called the *Houston County Home Journal*. Hodges' mother is eighty-seven, and she has been bedridden since she broke her hip last spring, but she is able to follow her son's career in the press and on the radio. The General's wife now lives in Atlanta, but the Hodges have a plantation in Perry, Georgia. They have kinfolks scattered all over the place. We have recently had an enlightening telephone conversation with his wife, and she told us, "The whole east coast is just full of Hodgeses. When we used to go out driving over the weekend, with the back seat full of bird dogs, we could just look into the phone book in any town where we stopped, and, sure enough, there'd be several families of Hodgeses, cousins or uncles of Co'tney's, and we'd have a fine, home-cooked dinner instead of just something at a roadside restaurant." She told us that since her marriage she has become an expert skeet shooter, starting from scratch. "I *had* to learn," she said. "If I hadn't, I couldn't have had a word of conversation with him. He eats and sleeps shooting." She also informed us that if we ever came to Atlanta, we could see the General's big-





"Why, Mr. Orval! What a sweet gesture!"

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game trophies, which include several sets of antlers, some skins, and a set of elephant's hoofs mounted in brass. "They're sitting out on the sunpo'ch right now," she remarked. She added that her husband hasn't had a leave since 1939, writes short and infrequent letters, refuses to request parcels from his relatives, and frightens her when she chances to see him in a newsreel.

General Hodges lives in a trailer these days and uses another trailer for his headquarters. Both are always immaculate, neatness being one of the General's primary virtues. We know a soldier who swears he saw Hodges, on his way through a barrage which forced everybody to dive for shelter every few seconds, dusting himself off very thoroughly each time he got to his feet. Subordinates who show up for meals unshaven or in combat dress usually let themselves in for a mild reproof. The General calls his officers by their first names, but for all that remains rather distant. "He isn't the kind of fellow who has a nickname," a long-time associate told us the other day. "Nobody ever calls him anything but Courtney." This man has met a lot of generals and he says Hodges is the politest general of them all. He is, besides, economical of human life and orders terrific barrages before attacking, throwing everything possible at the enemy all at once. "A graceful thinker," his friend remarked.

Cops

A YOUNG lady—possibly a rather unreliable young lady, come to think of it—has reported a conversation she says she heard between a traffic cop and a patrolman standing at his side as he helped mix up the five-thirty traffic on Fifty-seventh Street. "There's money under the breadbox," the traffic cop said. "Yup," the patrolman said. "Now, you get some fresh greens," said the traffic cop, "and on my way home, I'll get something for dessert. O.K.?" "O.K.," the patrolman said, strolling away.

WAR AIMS

THE wardroom was quiet, next to the quietest it ever got. Radio Tokio was playing the Fred Astaire record of "Beginner's Luck." A Torpecker pilot was playing acey-deucey with the skipper of the Torpecker squadron, and about the only sound they made was when they would put a new man on the board, snapping it very deliberately on the hardwood. From the wardroom mess next door could be heard the murmurs of a bridge game—four fighter pilots who had been playing among themselves, the same four, since the carrier had left Pearl Harbor. One of the officers from Damage Control was reading "The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens" and he had gas on his stomach. A Negro steward was pushing a long-handled dust brush across the deck, bumping the legs of the heavy chairs, which he obviously had no intention of moving. At infrequent intervals some unimportant announcement would come over the squawk box: "Now, hea' this . . ." Most officers had either hit the sack or were in their rooms writing letters. It had been a good day; three deckloads had taken off and all had returned, mission accomplished. There was the usual after-supper rumor that a Betty had turned up on the radar screen, but this rumor had first made its appearance the night after the ship had left Eniwetok, and that was many, many days ago, and even if a Betty did turn up, that was another, and smaller, carrier's problem. That is to say, it was up to another carrier to take care of the Betty; it was, of course, this carrier's problem if the Betty *hit* this carrier.

Delaney, the middle-aged correspondent, came in the wardroom and searched the bookcase for a book he had been reading. The Damage Control officer made a rude noise and Delaney saw that the officer had the book, and Delaney went over to one of the davenports and sat down with Forrest, a fighter pilot. Delaney nodded and said hello, and Forrest took his cigar out of his mouth. "Hi, Mr. Delaney," he said. "Getting enough to write?"

"Oh, yes. Not so easy to get it back, though."

"I guess that is tough. How *do* you get it back?" Forrest was a friendly kid. He offered Delaney a cigar, which Delaney declined.

"Like regular mail. When a can comes alongside, we put our stuff in a special pouch, but it has to be censored at Pearl. If you write a letter, it gets to wherever you write it before our stuff gets to New York."

"You'd think they'd make some arrangements about that."

"They're always talking about it," said Delaney. "You want to play some gin?"

"Thank you, sir, but I never learned it. Only games I play are acey-deucey and, of course, poker. There's a poker game in the ready room if you'd like to play that. I didn't feel like it tonight, so I just came down here to commune with nature."

Delaney laughed. "They don't like transients in the poker game."

"Sometimes they do, if the transients are steady losers."

"Oh, sure, in that case," said Delaney.

"Sure you won't have a cigar, sir?"

"Yes, I think I'll change my mind. How about a cup of coffee? I'll get it."

"Oh, no. I'll get it."

"No, I was going to anyway. You sit still." Delaney went to the wardroom mess and brought back two cups of coffee and two pieces of rhubarb pie.

"Say, thanks. Not bad, not bad."

THEY ate the pie and drank the coffee in silence, and when they had finished, Delaney said, "Now I'll have that cigar you threatened me with."

"Sorry, I forgot. Here." Forrest handed Delaney the cigar, a brand that would have cost sixty cents straight at home.

"Good cigar," said Delaney.

"I guess so. I never smoked cigars before I joined the Navy. A lot of things I never did before I joined the Navy. A lot of things I do in the Navy I won't do when I get out."

"I'll bet," said Delaney.

"That's something I always wanted to ask somebody, Mr. Delaney. You were in the last war. Just how tough is it, getting readjusted and all that, when you go back to civil life?"

Delaney hesitated. "I don't think I'm the right one to ask that question, Forrest. I wasn't in the real Army. I was in a thing called the S.A.T.C."

"S.A.T.C.?"

"Students' Army Training Corps. Also known as the Saturday Afternoon Tea Club. One day I was just an ordinary student in college, the next day I was technically in the Army, getting paid, wearing a uniform. Then again, one day I was wearing a uniform, technically in the Army—next day, a student. Living on the same campus all the time. Not much of a reconversion problem there, so I don't know. You worried about it? I guess everybody is."

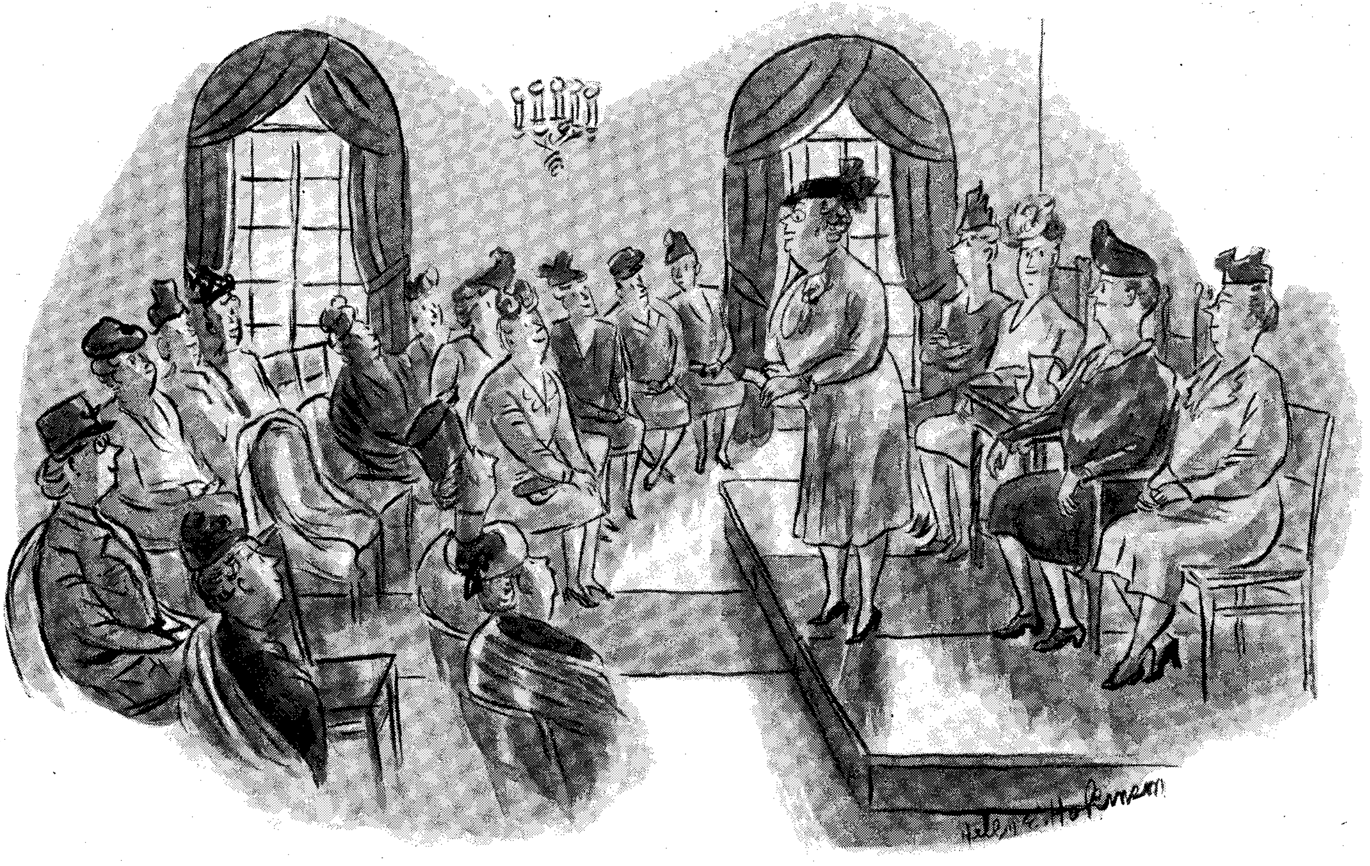
"Not worried, exactly. But I think about it. I wonder about it."

"Most of the fellows I knew that saw action in the last one—practically none of them would talk about it for two or three years. Quite a few of them were sore at guys that weren't in it."

"About the same now, I guess," said Forrest. He appeared to be looking into the far distance. "I'll be better off than most of these jokers. Most of them don't know a thing but how to fly an airplane. I'm better off because I have a year of law school behind me. My old gent was a lawyer. Still is."

"You going to practice law?"

"I sure am. I have the spot all picked out—not with my old gent. It's a place where we go for the summer, in New England. It's the county seat. I have it all planned. I'll finish law school—first get married and *then* finish law school. Then I'm going to build a house. Not a summer house. I'm going to build one right in the town. Probably brick. I'll leave most of that to my wife, because she'll be the one that spends most of her time there. But I'm going to build my office to suit myself. It won't be on the main drag, but right around the corner from the courthouse. One story, see? Two rooms. One sort of outer office, reception-room kind of thing, behind a fence. I always liked those fences—you know, those fences they have in small-town lawyers' offices. Desks,



". . . and Mrs. Wormser is going to be John Kieran."

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chairs, tables, my diploma hanging on the wall, filing cases. All that will be in the outer office, where the public can see it. Very respectable, very official-looking. But my own office—the inner sanctum, so to speak—that's going to be completely unconventional. I'm going to have a head and a tub and a phone extension in there. And a radio. In my office I'm going to have all the junk I've collected all my life. For instance, when I was fifteen, I shot a deer. Deer head's going to be in there. Cups and stuff I won playing tennis. Pictures. All my favorite pictures. Reproductions of Grant Wood and van Gogh and some my girl painted at a place where she goes on Lake Michigan.

"Let's see what else. Oh, Christ, this is going to be the god-damnedest lawyer's office you ever saw, but anybody that doesn't like it can get another boy. I'll have a television set by that time. In my office. All the books I like. Oh, and a bar. A special closet that I'll keep my liquor in, with a Frigidaire and glasses and some ale tankards that my old man bought in England, but I can wangle them out of him. I think I may put them on a shelf on the wall of my office."

"You didn't say 'bulkhead,'" said Delaney.

"Intentionally," said Forrest. "Not that I'm going to forget all about the Navy. For instance, I imagine I'll join the Coast Guard Reserve, or whatever they call themselves. I'm going to have two boats. One about a thirty-three-footer that'll sleep four comfortably. There'll be a lot of those, good ones, after this little caper is over. Cheap, too, I'll bet. The other, I haven't made up my mind. My wife likes to sail. She's had boats all her life. I call her my wife, but you know what I mean. My future wife. A *very* elegant woman, absolutely four-O, as the Trade School boys say. Well, she can pick her own boat. I haven't made up my mind about a car. They'll be bringing out some wonderful stuff when this thing is over, so I'm not even planning about a car. I *would* like to have a motorcycle. We can get along with one car and the motorcycle, because I won't need the car much, having my office right around the corner from the courthouse, so my wife can use the car most of the time. You know McNamara, in our squadron? He comes from a little town about forty miles from this place, so I imagine we'll be seeing a lot of Mac and his wife."

"What about a plane?"

"Oh, the hell with that. Not right away, anyway." Forrest paused to relight his cigar, and as Delaney waited for him to go on, the squawk box became alive for that second before any message comes over. Then it came; they only needed to hear two notes on the bugle and they were on their feet. The acey-deucey game stopped; the Damage Control officer dropped his book; the bridge players' chairs scraped the deck.

"Taw-pedo defense, taw-pedo defense. Awl han's man yaw battle stations. Taw-pedo defense."

Forrest and Delaney looked at each other as they began to jog-trot. Forrest smiled. "You come and visit us, sir," he said, and smiled again. Then he began to run, and Delaney wearily trotted after him. —JOHN O'HARA

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There was a glut of sprats in the Straits of Dover yesterday.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Gosh, England never has a moment's peace!

A WALK IN COLOGNE

IN the fall of 1931, I failed to pass the physical examination given candidates for admission to the government-sponsored Université Coloniale in Antwerp. This was a blow, because, ever since I was twelve years old, I had situated my future in the Katanga Province of the Congo.

In fact, nowadays, whenever I try to reconstruct what happened in the six years that I spent at the Lycée in Brussels, all I perceive is a vision of myself enthroned under a shady baobab, lazily dispensing justice, as a territorial administrator, to tribes of dusky, tattooed warriors. It is as if I had lived two lives, one on the school benches, of which I remember nothing, and the other the dream life in Africa.

My adolescent mind was untrammelled by the facts of geography and I had arbitrarily decided that the climate of this remote Eden of the Belgian colonial empire would be scarcely more than a pleasant exaggeration of the balmy but brief Flemish summers. This misconception was probably encouraged by a faded snapshot I had seen of my father in the Colony. It showed him seated with two friends around a wicker table, with a tall, foaming pitcher of beer in front of them, and smoking long, exotic cigars. The trio looked cool in their spotless ducks and very much at ease under the white man's burden.

I may have admitted to myself that there were bound to be minor unpleasantnesses having to do with the insect world, but not until I had taken a train to Antwerp and talked to the spade-bearded doctor who examined me at the Ministry of Colonies was my crop of illusions irretrievably damaged.

"The Katanga, eh?" said the doctor, after I had confided my hopes to him. "And what, my fine young gentleman, if you should be sent to the Lower Congo or the Equator?" He gave me a succinct word picture of the scenery, the climate, and the fauna of these regions, and capped it with a request that I look at him. "Twenty years of it," he said, "and I am a doctor."

I regarded his gaunt yellow countenance. "Then there's no hope?" I faltered. The thought of the trip home to Brussels left me drenched with perspiration. What would I say to my mother and to my two brothers, the latter husky cavalry officers?

"My dear boy," said the doctor, "with your heart it'd be suicide, and if you want to kill yourself, we have remarkable facilities right here in Belgium."

In the all-too-fast train that sped me back home, I reconsidered my world from the anguished and bewildered viewpoint of one whose first step forward on the road to recognition has encountered a large and stubborn obstacle. Scarcely two hours ago, I had been, in everything but fact, a colonial, barely tolerant of compatriots who had to earn what I conceived to be a dreary, unromantic living in the metropolis. I was returning to Brussels from Antwerp a shy, rather backward young man of eighteen who had not the vaguest idea of what he wanted to do with his life.

I was conscious of only one great desire—to get away from Belgium. "*Ingrate patrie, tu n'auras pas mes cendres!*" The words of the thwarted poet De Grou kept running through my mind, and I tried to drown out the sardonic clatter of the wheels with them. "Ungrateful Fatherland, thou shalt not have my ashes!" I sang, too bitter to realize that I was being unjust to Belgium. And I made desperate plans to get away to an ersatz Congo.

When I told them at home, they took it calmly. My brothers went on waxing their riding boots and said, "Well, at least it's been established that you have a heart," or something equally offensive. But Mother was a dear.

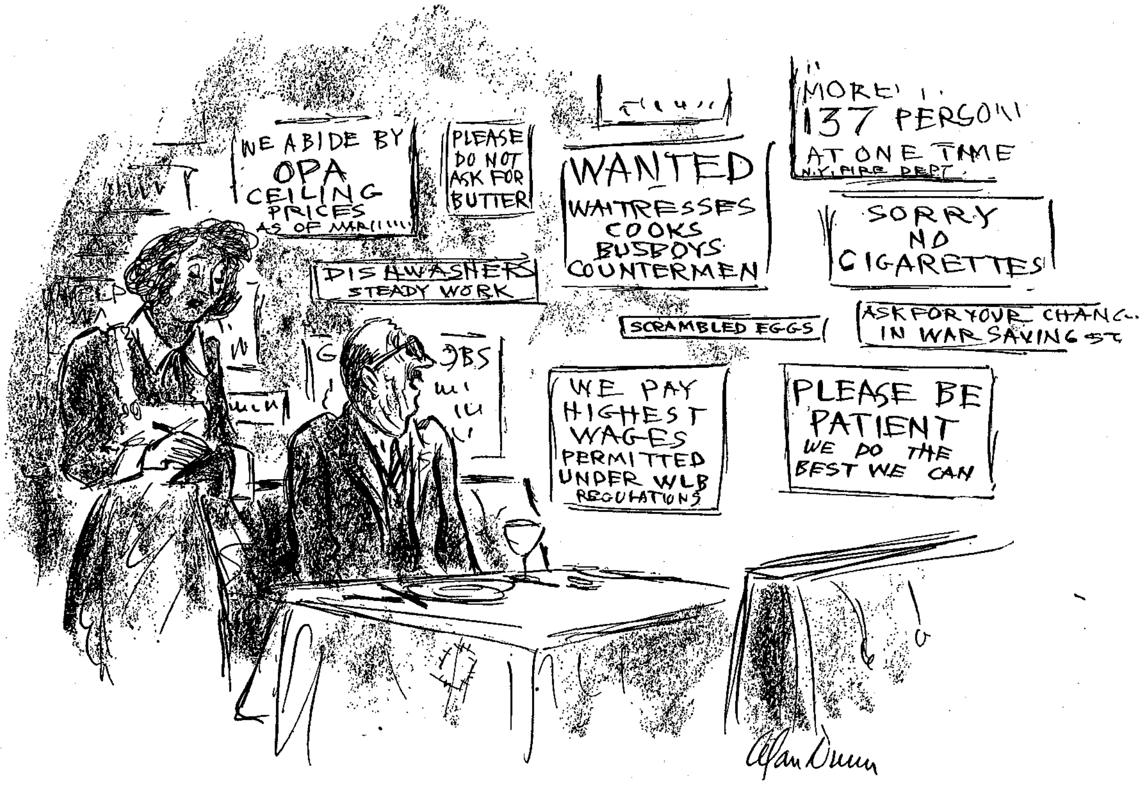
"Go to Louvain or to the university here and read for the law," she advised. "Your Uncle Henri did so well as a lawyer."

"And won't let anybody forget it," chorused my brothers. I suppose there is an Uncle Henri in every family. Our Uncle Henri was a model of right-mindedness and a monument to satisfied ambitions. He had recently become a Cabinet minister and was a little starchy about it and the rosette of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, which he had acquired at about the same time.

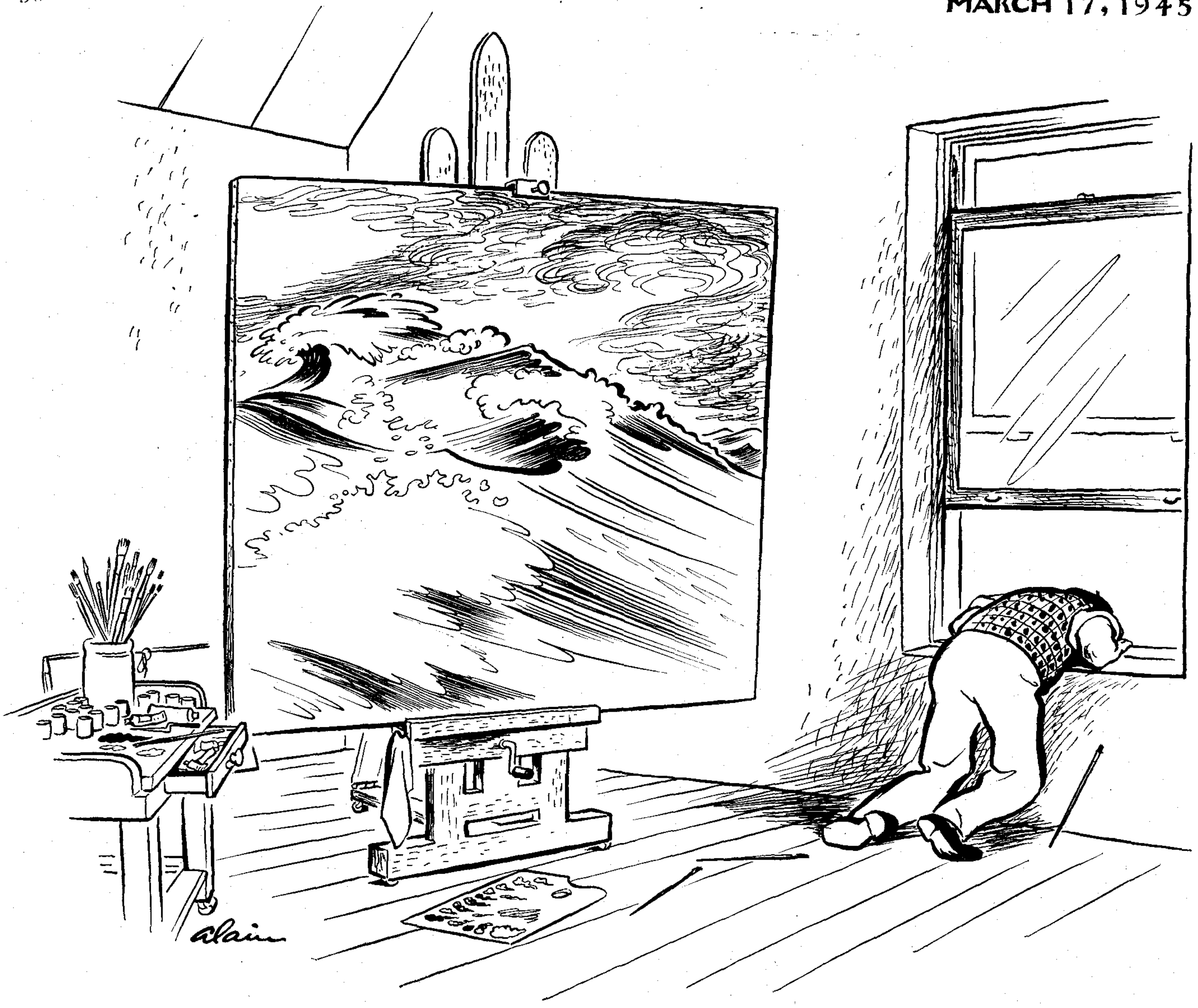
"No," I said. In my mind's eye I had picked up a pin and stabbed it at random into an imaginary map of Europe. "I'm going to Germany."

"But you can barely speak the language."

"I can't speak Swahili, either," I said,


WE ABIDE BY OPA CEILING PRICES AS OF MAR
PLEASE DO NOT ASK FOR BUTTER
WANTED WAITRESSES COOKS BUSBOYS COUNTERMEN
MORE 137 PERSONS AT ONE TIME N.Y. FIRE DEPT.
SORRY NO CIGARETTES
DISHWASHERS STEADY WORK
SCRAMBLED EGGS
ASK FOR YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS ST
WE PAY HIGHEST WAGES PERMITTED UNDER WLB REGULATIONS
PLEASE BE PATIENT WE DO THE BEST WE CAN
Alan Dunn

"*Scrambled eggs, please.*"



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and that was the last public reference I made to my foundered career in the Belgian Congo.

IN October I enrolled at the University of Cologne and had cards engraved with "*Studens rerum politicarum*" after my name. I had been prevailed upon by my family, before leaving Brussels, to prepare myself for the diplomatic service and to bequeath my ashes to Belgium, after all.

My first impression of Cologne-on-the-Rhine was that it was rather grim. The gray stone buildings, neatly arranged in cubes and prisms, depressed me after the cheerful disorder and white façades of Brussels and Antwerp. I missed, too, the sidewalk cafés which make the streets and squares of Belgium look as if a permanent open-air banquet were going on.

The people in the streets were different. They did not talk animatedly, they did not smile. They strode by with a rather irksome righteousness on their faces, looking neither to left nor to right until they chanced to meet an acquaintance. Then heels clicked, hats came off with a queer, stiff flourish, and an inhibited little bow completed the process of recognition.

Uniforms were everywhere in evidence, although there were no soldiers stationed within fifty miles of Cologne. It was as if the inhabitants of Cologne, forced by the Treaty of Versailles to abandon their cult of the warrior, had perversely contrived to give to their mail carriers, to their firemen, and even to their street cleaners the appearance of an army. In this uneasy host of masquerading soldiers, the blue-and-green-uniformed members of the *Schutzpolizei*, armed with Lugers and short, bayonetlike swords, were the captains and the generals.

The only thing in this first impression of the German Reich that evoked immediate enthusiasm in me was the magnificent Gothic cathedral, at which I flung a respectful glance while chasing my hat from the station to the Dom Hotel on the day of my arrival. It was quite windy in Cologne that fall.

Mother had said, and I had agreed after she had told me how much my monthly allowance would be, that the best thing I could do was to rent a room in a private household. Accordingly, I inquired at the University and was given a letter of introduction to a widow, Frau Gebhardt von Wehling, who lived in the suburb of Süelz. I took a taxi, which, after a long and circuitous ride through melancholy streets lined with tall gray apartment houses, stopped in the Siebengebirgsallee in front of a villa with an excellent view of a fortresslike little Lutheran church on the opposite corner.

Frau von Wehling herself came to the door to welcome me. "*Nun?*" she said, coldly looking me up and down. She was tall and wore her white hair pulled back into a tight bun on her neck. In a subtle fashion she reflected the uncompromising angularity of the little church across the street. Hastily I produced my letter from the University. She read it without budging from the door and then regarded me with the triumphant air of one who has caught an impostor.

"You are a foreigner," she said. "I specified I wanted a Berliner."

"I am from Brussels," I replied, recklessly flinging myself into German. I hoped she would not think I was comparing the two capitals, which I was not.

"*Ach, so! Ein Belgier.*"

I nodded guiltily.

"Well, come in anyway," she said.

I followed her into a dim parlor decorated in Biedermeier, which tends to accentuate the air of gloom so carefully cultivated in upper-middle-class German parlors. The only ostentation was a full-length portrait in oils, overhanging the mantel, of a colonel of cuirassiers. From under the gilt Prussian eagle on his helmet he glowered down at me. The late Gebhardt, I mournfully told myself.

Frau von Wehling took up a stance under the portrait.

"The rent is forty marks," she said, "payable in advance. Breakfast is ten marks extra. You will have it with my daughters at exactly eight o'clock every morning."

I took out my wallet and carefully counted out ten five-mark notes. The *Frau Witwe's* lips set in a thin straight line. "And no women, *nicht wahr?*"

"*Nicht wahr?*" I said, not quite understanding.

"*Pas de femmes perdues ici,*" she explained. I took her word for it.

I met the entire family that evening, upon my return from the University. I found that besides Frau von Wehling there were only her two daughters—Elli, a handsome, taciturn Amazon of sixteen, and an elder sister, Ilse.

Ilse von Wehling instantly became my ideal of womanhood. She was tall, like her mother, but carried herself with a grace that came as a pleasant surprise after the description my brothers had given me of German *Mädels.* She wore her hair brushed back from her brow into two blond macaroons over her ears. A healthy tan brought out the pale northern blue of her eyes.

I must tell you more about Ilse, since she is partly responsible for the fact that I am now an American citizen, a fact which, accepted as a matter of course by my friends over here, somehow has never ceased to be a source of astonishment and self-congratulation to me.

Ilse von Wehling was the first girl I fell in love with. But for over two months of that semester my relations with her were limited to "*Guten Morgen, gnädiges Fräulein*" and "*Guten Abend, gnädiges Fräulein.*" She was at the University, too, and soon the only reason I continued to go to it was that, counting the time I spent at the villa in Süelz, it brought to a full twenty-four the daily hours we might be said to have spent under the same roof.

At the University I'd early found out that German spoken rapidly was not so much like the Flemish we learned at the Lycée as I'd thought. Consequently, I preferred to moon in the corridors rather than affront the testy Privatdozenten and Geheimräte in the Aula.

One day I was engaged in a painstaking study of the inscriptions under a collection of bronze wreaths on the walls of a third-floor corridor I had previously neglected. "Elsass-Lothringen, Schlesien, Danzig, Eupen, Malmédy"—I read the names out loud as I solved the Gothic puzzles, one by one. At Malmédy I became conscious that someone was watching me. Blushing furiously, I turned to find Ilse.

She spoke in careful French, thrusting the words disdainfully away from her lips. "Our stolen provinces," she explained, indicating the wreaths.

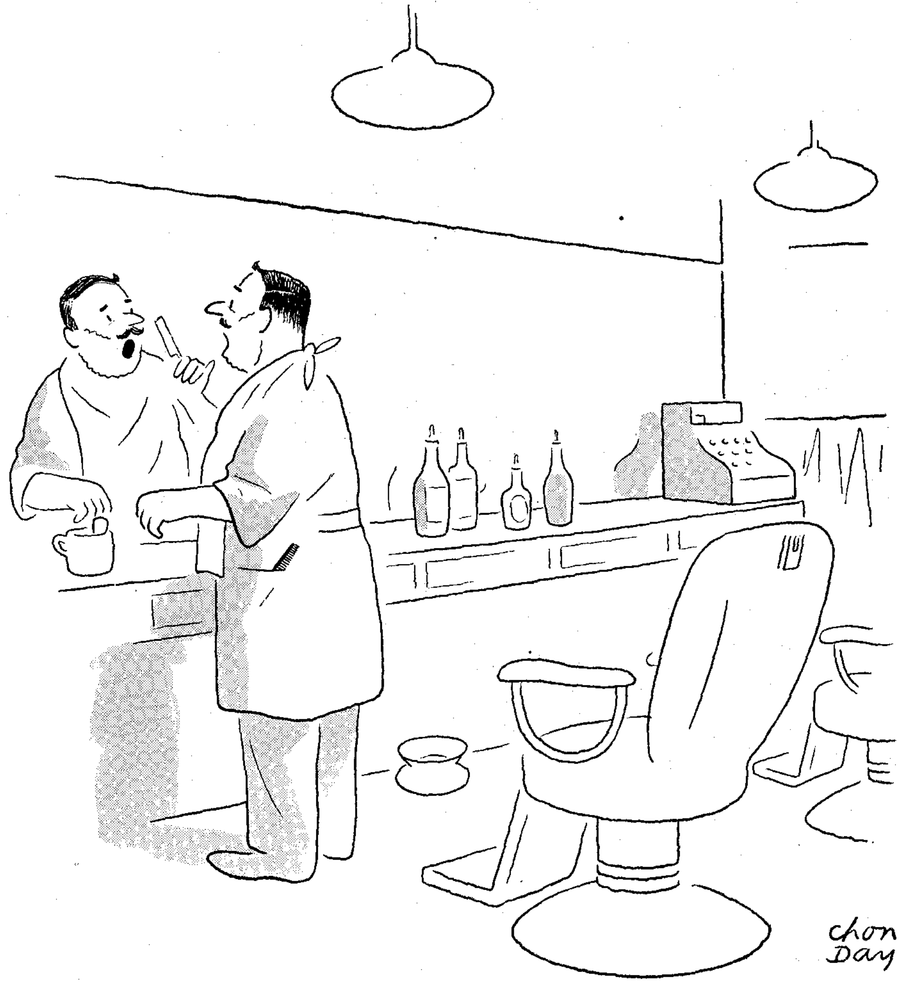
Quickly, before she could move away, I vaulted the silence which succeeded her challenge. "Fräulein Ilse, will you have lunch with me?"

"Yes," said Ilse gravely. "But you must speak German in the G.O.A."

The G.O.A., short for *Gaststätte ohne Alkohol,* was the University restaurant. It was operated like an American cafeteria.

We went in and stood in line with our trays, and sat down at a long table next to students with colored caps shaped like the snout of a pig. We ate our lunch of sausages and red cabbage without speaking.

On the way out I paid the checks. "Fräulein Ilse," I said craftily—it had taken me all through lunch to forge the sentence in German, and I staked



"But the political situation in Italy—what of that?"

everything upon it—"will you let me teach you French?"

She laughed heartily. "But I speak French."

"Perhaps you could improve your accent with me."

Suddenly her face became hard and she was far away again.

"No," she said decisively, "I am too busy. *Auf Wiedersehen*."

I WAS easily discouraged in those days and unequal to the failure of my first diplomatic mission. I went home to the villa in the Siebengebirgsallee and began to pack.

Frau von Wehling came and surveyed my activities.

"What are you doing?"

"Packing," I said.

"But your rent is paid up till—"

"*Das macht nichts*," I said magnanimously.

"But why? Perhaps an extra briquette—"

On the subject of the dainty little bricks of pressed coal dust which were doled out to me one by one, like heirlooms to the pawnbroker, I was bitter. I felt like blurting out that nothing short of four extra briquettes a day would heat my room, but I was training myself to be a diplomat and fabrications came easily to my lips. "I've decided I must learn German quickly," I said, "so I'm going to get a roommate—a German."

"*Aber meine Töchter?*"

"Fräulein Ilse is so very busy," I said diffidently.

That evening, Ilse came to my room and looked at me severely with her wonderful blue eyes. "We will learn German," she said. "I myself will teach you."

"We will start now," I said, with commendable zeal.

"No," she said. "On Sunday."

As Sunday was the next day, I could afford to be patient. But when Ilse knocked on my door at nine o'clock Sunday morning, I had been ready for two hours. I smiled at her as I came out of my room and was relieved to see an answering smile on her lips.

At Ilse's suggestion we took a trolley to the Domplatz and from there strolled along the banks of the Rhine from the Hohenzollern Bridge in the direction of Bayenthal.

It was a clear, crisp winter's day. It was amazing what a difference it made to have Ilse by my side. Now the view impressed me. I looked with delight at the high, gabled, medieval warehouses with their pink and blue façades, and my imagination, never long static, blithely sailed after the barges pulling against the current to the lofty crag where the Lorelei sings and combs her golden hair.

"*Der Rhein*," said Ilse, interrupting my reverie and nodding at the river. I was an apt pupil.

"Ah, yes. *Die Wacht am Rhein*," I said cheerfully.

"*Richtig*," said Ilse. She strode along by my side in the effortless fashion of the athlete, her sensible low-heeled shoes bringing a healthy click-click from the little round cobblestones. Every now and then we stopped while she pointed out the show places to me. We looked across the Rhine at the empty barracks of the Imperial Cuirassier Regiment which was formerly stationed in Cologne. "Just think," said Ilse, absentmindedly speaking French to me. "If my father, the Colonel, were alive, he would not be allowed to stay in Cologne with us because it is in the demilitarized zone. And all because of the Versailles Diktat we would have to live separated or move to some little city like Kassel or Münster."

I smiled apologetically. Her tone somehow made me feel partly responsible for this injustice—as if I'd been present in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, urging Clemenceau on when he signed the Treaty. In spite of the distance which separated us from the barracks, I could see that it was a modern building and showed no signs of disrepair. The bronze statue of a mounted cuirassier in the faraway little square across the Rhine gleamed in the pale December sun.

"We keep the barracks ready," said Ilse, as if she had guessed my thoughts. "Who knows? Perhaps someday our soldiers will return to the Rhineland."

We walked on. After about fifteen minutes of walking without a pause, I began to perspire and stopped to wipe my face. Ilse took advantage of the delay to indicate a colossus of chiselled granite gazing out over the river. "Bismarck, the founder of the Reich," she said.

I had hoped to discover some deserted little pastry shop where we could sit down together over cups of chocolate with whipped cream. I wanted to find out whether there existed a German equivalent for the tender little phrases that clamored to be spoken whenever I looked at Ilse. But she was not in the mood for hot chocolate. Instead of a pastry shop we entered the *Kriegsmuseum*.

Among the regimental banners, the captured tanks, cannons, and airplanes I found only one exhibit to interest me. "A Belgian helmet!" I yelped aggrievedly. "With a hole in it!"

Ilse laughed lightly. "We have lots of those," she said, and pointed out French, British, Portuguese, Rumanian, and American helmets to me.

After leaving the museum, we continued our walk along the river. At length we reached the outskirts of the city. My heart was pounding and I had reason to believe that the spade-bearded doctor in Antwerp had been right. I never would have survived the Lower Congo.

"*Ach was!*" said Ilse scornfully when I lagged behind. "A great big man like you!"

Which, come to think of it, is probably just what the tattooed warriors would have said on the banks of that other river, in darkest Africa.

To counteract the bad impression I had produced, I started to whistle bravely—a gay French march.

"Stop it!" said Ilse sharply. "We heard enough of that during the occupation. We've not forgotten the Senegalese."

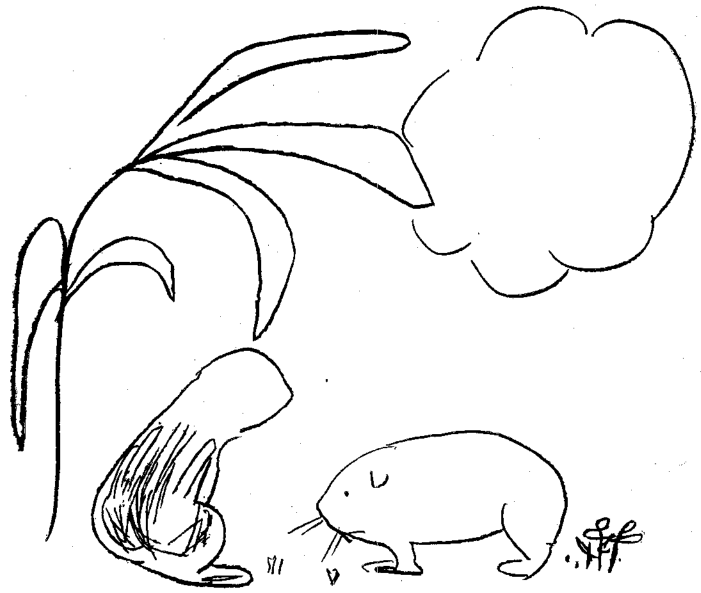
Ignoring her mood, I grabbed her by the arm and guided her masterfully to a bench. "Ilse," I said in French, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

If I had had any hopes that the unexpectedness of my attack would breach her defenses, I was quickly disillusioned. She looked at me coolly, her eyes reflecting the pale-blue December sky over the Rhine. She gave no sign that she understood what I was talking about.

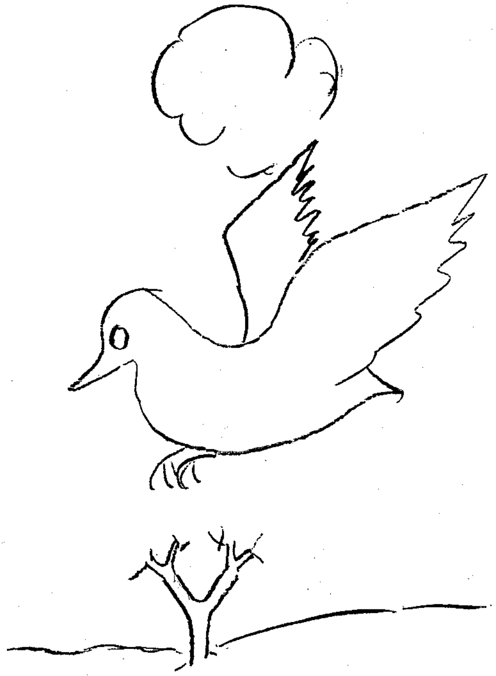
"*Ich liebe Dich*," I blurted out. I could not think of the German equivalent for "to marry."

Her face softened suddenly. Her lips parted in the suggestion of a smile and it almost seemed that I had been successful. Perhaps, if at that moment I could have supplied the right words in German—but already it was too late. The bungled moment was withdrawn to the place where such moments are cata-

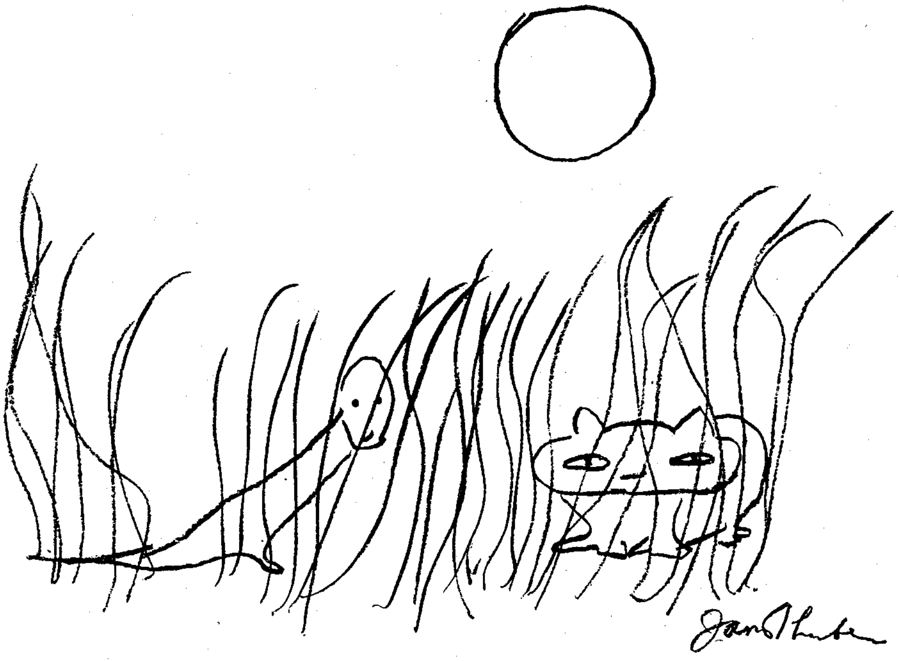
OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY



Two widely distributed rodents: the Barefaced Lie (left) and the White Lie



The Common Carrier



A Scone (left) and a Crumpet, peering out of the Tiffin

• •

logued and filed away, to be offered again when needed—once in the lifetime of every great love. "*So*," said Ilse.

She stood up and we walked on in silence. Presently we came to a cemetery. Ilse paused.

"Cemeteries are peaceful," I ventured. I was already a little ashamed of my impulsiveness.

Ilse smiled and indicated a monument opposite the entrance. "This," she said slowly and clearly in French, "is where forty little German schoolchildren are buried who were bombed to death by the Allies in 1917."

"Oh, the war," I said, unable to sidestep the issue any longer.

"We have not forgotten," said Ilse. "Look!"

Leaning against the base of the monument was a large floral offering in the shape of a swastika. On it, in Gothic characters, was the legend "*Deutschland Erwache!*"

"It means 'Germany, Awaken!'" said Ilse, concluding my lesson.

That evening I was in my room when Frau von Wehling entered with my daily ration of fuel on a saucer.

"I shan't need any more briquettes," I told her.

"Oh, are you planning to leave us after all?"

"Yes," I replied. "German is too hard a language for me to learn."

"Very well," she said, and left the room. A few minutes later she returned. "Here is your bill," she said.

"My bill!" I exclaimed incredulously. "But I paid in advance!"

"There are extras."

I glanced through the items: Clean bed linen every day, extra heating, daily use of the bathroom, one German lesson—ten marks.

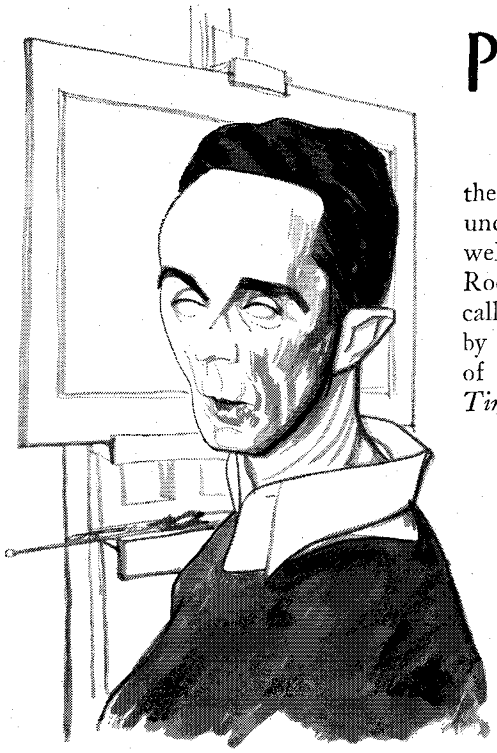
WHEN I got back to Brussels, I told my mother that my *Wanderjähre* were over. I was going to settle down and work. "In America," I added, before she could express her delight.

"But it's so far from Europe!" she cried.

"That is precisely why I'm going there," I said. "And I wish you'd come with me."

My brothers guffawed and began to polish their silver spurs.

—GEORGE VANDEREST



PROFILES

U. S. ARTIST

NORMAN ROCKWELL, a hard-working painter of such sound American institutions as barefoot boys, Victorian parlors, and Thanksgiving Day dinners, has himself become an American institution. For thirty years he has been producing enormously popular pictures of twentieth-century people who would be perfectly at home on a nineteenth-century front porch. These are almost always New Englanders with gnarled hands and craggy faces who reflect the dignity Americans like to associate with their ancestors. Rockwell, who is a stringy, boyish, only moderately craggy fifty-one-year-old American with a long nose, an active Adam's apple, deep-set, melancholy brown eyes, and a good-natured air, has painted these characters into several hundred magazine covers and illustrations. His career reached a patriotic climax a couple of years ago in a series of paintings depicting the Four Freedoms, which were used first in the *Saturday Evening Post* and then were widely reproduced as posters. These were received by the public with more enthusiasm, perhaps, than any other paintings in the history of American art, not excepting the dreamy blue landscapes of Maxfield Parrish or the First World War posters of James Montgomery Flagg.

Despite the fact that Rockwell is an institution, he is widely confused in the public mind with Rockwell Kent, a well-known illustrator, explorer, and political radical. If the American public were polled on the question of who is the greatest artist in the world, it would undoubtedly vote for Norman Rockwell or, through mistaken identity, for Rockwell Kent. Rockwell has been called "the Dickens of the Paintbrush" by his chief employers, the publishers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. The *Times* has compared his oils to the stories of Mark Twain and Booth Tarkington. His magazine illustrations have also been likened to the Currier & Ives prints as authentic records of American life. *Time* has made his institutional status official by describing him as "probably the best-loved U. S. artist alive." On the other hand, some of the professional art critics, who as a class are contemptuous of illustrating, have termed his work dull, flat, and uninteresting, and he is represented in the Metropolitan Museum only by an eighteenth-century waistcoat, which he once sent there for the purpose, he thought, of finding out whether it was genuine. The Metropolitan decided that it was and kept it. After a while, Rockwell received a handsome certificate of thanks.

Among Rockwell's greatest admirers are the other professional illustrators, commercial-art students, and the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*. This last group is more enthusiastic about Rockwell than anybody else is, and it assigns him a place in American history right beside Benjamin Franklin. The *Post* became acquainted with Rockwell in 1916, when, a shy young man of twenty-one, he showed up at the magazine's stately offices on Independence Square, in Philadelphia, and offered to sell it three paintings. He carried them in a black oilcloth-covered case that resembled a small coffin. The case had been built for him by a harness maker, who had designed it in such a fashion that Rockwell could whip out his paintings without fumbling with strings or wrappings when he confronted an editor. George Horace Lorimer, then editor of the *Post*, saw neither the case nor Rockwell. The paintings were shown to him by a sub-editor, and Lorimer sent out word that he would buy them for seventy-five dollars apiece. This was agreeable to Rockwell, who was then making fifty dollars a month as the art editor of *Boys' Life* in New York. Lorimer was so impressed by Rockwell's work that he issued an order that all persons who came to the *Post* with material or ideas to submit should be made welcome, no matter how outlandish they or their offerings might appear at first glance. This policy is still in effect, eight years after Lorimer's death, and has had a debilitating effect on a number of sub-editors.

Since his first sale to the *Post*, Rockwell has turned out for it an average of one cover every six weeks, as well as numerous drawings for the inside pages. Readers of the *Post* often declare that they admire Rockwell because the characters in his pictures look exactly like what they are supposed to be. He does not believe in putting his public to the inconvenience of trying to figure out a fantasy or an abstraction. If he wants to paint an old man, he gets an old man for a model and faithfully paints an unmistakable old man. If he wants to paint a garage mechanic, he goes out and gets a garage mechanic. In art circles, this method of work is considered revolutionary and possibly a little shady. Sometimes Rockwell paints directly from the models and sometimes from photographs he has had taken of them. He says that he is more of a story-teller than a painter. Each of his magazine covers is a work of realistic detail that tells, he says, a simple, sentimental story about sturdy or quaint everyday people—farmers, shopkeepers, small children, high-school students, lovable old bums, constables, country preachers, country doctors, blacksmiths, sweet old men and women, and innocent young soldiers. Rockwell chooses his models mainly from among his neighbors in Arlington, Vermont. He moved there five years ago to get away from what he considers the sophisticated chaos of New York, where he was born and spent most of the first forty-six years of his life. He has found in New Englanders the rugged characteristics he likes best to paint. The wild Green Mountain country that surrounds his home is wasted on him, however. He never does landscapes; he paints people, the furnishings of their houses, their dogs, and their battered flivvers. The glories of nature never inspire him to artistic effort. What sets him off is old men with hawklike faces, stained beards, and baggy trousers, and ancient, shapeless women in Mother Hubbards. In them, he says, he sees pioneering America, and his interpretations of them are kindly and gentle. A critic once said that Rockwell would probably be incapable of painting a really evil person.

When Rockwell is looking for a model for a particular character, he examines and appraises everyone he sees. This has its awkward aspects. He has dragged people out of theatres, from behind store counters, out of trucks, and off tractors and persuaded them to pose for him. He has deserted one of his own wedding-anniversary parties, which was being held in a New York restaurant, because he had spotted someone across the room who looked like a good model, and he has often disappeared in the middle of a dinner party with one or two of the other guests. A year or so ago, he was looking for a model for an old-time fireman for a *Post* cover. He had got the fireman idea from an antique picture frame he had bought for a dollar at a junk shop in Troy, on one of his frequent trips between Vermont and New York. "The frame was so terrible it was wonderful," Rockwell says. "It was a gilt thing, decorated with crude carvings of crossed ladders, crossed speaking trumpets, and crossed hose nozzles, and had been used to display a citation that some Troy fireman had once received for forty years of faithful departmental service." Rockwell's idea was for a painting within a painting: He would copy the frame and inside it would do a portrait of a fireman of the old horse-drawn-engine days, with a red coat, brass buttons, mustaches, and a monumental helmet, and an old brass nozzle clutched in a muscular hand; the portrait would be hanging above a mantel on which a burning cigar was sending up smoke, and the old fireman would be sniffing suspiciously. "The old-retired-fire-horse-smelling-smoke idea, you know," Rockwell explains. That was his idea, and Picasso himself couldn't have talked him out of it. He managed to borrow a red coat and the other necessary equipment from a fireman's museum, on Maiden Lane, maintained by the Home Insurance Company—a courtesy that was extended to him because the president of the company had confused him with Rockwell Kent, the favorite artist of the president's wife. Rockwell was still looking for his fireman model when he went to a dinner party in New York at which Howard C. Lewis, president of Dodd, Mead & Co., was a guest. Rockwell saw in Lewis the ideal fireman and launched into an enthusiastic description of his projected picture. When Lewis showed some evidence of interest, Rockwell said, "Gosh, Mr. Lewis, I'd sure like to have somebody like you pose for it." (Rockwell says "gosh" a great deal.) Lewis said that he wouldn't mind posing at all. "Oh, gee, you mean you wouldn't mind?" (Rockwell also says "Oh, gee" a great deal.) Long before the coffee arrived, Rockwell had propelled his victim away from the party and to a photographer's studio on West Fortieth Street, where Lewis spent three hours being photographed in the attitudes an old fireman smelling smoke might be expected to take. Eventually, Lewis's face, somewhat disguised by a mustache several times larger than his own, was immortalized on the cover of the *Post*.

Rockwell gave another demonstration of his powers of homespun salesmanship last July, at the Chicago & North Western Railroad station in Chicago, where he had gone to get material for the *Post's* 1944 Christmas cover. This painting was to show a crowd of irrepressibly jolly people hustling into a station concourse from their trains, carrying Christmas parcels and embracing relatives and sweethearts. He wanted photographs of a crowd pouring into the station and asked the railway officials to let him place a photographer where such pictures could be taken; he explained that he was looking for a wide variety of types. "Gosh," he said, "this station of yours will make a dandy little picture!" The officials not only granted permission but set up a platform for the camera and locked all the doors leading out of the train shed except the one right in front of the photographer. This gave Rockwell all the types he needed, but it also created a nasty bottleneck at the one exit. When Rockwell got around to painting the picture, he gave the crowd winter instead of summer clothing, added bright-colored Christmas bundles, and put Christmas decorations on the station walls. As Christmas approached, the officials of the North Western, getting into the spirit of the thing, asked the *Post* for an advance proof of the painting so that they could duplicate Rockwell's décor in the station. It became a confusing case of no one's being able to tell whether art was imitating life or life imitating art.

ANIMALS, Rockwell has found, are generally more difficult models than people, and he goes to considerable trouble to get the ones he needs. A few winters ago he was painting a *Post* vacation-time cover for which he needed a collection of small wild life, including field mice, turtles, and a garter snake. He couldn't find any garter snakes in Vermont, so he tried the Bronx Zoo. He had no luck there, either. Most painters would probably

BLADES
CIGARS
TOP
Richter

"They're very nice. I smoke them myself."

TWO YELLOW TOMS FIGHT IN THE SNOW FOR THE BLACK KITTEN, ASTARTE

Astarte trembles in black satin on the black waxen stairs.
The pupils of her eyes are metal wafers, thin,
Tilted in chartreuse pools.

Oh, symmetry lustrous and pullulating with young love among ancient fools,
Unexpected and beautiful fear!
As two querulous males meet in white drifts at the door
And once more quarrel over their mutual presumption
At hastening the year.

As each would assert that he is immortal and will stalk the earth
After the snow has moldered, and they both melt under the grass,
When Astarte and Astarte and Astarte has given birth.

Against the purple snow they rear high in elliptical arcs their vertebral bones.
They lower their bitten ears,
Like the blades of shears, like shears in pairs. With ululating wails and with angry groans
They sever the silver air with their tails.
They are the color of amber, the color of gold and of brass.

—Clinch Calkins

• •

have copied a garter snake from a natural-history book, but Rockwell had made up his mind that he was going to work from life. He sent twenty-five dollars to a Florida snake-hunter he knew of and asked him to go into the swamps and get a garter snake. The snake arrived in Vermont in due time and posed successfully, even though the cold weather seemed to make it languid. When Rockwell had finished the painting, he gave the snake to the Bronx Zoo. He has herded horses, cattle, mules, goats, and other livestock into his Vermont studio to pose for him. Once a pig he had brought in as a model died there. Cats have been a great problem to him. The best way, he finds, of getting a cat to settle down long enough to be sketched is to give it a whiff of ether. This method also works out quite well with poultry. Cézanne got around all these problems by painting apples.

By the time a fire destroyed his studio and all his paraphernalia two years ago, Rockwell had built up perhaps the biggest collection of costumes owned by any American painter. He picks up costumes and props with the same thoroughness and literalness that guide his choice of models. If he is painting a picture in which a Colonial chair, bed, footstool, or secretary will appear, he goes to auctions and searches antique shops until he finds what he wants. His house is furnished with pieces he bought as props. In the late twenties and early thirties, when he was specializing in pictures of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, he collected an immense Early American wardrobe. Rockwell's collection of costumes included well-worn clothes he had actually bought off the backs of people throughout the nation—mainly farmers, woodsmen, and cowboys. Whenever he travelled, he kept an eye open for picturesque clothing. "You can't age clothes artificially," he says. "Unless they have been faded by wear, sweat, dirt, and sunlight, they don't look natural when you paint them." Rockwell's greatest source of supply was Hannibal, Missouri, where he went several years ago to get background material for illustrating de-luxe editions of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." Shortly after he got there, he encountered a farmer wearing a pair of old trousers, a shirt, and a hat that might have been worn by Huck Finn's old man. Rockwell offered to buy the farmer a whole new set of clothes if he would give him his old ones. At what he considered a safe distance, the farmer followed Rockwell to a clothing store and picked out a new outfit. After Rockwell had departed with the old clothes, the farmer hastened to spread the word that there was a lunatic in town who wanted to exchange new clothes for old ones. This intelligence found its way into one of the Hannibal newspapers, and most of the population began searching for Rockwell. He was confronted with such a vast assortment of picturesque clothing that he spent more on it than he got for his illustrations.

Rockwell's collection of costumes was entirely destroyed when his studio burned down. He did nothing about replacing these props but his public tried to be helpful. After the fire, people all over the country who had read the news began sending him whatever colorful old clothes happened to be lying around the house. For a while almost every mail brought quantities of beaver hats, silk hats, cocked hats, cowboy hats, old lodge uniforms, fancy vests, hoopskirts, and so on. At first he stored the clothes in his attic, and when that was full, he began putting them in the garage. Rockwell believes that he now has lying about his place enough clothing to dress, very unattractively, the whole town of Arlington.

It was not until around the time Rockwell did the illustrations for "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" that he took to having his models photographed and painting from the photographs, a practice which, like using models who really are what they are supposed to be, is looked down on in the better art circles. For years, according to Rockwell, illustrators had been using photographs without admitting it. When one illustrator went to see another, he frequently had to wait out in the hall for several minutes, after knocking at the door, while, with a great rustling of paper, the man he was calling on got his photographs out of sight. Rockwell believes that he is the first illustrator to admit publicly that he was being aided by the camera. He made his confession in an article he wrote for an art magazine four or five years ago. Since then, illustrators have been using photographs openly. Rockwell's fall from grace was discovered, some time before he wrote his piece, by J. C. Leyendecker, an older illustrator, who has long been a friend and idol of Rockwell's. Leyendecker has always made a great point of not using photographs. When Rockwell started using them, he was ashamed to tell Leyendecker. One day Leyendecker unexpectedly called on Rockwell at his studio and found him painting with

"I wouldn't count too much on it being just our lunches they're after."

• •

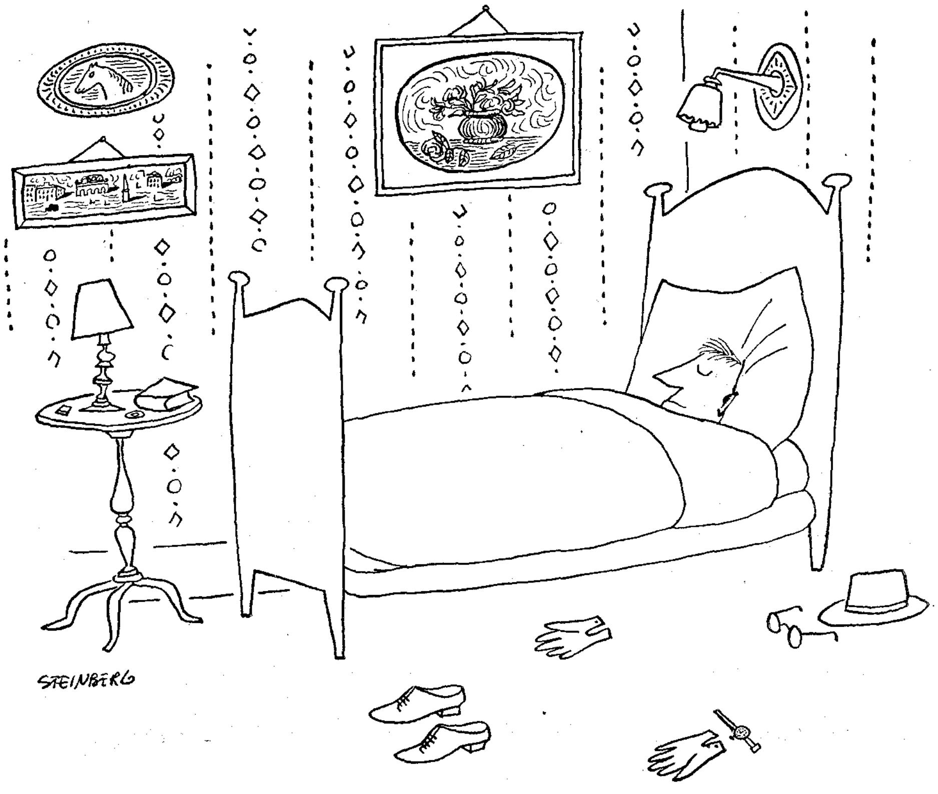
a hundred photographs spread around him on the floor. "Leyendecker gave the floor one startled glance and did not look down again," Rockwell says. "Neither of us mentioned the photographs then or has done so since."

Rockwell had painted from living models for twenty-five years before taking to photographs, and he still paints one picture out of five that way. This is mainly to prove to himself that he doesn't depend on photographs. "I doubt if I would be painting today if I hadn't started using them," he says. "The wear and tear and strain that working with living models placed on me was awful. I would sit for eight hours yelling, 'Up eyebrows!,' 'Raise that arm a little!,' and 'Make the smile bigger' at some model. I would carry out all these gestures and facial expressions myself, and by the end of the day I was so tired and nervous that I was ready to drop." When a painter plans to work from photographs, he merely has to get his model to register an expression or assume a pose momentarily, and that's that. Rockwell doesn't think that using photographs has done his work any harm, and he feels that Michelangelo would have tried them too if the camera had been available in his time. Using photographs is not all Rockwell does to make his work pleasanter. While he paints, he has Mrs. Rockwell read to him. They have gone through most of the best-sellers published in the last thirty years, besides the complete works of Tolstoy, Dickens, Henry James, Voltaire, and Jane Austen.

ROCKWELL has made at least forty thousand dollars a year for the past twenty years, less taxes; last year he made fifty. According to other illustrators, he could easily double his income if he wanted to. He is constantly turning down requests to do advertising art. The only work he does now besides his *Saturday Evening Post* pictures is for Brown & Bigelow, of St. Paul, the nation's largest publishers of calendars. Rockwell's most popular contributions to calendar art are his annual Boy Scout paintings, which he has done with the approval of the Boy Scouts of America every year since 1920 except two. The Boy Scout calendar has been the nation's best-selling calendar for the past several years, even outstripping the annual Dionne Quintuplets calendar, which was Brown & Bigelow's most popular number back when the Dionnes were a novelty. A Scout calendar hangs on the walls of perhaps two million schoolrooms, offices, bakeries, dairies, life-insurance companies, clothing stores, and funeral homes, and it has been estimated by calendar statisticians that if a Scout calendar is hanging in a place of business, an average of eight hundred persons see it every day. Thus a gratifying total of one billion six hundred million persons look at a given Scout calendar on a given day. (This figure includes repeaters.) The titles of Scout calendars are simple and informative: “A Good Scout,” “A Good Turn,” “Good Friends,” “Carry On,” “Scout Memories,” “The Campfire Story,” “A Scout Is Reverent,” “A Scout Is Loyal,” “A Scout Is Friendly,” and “I Will Do My Best.” Scouts have been portrayed by Rockwell in almost every conceivable noble act—helping frail old ladies across streets, rescuing children from swirling streams, saluting the flag, saluting members of the armed forces, saluting one another, and marching stoutly forward into rays of light that apparently signify the dawning of a new day. Rockwell has been having trouble lately thinking up new things for Scouts to do. “The Boy Scouts,” he has observed, “are simply going to have to devise some new good deeds or Brown & Bigelow will be in a hell of a fix.”

Even the Boy Scout calendars have made less of an impression on the public than Rockwell’s “Four Freedoms.” This group of paintings had about the impact “The Blue Boy,” “Whistler’s Mother,” and “September Morn” would have had if they had all been sprung on the public at one time. Rockwell had for weeks been pondering the question of what he could do to help the war effort when he got the idea of painting the Four Freedoms—at three o’clock in the morning of July 16, 1942. He immediately reported his inspiration to his wife, whom he had awakened for that purpose. She concisely paid her respects to the idea and went back to sleep. Rockwell was at work in his studio at five o’clock that morning, three hours earlier than usual. He called into consultation his friend Mead Schaeffer, another painter and illustrator who lives in Arlington. Schaeffer caught Rockwell’s enthusiasm and hung around for three days, giving professional advice, as Rockwell made charcoal sketches of the four proposed paintings. Then Rockwell and Schaeffer bundled up the sketches and rushed to Washington with the hope of persuading the government to accept the paintings as a gift and reproduce and distribute them on a large scale. This time Rockwell’s powers of persuasion failed him. The government’s attitude seemed to be that the pictures were nice but not particularly important. “Schaeffer and I went from office to office and bureau to bureau like a delegation on the trail of a new post office,” Rockwell says. “We got where we put on a regular act every time we faced a new official. The sketches were on big paper, which we would roll out like an Armenian displaying a rug, and then stand there grinning with expectation.” The government didn’t think it needed four paintings, and after several disheartening days the two painters started back to Vermont. They stopped off in Philadelphia to show the sketches to the editors of the *Post*, which Rockwell had almost forgotten during his week of fervor. The *Post* immediately offered to publish the paintings in the magazine. Rockwell promised to have them finished in two months. As it turned out, the job took him seven months. “ ‘The Four Freedoms’ were too big for me,” Rockwell says. “I got a bad case of stage fright, and it was two and a half months before I even got going. It was a job that should have been tackled by Michelangelo.”

The first painting, published in the *Post* in February, 1943, was called “Freedom of Speech,” and showed one of Rockwell’s neighbors speaking at a town meeting made up of other Rockwell neighbors. The three other pictures, published in successive issues, were “Freedom of Worship” (a group of heads bowed in prayer), “Freedom from Want” (a large family gathered at a Thanksgiving dinner), and “Freedom from Fear” (a father and mother tucking two small children into bed). The publication of the pictures was accompanied by one of the greatest promotional campaigns since the coming of Burma-Shave. Before it was over, many people were convinced that the Rockwell pictures were something like the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution. Twenty-five thousand readers sent in money for reproductions suitable for framing, and the *Post* took steps to keep the “Four Freedoms” in circulation. Representatives of the magazine went to Washington, where they were more successful in putting over the paintings than Rockwell had been. The Treasury Department agreed to sponsor, together with the *Post*, a series of Four Freedoms shows to promote the sale of War Bonds. The shows were to be mainly personal appearances by theatre, radio, and film stars, plus eulogies of the four paintings. A few weeks later, Rockwell returned triumphantly to the capital to appear at the first public showing of the “Four Freedoms” originals. The occasion was a banquet given by the *Saturday Evening Post* at the Mayflower Hotel. The guests included a Balkan princess, a justice of the Supreme Court, a group of ambassadors, some senators and congressmen, several military and naval dignitaries, and a son of Arthur Conan Doyle. Rockwell was seated beside a woman who thought she admired his work, under the misapprehension that he was Rockwell Kent. “We carried on a thoroughly unsatisfactory conversation,” he recalls. “Ev-



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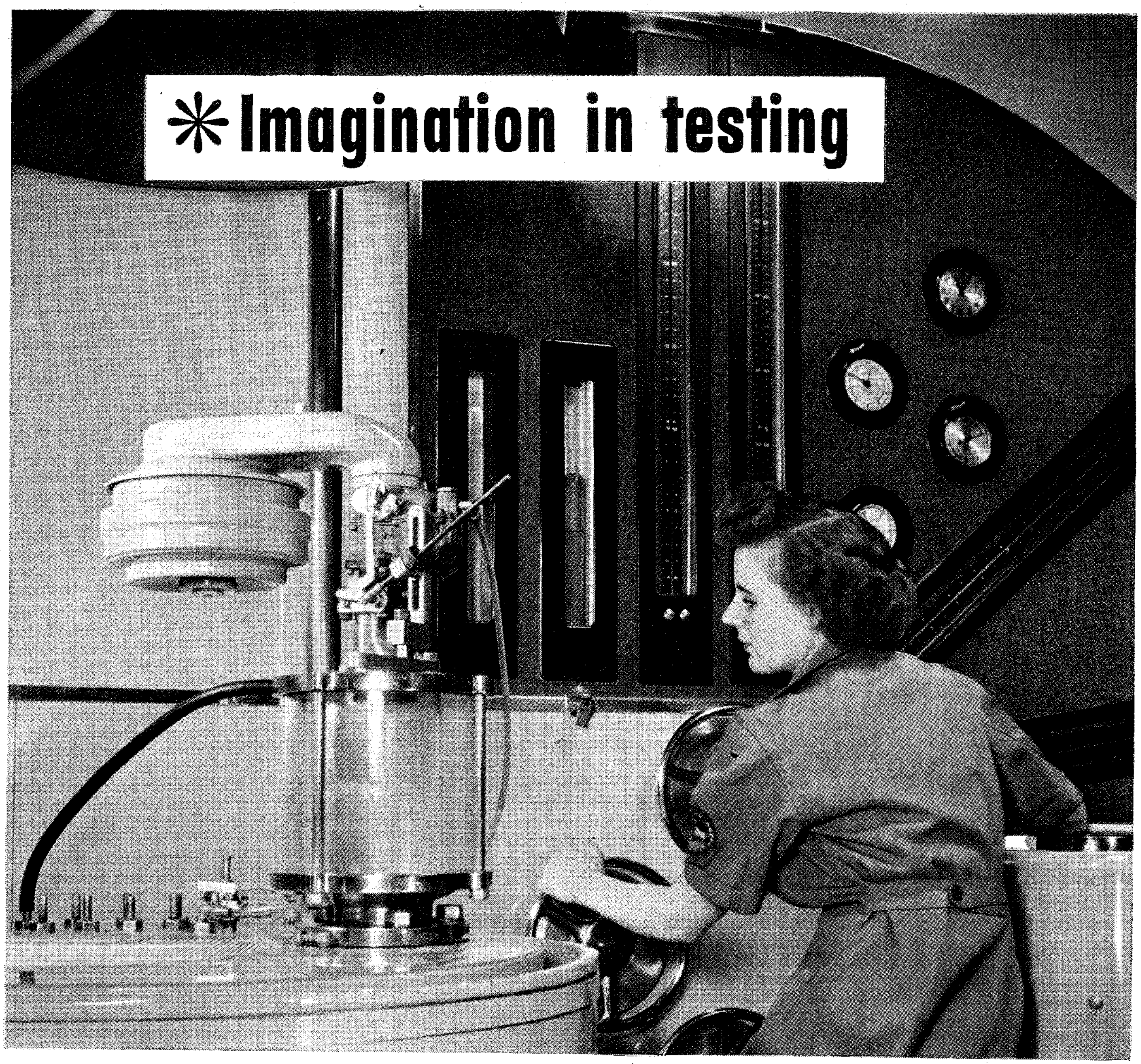

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Shocking de Schiaparelli

ery time we ran out of something to say, this woman would turn to me, and say, 'Rockwell, tell me something about your home in Vermont.' And I would say, 'Well, it's a little colder in Vermont than it is down here in Washington.' Then she would turn to Thurman Arnold, who was sitting on the other side of her, and say, 'Oh, Thurman, Rockwell was just telling me such an interesting thing about his home in Vermont. Tell Thurman about it, Rockwell.' I would repeat, and he would look at me as if to say, 'What the hell ails this guy?' "

During the next year, Four Freedoms War Bond shows were put on in sixteen cities, where the pictures were viewed by 1,222,000 people, who bought $132,992,539 worth of bonds and were each rewarded with a set of "Four Freedoms" prints donated by the government. A total of four hundred and fifty entertainers, public officials, and miscellaneous celebrities took part in the shows, including Edgar Guest, Victor Mature, Orson Welles, Olsen and Johnson, Henry Wallace, and Viscount Halifax, and the pictures were reviewed over the radio networks by Mrs. Roosevelt, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and others. Portfolios of the pictures were presented to President Roosevelt, members of the Cabinet, Congress, and the State Department, members of the parliaments and cabinets of all the United Nations, and forty thousand civic leaders around the country. The O.W.I. printed four million sets of posters and distributed them abroad and to the nation's schools, post offices, Elks clubs, hotels, saloons, poolrooms, ration-board offices, Sunday schools, and railroad stations. The *Post* gave permission to a large number of publications and business firms to reprint them. Rockwell has had sixty thousand letters about the pictures, most of them favorable. One from the Pioneer Suspender Company pointed out that the father in "Freedom from Fear" was wearing a pair of Pioneer suspenders. He had damn good reason to be free from fear, the company said, as long as his pants were being held up by Pioneer.

Rockwell Kent got a lot of "Four Freedoms" mail, too, but most of it was more confused than complimentary. "What do you know about the Four Freedoms, you Red?" some of them inquired. Kent, who not only didn't paint the "Four Freedoms" but doesn't even consider himself a Red, was not disturbed by these letters, since they were merely a continuation of an old story. Every few weeks for years he has mailed Rockwell, whom he has never met, a packet of letters, mostly about *Saturday Evening Post* covers. Kent, who has never painted a *Post* cover in his life, once wrote, in a magazine article, "Norman Rockwell is the man who makes the *Saturday Evening Post* covers and a distinguished artist. He can paint newsboys, schoolboys, old men, and other characters out of American life like nobody's business. I take off my hat to him, and so do ninety-nine people out of every hundred that I meet, east, west, south, north, who tell me they love his work."

MOST of the letters Kent has forwarded to Rockwell since the "Four Freedoms" fever died down have been inquiries about the adventures of Willie Gillis, an imaginary G.I. created by Rockwell for a series of *Post* covers that traced the activities of Gillis from induction through his training period to service in India. The largest number of Gillis letters was inspired by the last picture in the series, entitled "The Fighting Gillises." This purported to show a group of old-fashioned portraits of six generations of Gillis males wearing, respectively, uniforms of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the First World War, and this one. The portraits were labelled "Great Great Great Grandpa Gillis," "Great Great Grandpa Gillis," and so on. The Gillises were all posed for by the same model wearing various uniforms, haircuts, and styles of whiskers. In the picture, the portraits are hanging on a wall, covered with old-fashioned wallpaper, above a shelf of books on the history of the family—a two-volume "History of the United States and the Gillis Family," "Victory with Gillis," "Gillis and Lincoln," and "With Gillis at Valley Forge." When the cover was published, Gillises from all over the country wrote to Rockwell, to Kent,

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EDWIN LESTER presents
The new musical triumph
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KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Royal BEAL • Betty CAULFIELD
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MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
UP IN CENTRAL PARK
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY, 7 Ave. & 59 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

BOBBY CLARK IN
Mexican Hayride
By HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
COLE PORTER SONGS
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 44th St. W. of Broadway
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON presents
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

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Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT • Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN • Book & Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN • Dances by JEROME ROBBINS
with SONO OSATO, NANCY WALKER
ADELPHI, 54th St., East of B'way. CI 6-5097
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
HENRY MILLER'S THEA., 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"Remarkably entertaining, profoundly touching." —WALDORF, N. Y. Post
The HASTY HEART
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
HUDSON, 44th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-5641
Evs. 8:40, $1.20-$3.60 Tax Incl. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A SMASH HIT... a distinguished play." —MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
ROSE FRANKEN'S COMEDY HIT
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

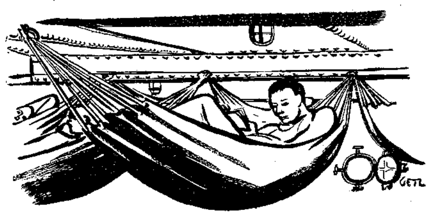
and to the *Post.* Two hundred of them wanted to know who had published the books and where they could be bought. Others wanted to know if Great Great Grandpa Gillis was, say, Paul Douglas Gillis, who emigrated into southern Ohio about 1830. In the end, Rockwell prepared a form letter informing Gillises that Gillis was just a name his wife had thought up.

Rockwell found his Gillis model, a round-eyed young sawmill hand named Bob Buck, at probably his richest source of models—the weekly Saturday-night square dance sponsored by the West Arlington Grange, of which Rockwell is an officer. These affairs naturally bring together a large variety of types, people whose faces are likely to register many emotions during the course of an evening. Rockwell rarely misses the Grange dances, for besides finding them professionally helpful, he enjoys dancing. The Grange hall is near his house, about a hundred yards across what used to be the West Arlington village green, where Ethan Allen drilled his Green Mountain Boys.

Rockwell, his wife, their three young sons, and their two servants live in a Colonial farmhouse built in 1792. Its furnishings—mostly Victorian and Early American—are probably more familiar to the public than those of any other private house in America, because most of the pieces have turned up frequently in Rockwell pictures. Rockwell buys a chair primarily as something to paint; the fact that it is also something to sit on is incidental. Hanging on the walls are originals of works by other painters and illustrators—Thomas Fogarty, Hugh Thomson, Arthur Rackham, Edmund Dulac, A. B. Frost, and Howard Pyle. Rockwell particularly admires Pyle. "If I had my choice between an original Rembrandt and a good Howard Pyle, I would take Pyle every time," he says. The only Rockwell hanging in the house is a color sketch of an English coaching scene. This picture appeared in the *Ladies Home Journal,* and the finished oil hangs above the bar in the Society of Illustrators clubhouse, in New York. Rockwell is easygoing about most things, but he is prim about his studio, a small, red, barnlike building back of his house. Other painters who have visited the studio regard it with awe, since to most of them a studio is four walls surrounding a collection of debris. Rockwell sweeps out his place three or four times a day and tidies up several times between sweepings. The studio is a simple, pine-panelled room, twenty-four by thirty-five feet, with a fireplace and a balcony at one end. For decoration, there are five old terrestrial globes, a couple of ship models, an original of a Rockwell cover, and a Paris gendarme's helmet. Standing in the middle of the room, in front of a huge north window, are a drawing board and a big, heavy easel, and above them is a powerful fluorescent light that can be raised or lowered on pulleys.

When Rockwell is working on a painting, it is a matter of community interest in Arlington, where the circulation of the *Saturday Evening Post* has increased several hundred per cent since he moved there. People talk it over in the streets and ask him how it's coming. The feeling in the town is that a person hasn't arrived until he has posed for a Rockwell painting or at least served as a critic for one. When the artist is having trouble with a picture, he is likely to call in anyone who happens by and ask what is wrong with it. He has consulted postmen, milkmen, oil-truck drivers, carpenters, plumbers, and delivery boys. This habit is exasperating to the editors of the *Post,* who feel that all Arlington residents are not necessarily qualified for art criticism and that their opinions delay the completion of pictures that have been scheduled for publication. Rockwell defends the practice. He says that the main reason he asks his neighbors to look over his work is to see if the idea he is attempting to portray is clear to them. "If they don't understand the story I'm trying to tell," he explains, "I figure I haven't made it clear enough and that a lot of other people around the country won't understand it, either."

All Arlington grieved for Rockwell in the spring of 1943, when the studio he then had burned down one night. The fire, which Rockwell believes started from a pipe he had left near some curtains when he went to bed, destroyed a dozen of his paintings, a large supply of paints and brushes he had bought in Germany before the war, a library of prints of the works of practically every painter and illustrator of note, a file of reference pictures that he had been collecting for thirty years, a collection of old guns, and his col-



lection of costumes. On the morning after the fire, Rockwell looked at the ruins and said to Walter Squires, an Arlington carpenter and an important Rockwell model, "Well, there goes my life's work." That was as much of his feelings as he ever revealed to the townspeople. That afternoon he announced he was going to New York to buy new painting materials. To get completely away from reminders of the fire, he sold his house a couple of weeks later and bought the one he now lives in, three miles down the same road. His present studio is equipped with several fire extinguishers and a fireman's hat and ax, and he has installed a sprinkler system in his house. By now he has convinced himself that he was actually fortunate in losing his reference files. "I had begun to depend too much on them," he told Mead Schaeffer, who, being an illustrator, understood the seriousness of the loss. "You know, I think it's a good thing for an illustrator to junk everything he has collected once in a while. You get a new viewpoint that way. If you have a lot of pictures filed away, you get lazy. You run to your files when you want to see how something looks instead of going out and taking a fresh look."

"He was so damned convincing about it," Schaeffer says, "that for several weeks I was on the point of burning down my own studio."

—Rufus Jarman

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Rockwell.*)

•

When they needed a throat specialist, one was parachuted to them, but he proved to be of no use because his parachute did not open.—*The Times.*

Well, a person can always try gargling with a good strong solution.

•

My chum steals every boy friend I get. And she's not satisfied with one or two—she wants 'em all. Is there a name I can call her and still be a lady? Lucy

Answer: Try "polyandrist," meaning "having many men."—*Washington Star.*

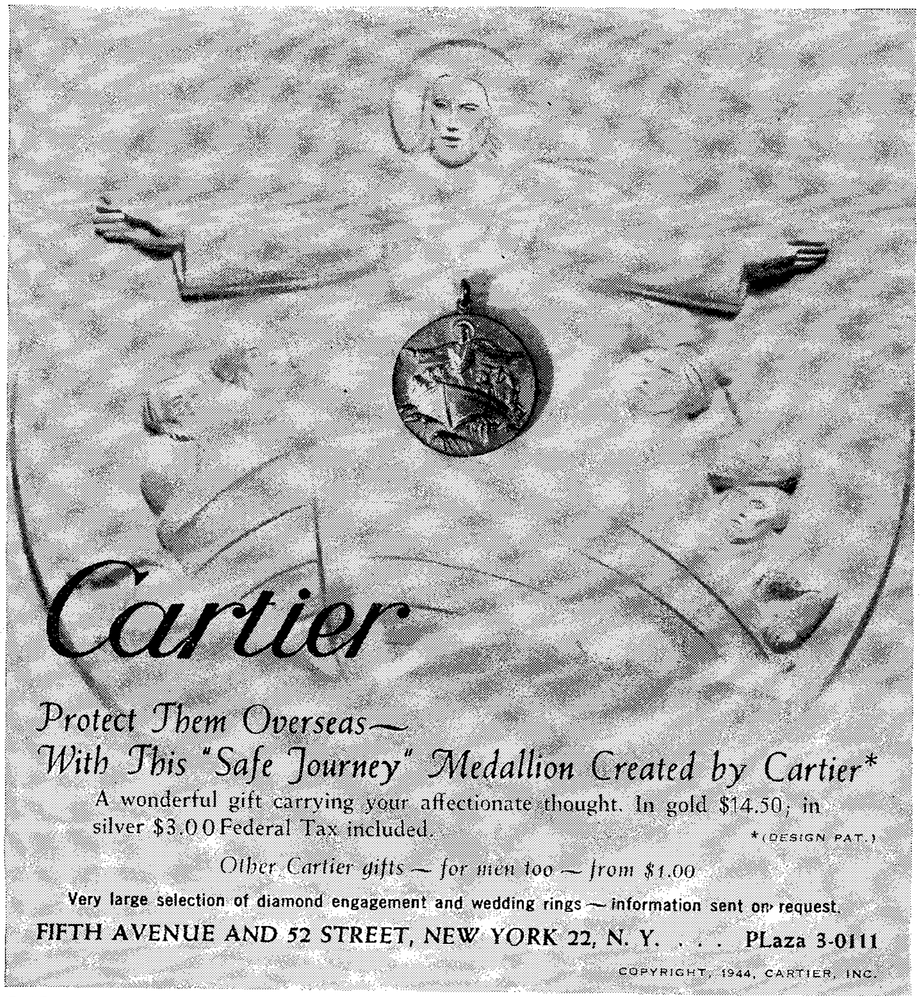
That'll sizzle the ears right off her.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Carson City (Nev.) Chronicle*]

London—In answer to a question put to him in the House of Commons today, Winston Churchill, prime minister of England, said "No!"



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Elizabeth Arden

OF ALL THINGS

IT is widely believed that our conquest of the holy soil of the Reich will finally teach the Germans that war does not pay. For learning lessons like this, there is nothing like homework.

•

The crossing of the Rhine has started a wave of rumors that the collapse of the Reich is imminent. Such talk represents complacency and wishful thinking and is in every way deplorable and delightful.

•

General Eisenhower has complimented the people of occupied Denmark for the efficient way in which they are running their railroad system. All the trains arrive late except those which never show up at all.

•

It is hoped that the plan adopted at San Francisco will contain the best features of the earlier United Nations agreements. The formula calls for liberal portions of Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, and Yalta, with a dash of Chapultepec.

•

The passage by the legislature in Albany of the Ives-Quinn anti-discrimination bill may lead to similar action by other states and by Congress. It certainly would be silly to make people move to New York in order to be created equal.

•

The labor troubles in Detroit had no sooner begun to subside than we faced two more serious menaces to war production. Both John L. Lewis and the Ohio River started off on their annual rampage.

•

The Bureau of Internal Revenue has just recalled that many people still owe a balance on the unforgiven part of their 1943 income tax. Some four million citizens are now paying reluctant tribute to the Bureau's memory.

•

The senators who are opposing the confirmation of Aubrey Williams as head of the Rural Electrification Administration have charged, among other things, that his religious views are not sound. However, nobody has claimed that the man does not believe in farmers or in electricity.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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—ARTHUR A. BALLANTINE,
former Under-Secretary of the U.S. Treasury. From a letter printed in The New York Times Feb. 25, 1945.

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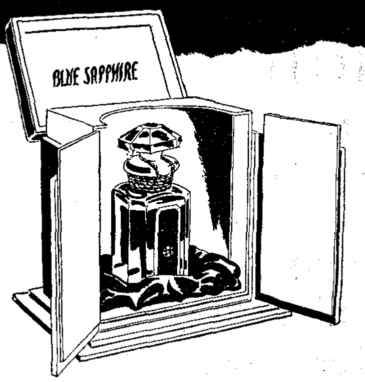

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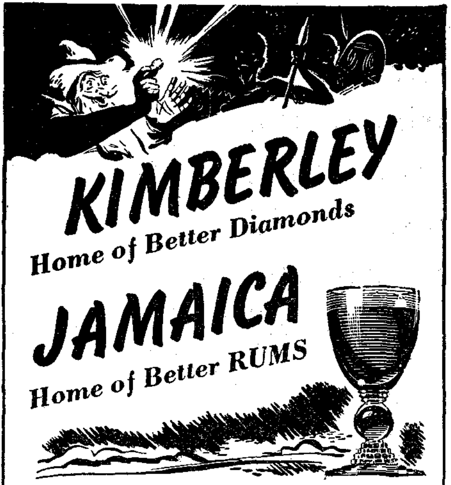

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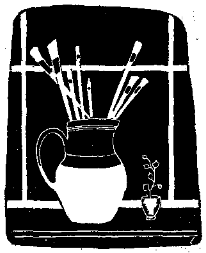
THE ART GALLERIES

Triangle, with Pendants

THIS week we have shows by three men who for part of their painting careers were Abstractionists but are so no longer—Jean Hélion, Arshile Gorky, and Julian Levi. Though this point of resemblance is not one to be insisted upon—after all, nearly every artist with imagination who came of age in the nineteen-twenties had at least one whack at the abstract method—it is interesting to note how widely divergent their styles have since become. Of the three, Hélion, at the Paul Rosenberg, remains closest to the abstract manner. Till the war he was one of the leaders of the younger French Abstractionists, painting roughly in the Dynamist tradition of the early Léger, all big, vaguely machinelike forms and rather sombre colors. In the war, he was captured by the Germans and spent the better part of two years in a prison camp, and the experience, and the violent break in his life system that it represented, seem to have done something radical to his artistic philosophy.



At any rate, after he had escaped to this country, he turned suddenly to an almost posterlike technique, and his first show here was a succession of overlarge canvases done in bright plaques of color and simplified forms, picturing the most casual incidents of daily life—a man climbing a staircase, a man putting on his hat, a woman standing at a street corner. They were bold, they were fresh, they were also garish and a little empty, but they seemed just the things a man released from the darkness and isolation of prison might delight in doing.

The trouble is that his new show, a year later, continues the same commonplace pattern (there are three paintings, for example, of a man lighting a cigarette, and his color throughout is as vivid as ever), and I begin now to find it baffling. There is no possibility that it is still a celebration of his release to freedom. It is a conscious technique, and I'm puzzled about its purpose. Hélion is a man of real talent and intelligence, as his early work shows, but his new style seems likely to limit his expression to the easiest and most superficial emotions. There is a girl sitting at a table ("Fille aux Doigts Croisés"), a man doffing his hat ("La Main au Chapeau"), two men passing on the street ("Salueur et Fumeur"), and what he is trying to conjure up in each case is, I think, a feeling of the drama of the everyday, the urgency of the unimportant. Of all the pieces in the show, only in the two last-named does he succeed; in the others his style gets in the way. Partaking both of the abstract and the representational, it permits full exploitation of neither, and in spite of the bright color and deft distortions—in spite, too, of occasional passages of really brilliant painting—the net result is rather static in consequence.

ON the other hand, Arshile Gorky, at the Julien Levy, represents revolt, and his current painting is about as far from the strictness and logicality of the abstract method as could well be imagined. It is, in fact, almost pure emotion, brought to you in great blobs and swirls of Surrealist-Expressionist color, and it has that characteristic of all primarily emotional painting—when it's good it is good indeed, and when it's bad it is simply unspeakable. I am afraid that in this exhibition the bad outweighs the good by about four to one, but when his work does come off, as in "Water of the Flowery Mill" and "The Sun, the Dervish in the Tree" (the titles are Expressionist, too), it has a thunderously looming, portentous quality that is oddly exciting.

JULIAN LEVI, who is having his first show in three years, at the Downtown, had, I guess, the briefest experience of all the three men with the abstract style. In his case it was little more than a period of youthful experiment, but though he has abandoned the style long since, it may well be responsible for the attention to pattern and structure which gives solidity to his present work. He has faults, and basic ones, too. He has a tendency to oversubtilize his painting—not so much in the design, which is always excellent, as in the treatment, in which the persistence of grays in his color gives a sometimes unnecessarily toned-down and smoky look to his canvases—and a perhaps unconscious tendency to compensate for this weakness by introducing an occasionally irrelevant touch of the melodramatic. This shows up, for example, in the picture called "Widow"—of a shawled woman sitting on a beach near a ruined pier—which suffers because the woman seems brought in as an afterthought, being far less consideredly painted than the weathered and salt-crusted pilings around her. Incidentally, and rather strangely, since Levi is one of our most sensitive portraitists—see his "Suba" and "William Steig" in this collection—he seems always to have difficulty integrating figures and landscape, and not only the "Widow" but also his "Beachcomber" might actually have profited by the omission of the figures.

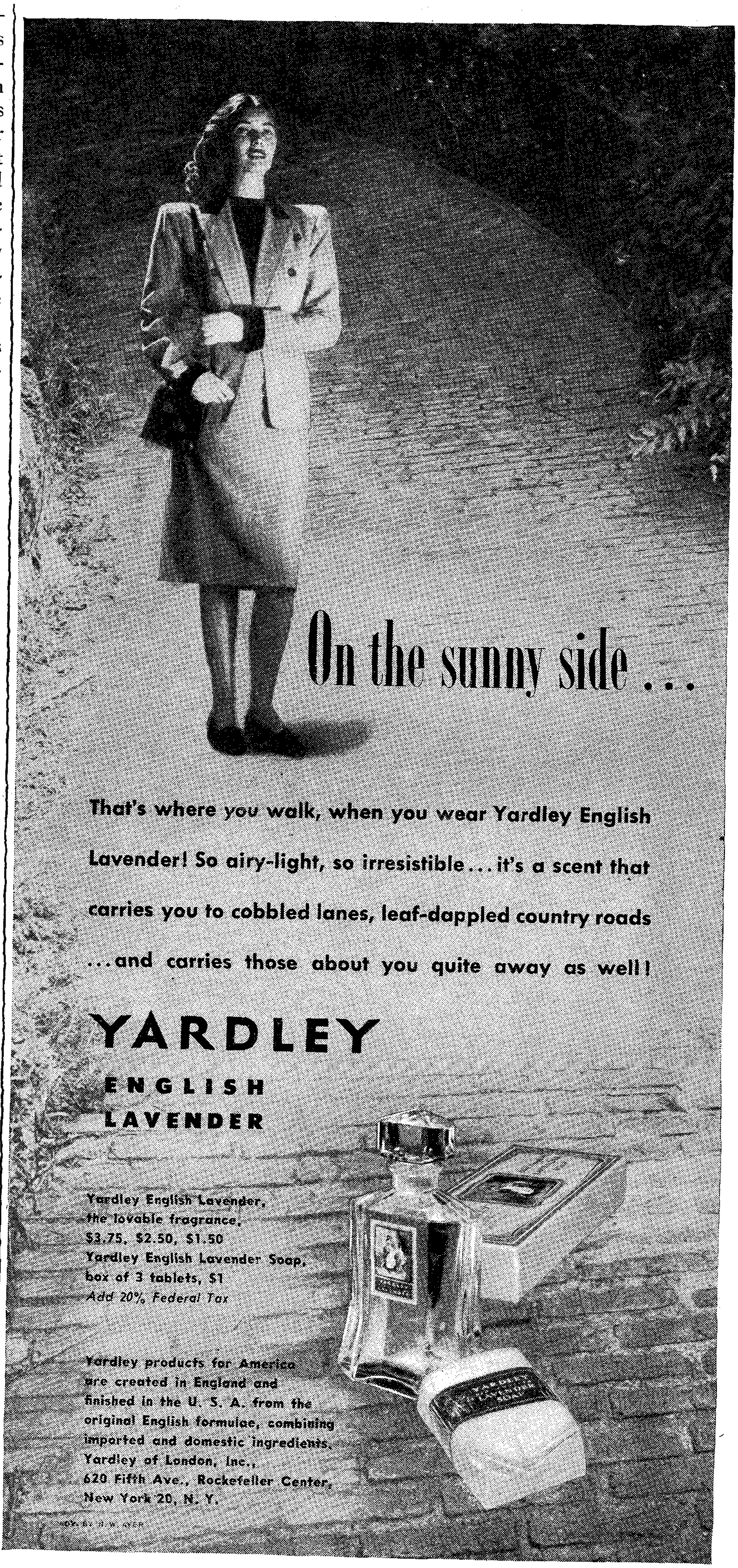
That, however, is about as far as criticism of Levi's work can go. Structurally, it is sounder than ever before, with, at times, a real feeling of the monumental, and if the mood is now and then misty, it is one that fits beautifully with the low tidal flats and beach scenes he likes to do. In all senses, his painting has matured enormously since his last exhibition, casting off the slight influences that clung to it then, and, in such pieces as "Submarine Patrol," "Red Dory," and the more brightly painted "Lime Kiln," taking on a gravity and sombre, thoughtful dignity that are strongly and richly personal and also, I think, highly admirable.

AT Durlacher, there is a loan exhibition of paintings of St. Jerome, the kindly saint who sojourned in the wilderness and was looked after by a lion, that is worth seeing. The majority of the pieces are of the fifteenth century—Flemish, German, and Italian—but some later ones have been thrown in for contrast. The collection is small, but there is a brilliance in its selection that gives it both richness and beauty. . . . At Ferargil, they are having a minor memorial of paintings by Ernest Lawson, member of the Eight and one of the most poetic of the American Impressionists. It's an uneven show, but then so was Lawson's painting, and there are enough good pieces in it—"Harlem Snowbound," "Old Willows," "Near Fort George," and so on—to make it enjoyable. The show closes this weekend. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

> They'll be drafted in this order: First, men in activities not covered by the list; second, men in unimportant jobs in essential industries; third, men in unimportant ant jobs in critical activities; fourth, men in skilled jobs in essential industries; last, men in —*The Post.*

Took him right away from his typewriter.



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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 7 (BY WIRELESS)

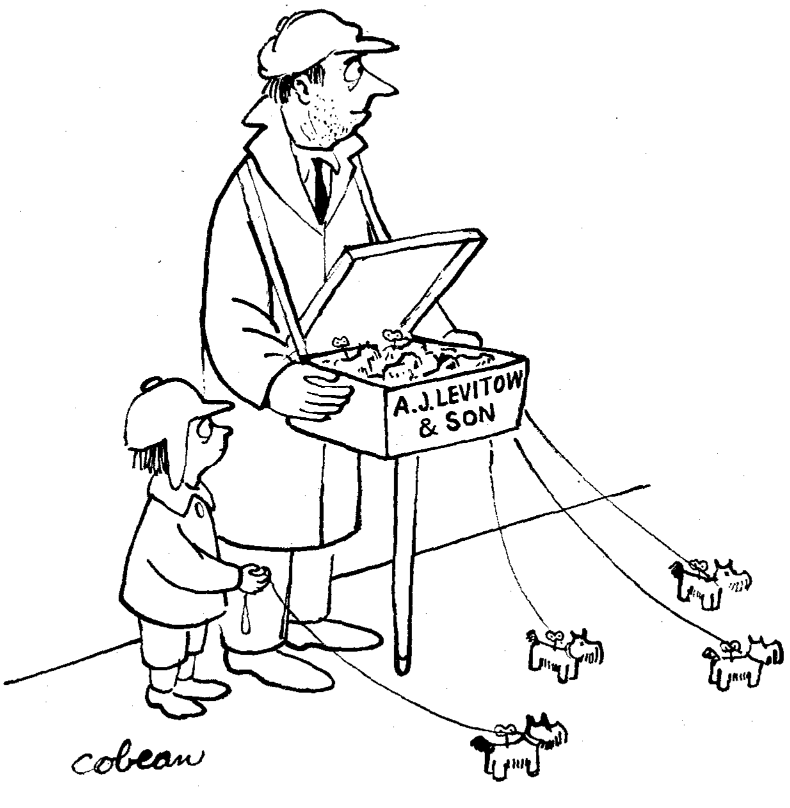
PARIS, for the first time since the liberation, seemed herself again the morning after de Gaulle's recent speech to his Consultative Assembly. For the first time the Paris newspapers were in full critical cry. The brilliant clamor of the dissenting editorial opinions was a treat. It was like listening to the intelligent, uproarious voices of dear old friends and dear old enemies. To enable the journals to give full attention to the General's long-awaited speech, they were allowed, also for the first time, an extra ration of paper, so that they could print four pages instead of the usual two. The august mutism of the General had up to then constrained the French press and people to a polite taciturnity of their own; being mere citizenry, they were waiting for the oracle to speak up first. If the volubility which has followed the speech continues, Paris will seem gustier, more nearly normal, and closer to reality than it was. After any significant parliamentary debate in the days before the war, the friends and enemies in the press were always against each other and for somebody. In their reaction to the de Gaulle speech, the editors were still not for each other, but they were unanimous in being against de Gaulle. They were at odds only in their reasons.

The tipoff to the General as to what at least two papers expected of him was given the morning before his speech by the Communist *Humanité* and the Socialist *Populaire* in a jointly written three-quarter-page *mot d'ordre* which demanded, in large type, the old, familiar resistance program — immediate nationalization of big banks, later nationalization of natural resources, key industries, and transport and insurance companies, and the confiscation of all traitors' earthly goods, "not as vengeance but as a moral exigence." The tag line of the manifesto was "All together we will beat the trusts." The evening *Paris-Presse* jeered that it was not by chance that these two demanded extremes. Inevitably, neither was satisfied with what the General offered, though it sounded revolutionary. *L'Humanité* sniffed at nationalizations in which the de Gaullist state would hold fifty-one per cent of a company's stock but the old directors could continue to own a forty-nine-per-cent interest. As for traitors' fortunes, *L'Humanité* declared itself "profoundly ulcerated" to see that the two hundred families of the Banque de France appeared to be above the law. It also said that if state ownership was Communism, then Louis XI was a Communist, because he founded the French post office. Besides, it went on, whatever the General meant to do, it would not be done soon, if ever. *Le Populaire* said that it wanted no nationalization which was mere paternalism or a parody of Socialism. It declared that "static democracy is not long in becoming conservative democracy." It declaimed against the collaborationist bourgeoisie which had saved its investments but lost its honor. It claimed to understand why the General was pressing the Assembly "not to exploit its discontentments." "But," it added, "wouldn't it have been more wise and politic not to have created any?" It spoke of the public's fear of those sly interests which in the days of the occupation had always been against de Gaulle and which had become the "August 32nd resistance"—those who have tried to tear down the gains of the bona-fide resistance and "further themselves behind the General's name." *Le Populaire* ended by crying, "What is needed is a veritable moral crusade!"

Combat, perhaps the most intelligent of the resistance papers in its criticism of the General, dreamily remarked that though Maurice Thorez, the French Communist leader, had only recently declared that the Communists would demand none of the conventional Communist reforms in France's economic structure, their last-minute manifesto to de Gaulle indicated that they had changed their minds. *Combat* went on to say that it had been "manifesting fears and reservations as to what he might say, though by his words he encouraged our dearest hopes. When he ends words and starts acts, he will obtain the gratitude of the entire country."

De Gaulle's speech was received coldly and almost without applause by all the resistance, trades-union, and Leftist benches. On the other hand, *Figaro*, the fashionable Faubourg paper, contented itself with mentioning the "*malaise* between the General and his Assembly," though some of *Figaro's* editors have privately gone so far as to say that the General's theories of renovation would be conducive to a serious malady for France, if he should ever put them into effect, and to bet that he couldn't. *Le Franc-Tireur*, most bitterly idealistic of the resistance journals, summed up its Jacobin heartbreak by saying, "The de Gaulle meeting could have been historic."

If this had been the General's opening speech to his nation, it would have been historic. In its exquisite, démodé vocabulary, which stiffened his ideas into classic stateliness, his address would have been perfectly suited to the Académie. The grand kind of French he spoke and thought in put him two hundred years away from his listeners on the radio. In his formal phraseology, he impatiently deplored the lack of good brains for big jobs—"lack of men and this terrible emptiness which make themselves felt not only in raw numbers but also—as who does not know—in quality." He quoted



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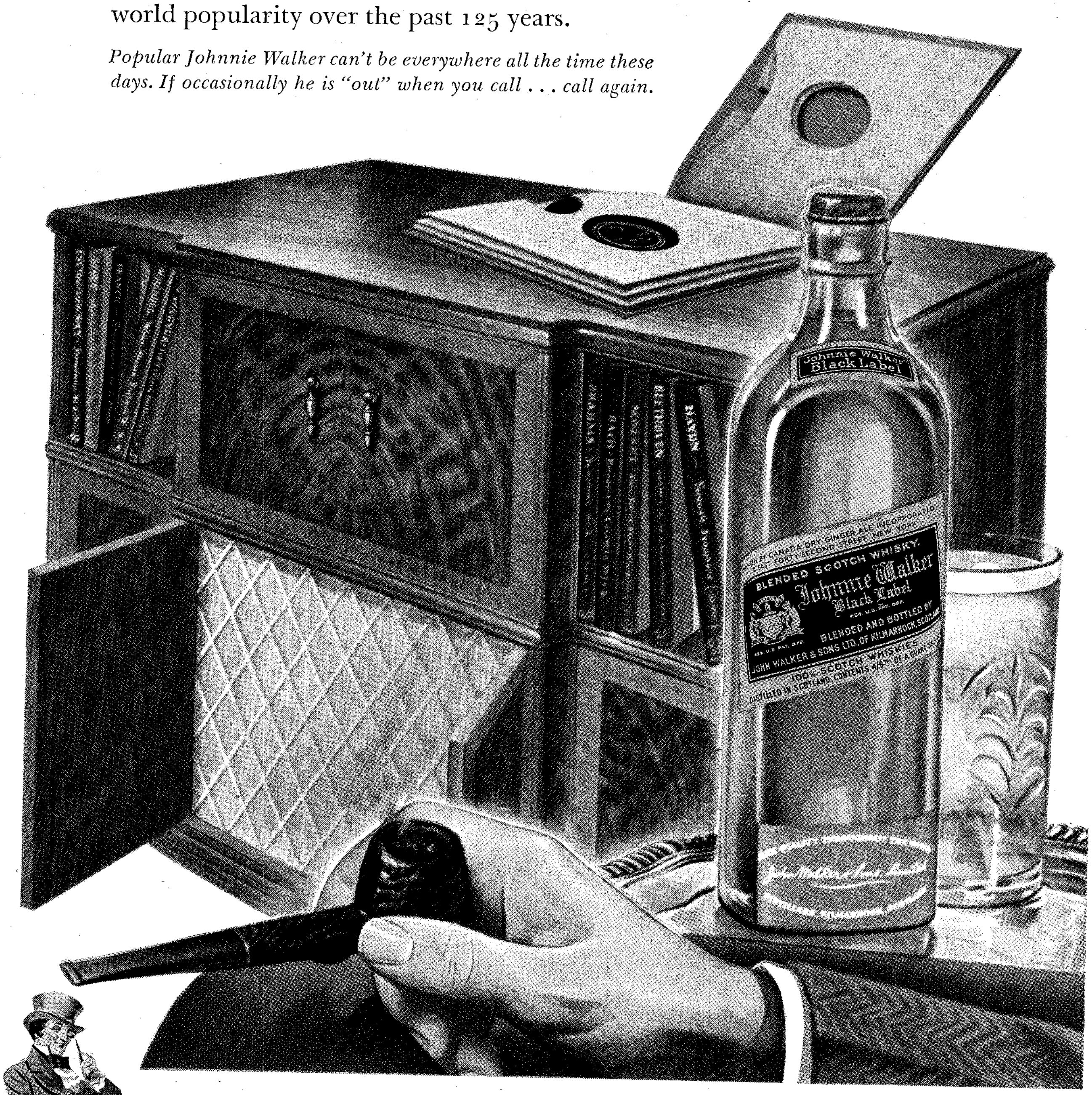

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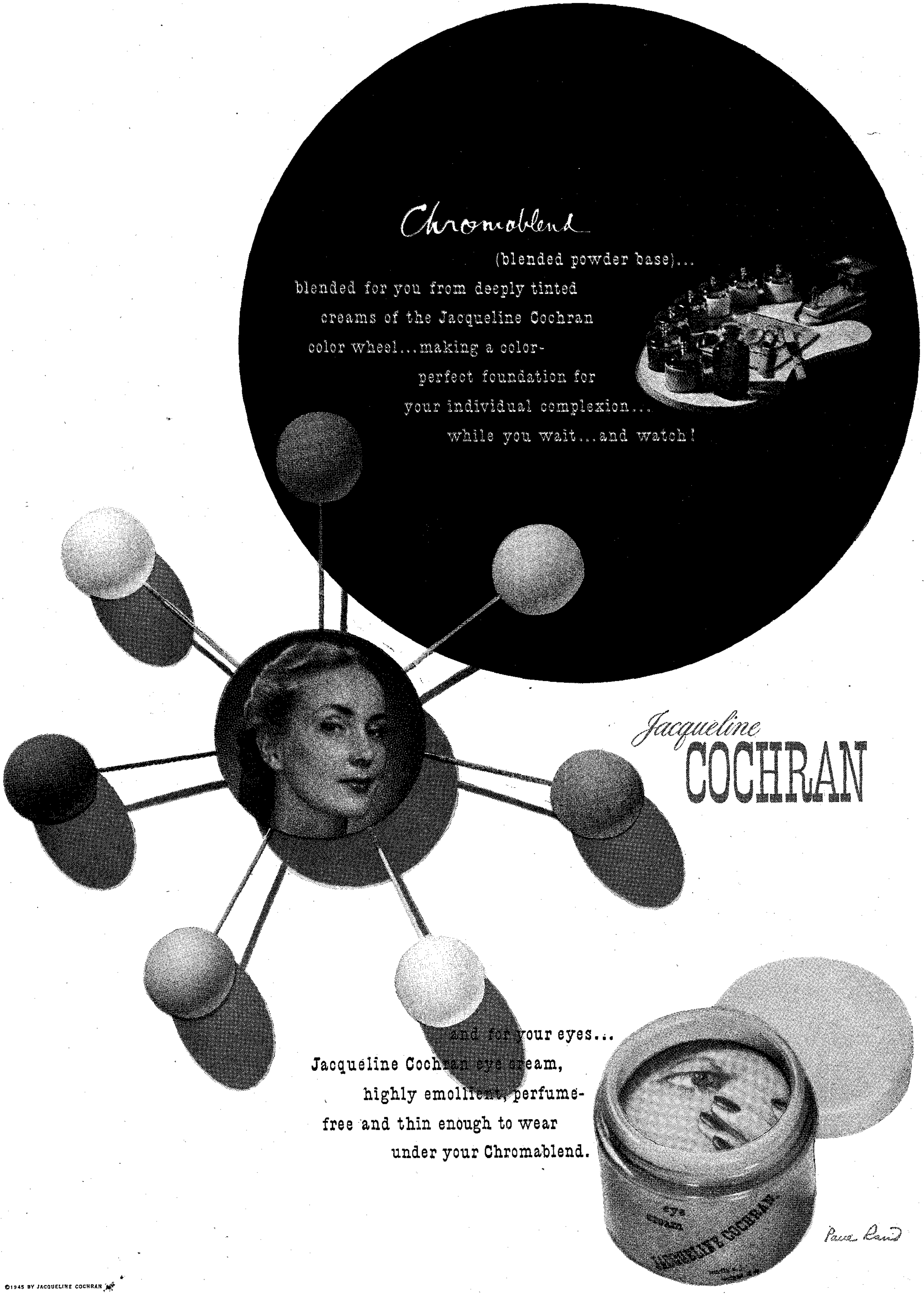

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Shakespeare. He spoke of the "twelve million handsome babies" which France must have in the next ten years, "for if the French people do not multiply, France will be nothing but a great light which is extinguished." He spoke of never having lulled France with illusions, of the wisdom of seeing large and looking high, of his attempt to measure his own words, and of his desire that others should measure theirs. It was a splendid speech to read afterward. When spoken in the Assembly, it pleased neither reformers nor conservatives, both of whom wish, for very different reasons, that he'd stop talking and start doing, so that at least one side can cease being nervous.

Since the Right, in the morning-after newspaper editorials, looked ever so slightly cheerful, the Left might have been expected to look completely glum. This was not the way the Left looked at all. Four explanations of the current Communist viewpoint have been offered here and there. The first is that the Communists, in not actually forcing the General, via the recent Russian treaty, to swing left, are giving the public a *piqûre de morphine* to put it to sleep while they prepare for the communization of Europe and that third World War, against England and America, we keep hearing about. The General is supposed to be incredulous of this first explanation. The second one is that the Communists are trying, as the working-class party, to force upon France structural reforms which would bring her up to date with the New Deal and a bit beyond, and which would give her a controlled capitalism by which labor, capital, France, and Russia could all profit. (Except in theory, this program seems to go too far for the General, who thinks it goes absolutely out of sight for the rich, who will fight it.) The third explanation is that the intelligent rich desire a renovated France (such as the one they fought against under the prewar Front Populaire), especially since labor, during the occupation, perfected its knowledge of sabotage, resistance, and slowdowns—so be patient. As the conservative, big-business paper *Le Monde* has thoughtfully put it, it is time, for prosperity's sake, to accept the idea of a belatedly integrated France, in which the workingman is no longer treated like an émigré in his own land. The General supposedly considers this an indication that the industrial bourbons are learning a little, even if they've forgotten nothing. The fourth explanation is that the only real trouble is that de Gaulle doesn't know how to choose good ministers, let alone how to make them knuckle down to work—so, again, be patient. There's also a fourth-and-a-half explanation, which is that if the democracy the General is leading finally collapses, he will then have to gallop out on a white horse as what is called a Bonapartist Republican, or a sort of liberal imperialist. Never, perhaps, has the French journalist written with a greater sense of responsibility than he has in his criticism of de Gaulle. The magnitude of the General's legend, his intellectuality, and his integrity seem precisely what has broken many editorial hopes and hearts.

THE great disappointment to the man in the street and the woman in the kitchen was that de Gaulle didn't say a word in his speech about butter. The last time the French around here had butter was Christmas Eve. The food situation is frightful. Parisians are already talking about "going down into the streets," which is their phrase for rioting, and they might really do it if they had enough physical and mental energy. The four years of Nazi occupation produced a general torpor. This torpor has plainly affected the Food Ministry, which has just promised more meat next July. Parisians can now recite by heart the number of bombed bridges still unrepaired and the number of trains and trucks being used to feed the armies at the battlefronts. The statistics they'd like some news on are the twenty-five thousand tons of black-market butter and the ten million francs of black-market profit of the past six months; they'd like to hear why the bombed bridges hold up legal comestibles while the black-market trucks cross the rivers as if by miracles. The French realize that the black-market butter, even if diverted to legal channels, wouldn't spread one slice of bread per citizen per day, but what they want, and quickly, is some symbolic act of justice, invention, efficacy, and administrative gumption.

Butter has taken on political qualities. By New Year's Day certain butterless French were already muttering that they had had more food when the country was occupied by the Germans than they had had under the Allies. This slur was attributed to the ten thousand Fifth Columnists that were rumored to have been filtered back into Paris by the Germans. It is now rather generally

LISTEN: MARCH 17, 1945

It may startle you to learn that during 1944 CBS broadcast over its network 9067 hours of programs, since a rapid finger-count discloses that there were only 8760 hours in 1944. What happens of course is that while one program goes out over one part of the network, others are being fed to other parts.

★

Home means many different things to Americans overseas. To Aylmer B. Armstrong of Los Angeles, a Flight Lieutenant with the RAF, it means, among other things, being able to read and listen to American advertising. In Yorkshire the other day Armstrong picked up a CBS program from WKBW, the network's affiliate in Buffalo, on his British all-wave set.

"I cannot tell you how thrilled I was" he writes, "to hear a good old American program together with the advertising which we have not heard for so long over here. It gives a guy a wonderful lift to hear the announcer talking about Eversharp pencils and pens, Coca-Cola, etc. I only wish all of us had some way of tuning in to home now and again. Of course we have the Armed Forces radio service...but I am sure you will agree it's not quite the same thing as home radio."

★

Edward C. Wells, who designed the B-29 Superfortress, stood on a Philadelphia street corner a few Sundays ago waiting for a taxi to take him to a broadcast of *We, the People* where he was to be awarded the Fawcett Aviation Award of 1944. No taxi came for a long time. When one appeared a woman beat him to it. Wells poked his head in the door, explained his problem, and asked for a lift. "Rah*ther!*" said the woman, and so Wells rode to the broadcast with Beatrice Lillie who was also a guest on the same CBS program. He's still convinced however that the surest way to get somewhere quickly is on a B-29, but you can't meet B. Lillie that way.

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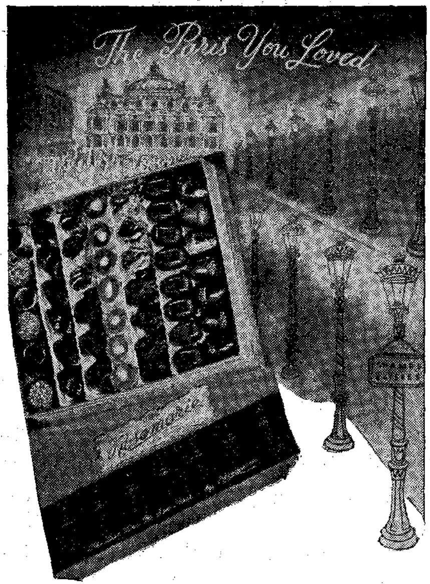

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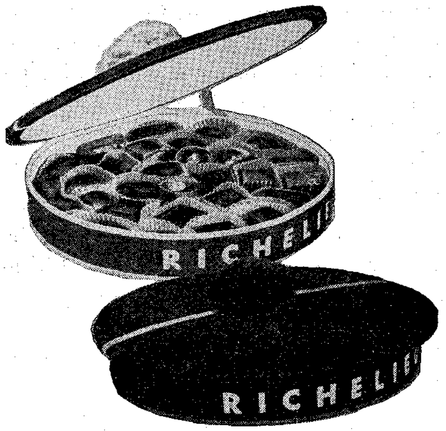

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admitted that the French have less of everything under the Allies, that the little France has she manages badly, and that there are forty thousand Fifth Columnists in Paris. Friction between the Americans and the French has been steadily mounting. The worst of it is that there is always a great deal of truth in every unpleasant claim made by either side. And it is no lie that the occupiers of a country are never popular, either those who want to stay forever or those who are dying to get back home. Good Americans here criticize those French who think their country can remain great no matter how petty they find it convenient to act. Good Frenchmen criticize those American Army officers who knowingly frequent the same fashionable salons the Germans frequented. One of the reasons for supposing that the war will soon be over is that all three of us old Allies have been getting along together as badly as we usually do in peace.

TWO extremely curious plays that ran under the baffled Nazis have persisted into the liberation. The weightier of the pair is the Atelier Theatre's "Antigone," once by Sophocles, now put into modern dress and modern psychology by Jean Anouilh, a well-known dramatist. It is extraordinary that the Germans, with their power complex, should have permitted the presentation of this power classic which for two thousand years has been proving that individual rebellion is a good idea. The fillip of anachronism which modern dress and mode always give to the classics is especially thought-provoking in "Antigone." The evening was ruined for me, as usual, by the elocutionary voice affected by French intellectual actresses ever since Bernhardt died. The two hit scenes in the Anouilh version would astonish Sophocles, since he never thought of them; they feature fascinating conversations between Œdipus's daughter and a police detective. The second occupation piece is "Huis Clos," now about to reopen at the Vieux-Colombier. The title is a legal term meaning "behind closed doors;" the author is Jean Paul Sartre, now in America. Sartre is possibly the most creative stylist to emerge during the occupation. His play is set in Hell, which in this case is a cheap hotel room. One of this hell's special tortures is a lack of mirrors for two women, the unhappier of whom is a throwback to Sappho. The general torment is that each damned soul depends on another as proof of his or her eternal infernal

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individuality. Sartre is a member of the Café de Flore literary group, which has replaced the Deux Magots as the Left Bank brain center.

The Flore is the only café which looks like, though it does not taste like, old times: male and female intellectuals, jargon, no fresh air. And now no alcohol. In Montmartre, a place called the Chansonnier Dix Heures is nightly packed with appreciators of its political ballad singers, who spare nobody. One night when I was there, a song entitled "The Stars and Stripes," which takes a crack at the American overfeeding of German prisoners, and an impiety called "Hallelujah, the Pope Is a Republican," referring to the Vatican's recent liberalisms, gave the greatest joy. You need a strong head and legs to stay up late in Montmartre now, for you have to walk home after the last Métro goes at eleven-fifteen. The loneliness and repression which Parisians felt during the years the Wehrmacht crowded their town had one benign effect on the public; the French listened to music as an escape from listening to life. For the first time in years, the concert halls were crowded and the piano teachers had waiting lists. That is still true. I regret to add that the opera is much improved, the reason being that for four years the French were determined not to let the Nazi élite which crowded it think it inferior to the opera in Berlin. The Paris performances were thus carefully and constantly rehearsed, speeded up, and, of course, rarely attended by the French, who now throng it as if it were a new discovery. Spring has made it more dependable. Last month I went to watch "Marouf," which was humanely cancelled lest the ballet freeze in its tutus, and I remained to hear "Othello," handsomely sung in warm Venetian velvets.

THE most dramatic announcement this week in Paris was that Marshal Pétain's properties have just been seized by what used to be his state.

—GENÊT

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Q. Who said "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness"?—B.K.

A. Oliver Wendell Holmes is the author of the saying.—*Washington Star.*

Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo, pastor of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas in New York, says that this proverb of Confucius has been the golden text of his life: "It is better to light one small candle than to curse the darkness."—*Reader's Digest.*

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FUNNY DREAM

WHEN Joe Miller sat down in the breakfast nook of their house in Westchester, his wife, Barbie, knew at once that he had got out of the wrong side of the bed. Ordinarily, with Joe at the office, it wouldn't matter so much, but today was Sunday and he'd be underfoot all day. "What on earth's the matter with you?" she asked kindly.

Joe shook his head. "I just had a funny dream, that's all. I dreamt Horace Goodsell was dead."

"Drink your coffee, like a good boy," Barbie said.

"I was a pallbearer," he said.

"It never stopped snowing all night," she said. "It was snowing every time I woke up. Snowing and sleeting. You could hear it. Are you going to clean off the walks?"

"I didn't dream why he died," Joe said. "I just dreamt he died. No reason."

"I dream a lot of people die," Barbie said. "It doesn't bother me at all."

"You do?" He frowned and stirred his coffee.

"Certainly," she said. She picked up a strip of bacon with her fingers and ate it.

"Horace Goodsell," Joe said. "One in a million. I didn't know I would take it so hard."

"Eat your breakfast," Barbie said.

"Guys like Horace Goodsell don't grow on trees," Joe said.

"Goodness!" Barbie said. "You talk as though he were really dead. And even if he were, there's no reason why you should act so funny about it. Why, I know her better than you know him."

"Know who?" he asked.

"Why, Sylvia Goodsell," she said. "You know."

"How should I know?" he asked. "I never heard you call her Sylvia in your life before."

"I can *refer* to her as Sylvia, can't I? After all, we don't know movie stars by their first names either, but we call Judy Garland 'Judy Garland.' "

"You do," he said. "I don't."

She laughed. "I suppose you say you go to see a Mr. Rooney-Miss Garland picture."

"That's beside the point," he said. "The point is Horace Goodsell died. I mean, I dreamt it, and it upset me. Besides, they haven't been together for a long time. He's in the Army."

"Who is?"

"Mickey Rooney."

"There! you see?" she said, pleased. "I notice you didn't say '*Mister* Rooney.' And I wish you'd eat your breakfast. I can't just sit here."

Joe got up from the table. "I'm not hungry," he said. "I'll go clean off the walks if you want me to."

The swinging door to the pantry closed behind him. Barbie heard him going down the cellar stairs.

"Joseph Belmore Miller!" she called. "You come back here and eat something!"

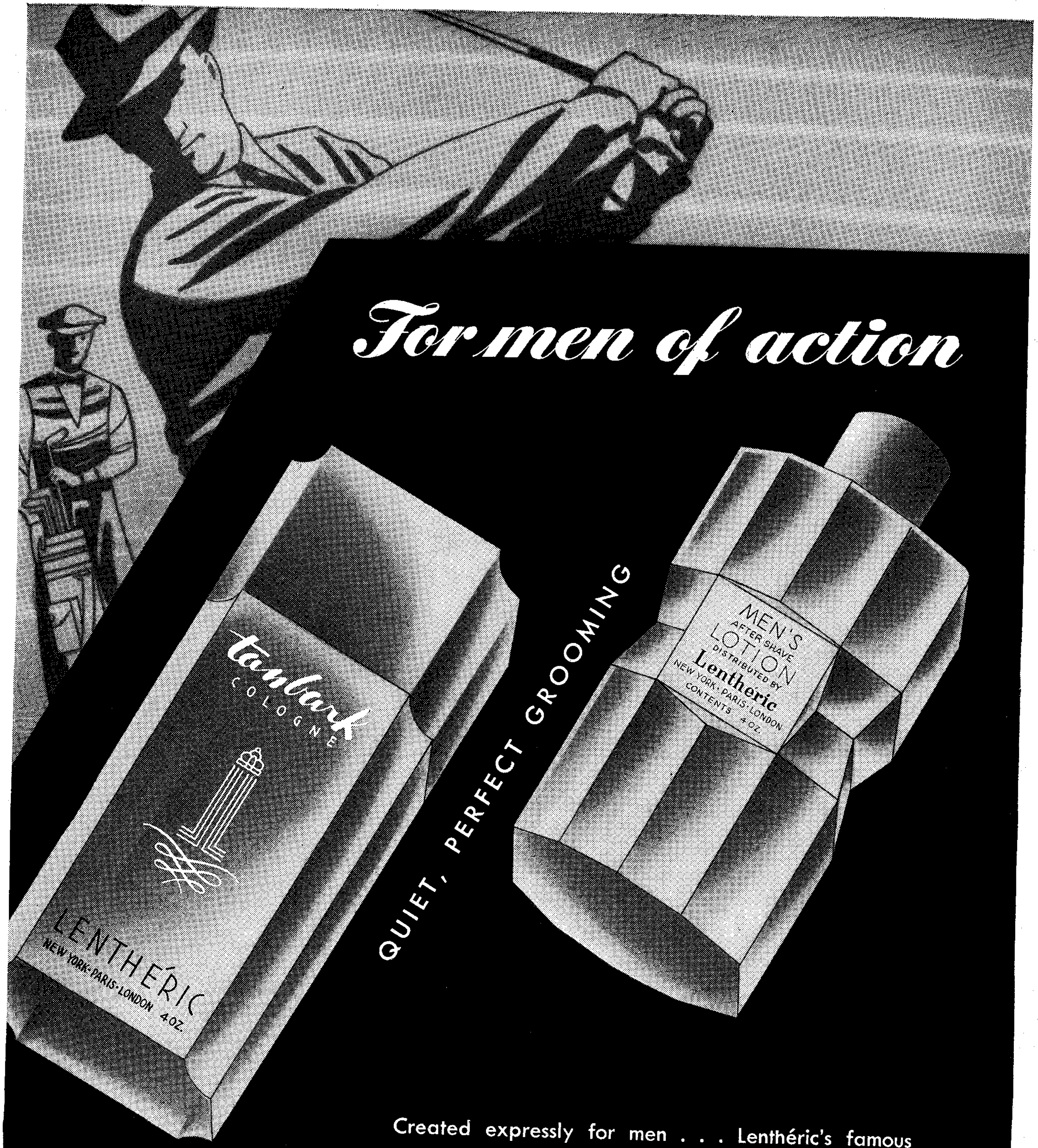
"I don't feel like eating. When a man—" Overcome by emotion, Joe groped for words and then shouted up to her, "You don't understand how I *feel!*"

She thought of shouting back at him, but when she heard him dragging the shovel across the cellar floor, she was afraid he wouldn't hear her. She picked up the breakfast dishes and started to carry them over to the kitchen sink.

IT was cold outside, and Joe liked the scraping sound of the shovel under the snow. He was glad it had snowed and that he had something to do. It would take his mind off the way he felt about Horace Goodsell. Barbie was right, he thought. He hadn't known—or, that is, he didn't *know*—Horace Goodsell very well. Not enough to feel as bad as all this. But that was just the point. Sometimes a man doesn't begin to appreciate friends and people, even those he doesn't know very well, until it's too late. Dreams like that made you think. Maybe that's why you dreamed them, so you wouldn't go around taking people for granted all the time. It was good for a man to dream something that would make him check up on himself once in a while and find out how he really did feel about his friends.

Joe frowned, leaning on the snow shovel, and thought lovingly of Horace Goodsell. The more Joe thought about him, the better he liked him. There was

For men of action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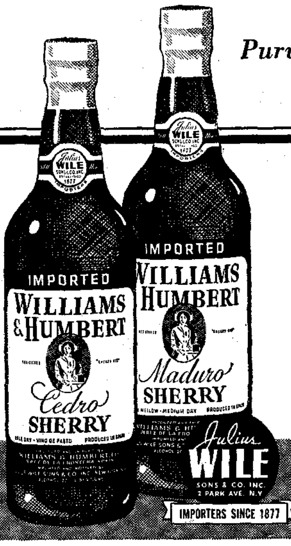


one fellow this town certainly couldn't do without, he decided. Always the same. Horace Goodsell, a man you could go to if you were in trouble and he'd give you the shirt off his back. Joe made up his mind that, beginning today, he'd go out of his way to speak to Horace Goodsell, just to show him what he thought of him. Why, he and everybody else in town would feel a distinct personal loss if anything should happen to Horace Goodsell. For that matter, Joe thought, not a man of us dies but all of us feel something gone and taken away from us. His eyes misty, he stuck the shovel into a snowbank and leaned on it, his mittened hands folded around the end of the long handle, his chin resting on his wrists, and stared at nothing. "The moving finger..." he said under his breath, and the breath made a small blue cloud on the frosty air that vanished as it appeared.

"Hey, Joe!"

He shook himself out of his reverie and glanced in the direction of the voice. Herb Allerton was coming along the sidewalk.

"How are you, Herb?" Joe asked.

"I'm all right, but have you heard what happened over to the Goodsell house? Horace Goodsell was taken with a heart attack in the middle of the night and went like that." Herb snapped his fingers.

"Horace Goodsell *died?*"

"He sure did. Like that!"

"Horace *Good*sell?"

"Like that. At three-twenty this morning," Herb said.

The shovel fell to the clean sidewalk with a clang. "God! Well, God Almighty! Listen, Herb, I— Honest to God!"

"Well, what's the matter with *you?*" Herb asked.

The words came so fast Joe could scarcely get them out. "Listen, as I'm standing here—I swear to God, as I'm standing here—I dreamt Horace Goodsell died." His face lit up, triumphant. "And he did, by God! You can ask Barbie."

"Why should I ask Barbie?" Herb said. "I just told you he did."

"Ask Barbie if I didn't dream it. I was telling her at breakfast! I told her I dreamt that very thing—as I'm standing here, Herb!"

Joe stared at Herb Allerton, his eyes stunned. Then he turned and ran toward the house. He tore into the kitchen. "Barbie," he called, "didn't I say I dreamt Horace Goodsell died? Well, he did! He died last night!"

Barbie shut off the water in the sink

and turned to face him. "Who told you?" she asked.

"Herb just told me. He's dead, all right. Would you—"

Through the kitchen window he saw that Mrs. Fortmiller, who lived at the end of the block, was coming down the street, trying to step in somebody else's tracks in the snow. Fearful lest she get away, he raced to the front of the house and, flinging open the storm door, he called out, "Hey, Mrs. Fortmiller! Listen to what happened to me! I dreamt Horace Goodsell died and he did!"

JOE talked to Mrs. Fortmiller for twenty minutes. When he came back in the kitchen, he was keyed up by his emotions. "Well, I told *her*," he said. "Wouldn't you know this would happen on a Sunday, when the office is closed? Today of all days!"

A moment later Barbie heard him at the telephone. "Mrs. Richmond?" he was saying. "Call Harry to the phone a minute, will you? . . . Listen, Harry! What do you think happened to me? . . ."

—CHARLES JACKSON

•

Subject: Ice Cream—Sale of to Officers, Revision of Procedure.

1. Effective this date the following will be the procedure for sale of ice cream to officers:

(a) Ice Cream will be sold to officers, when available, at 1500. Officers of the rank of Captain, Commander and Lieutenant Commander may purchase their ice cream in the Senior Staff Officers Mess. All officers below the rank of Lieutenant Commander may purchase their ice cream in the wardroom. One cup will be sold to a customer with the exception of Captains and Commanders who call in person will be sold up to four cups of ice cream, provided they state that extra cups are for other officers whom they know are not getting ice cream by other means. Orders from Captains who have regularly assigned orderlies will be filled without question when the orderly comes for it.—*Memorandum issued aboard U.S.S. Blue Ridge.*

What about that chocolate syrup?

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

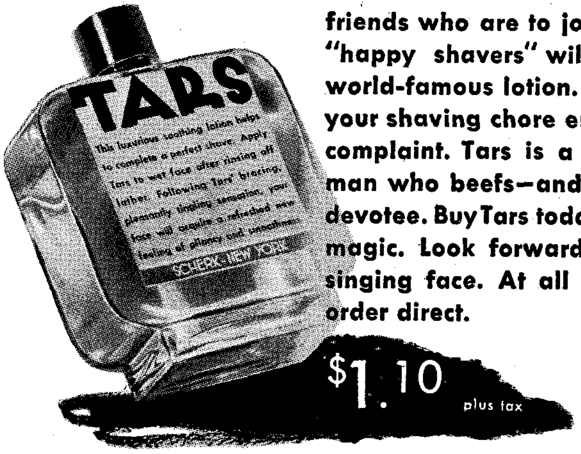
[*From the Herald Tribune*]

"The Russians are a terrific people," playwright Lillian Hellman, just back from a four-month visit to Russia, said yesterday. "Whether you like or dislike their government or politics is not the point; they are a wonderful people, and I have nothing but the deepest admiration for them. . . . The trip was paid for entirely by the Russian government, I believe, because I didn't see a bill for anything until I arrived in Turkey on my way home."

GENTLEMEN! HERE'S TO YOU!

TARS

AFTER-SHAVING LOTION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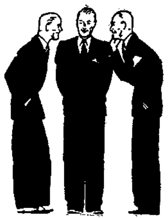

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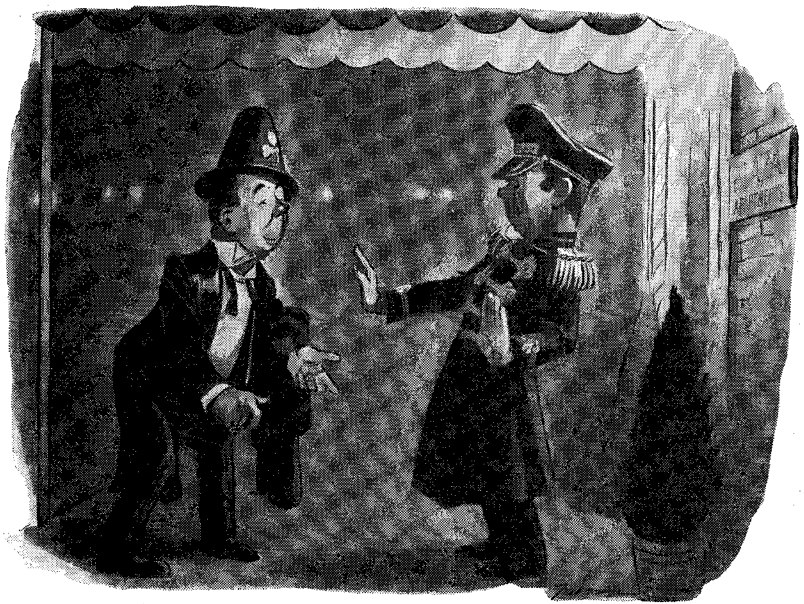

Too much St. Patrick's Day, mister?

"Naw, just can't find my building in this brownout. Wouldn't have to turn off signs to save fuel if every apartment building had Honeywell fuel-saving heat controls."

The new "personalized" control system for apartments, developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell, gives every tenant just the temperature he prefers, automatically; prevents wasteful overheating or cold discomfort.

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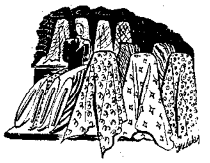
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

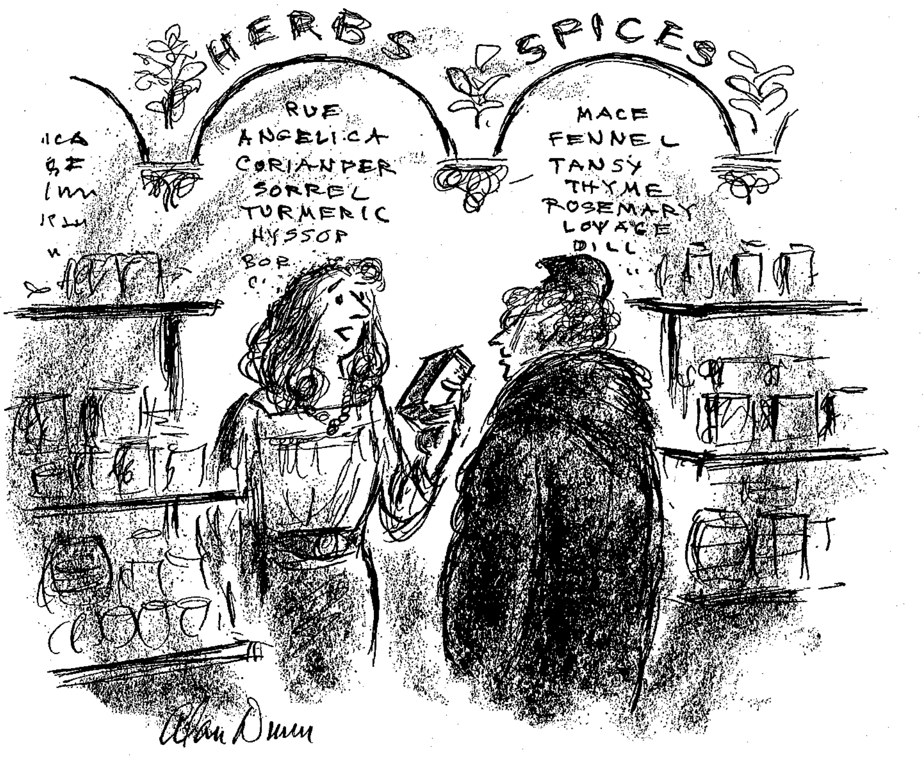


THOUGH bottled up, as it were, within the tubular confines of the government silhouette, the imaginations of all the big custom dress designers have been as lively as ever this season. Nowhere has fancy been more agile than in Bergdorf Goodman's collection. There are Trends all over the place, most of them fine. Take the Bergdorf necklines. There are lots of square necks, and there are lots of necks that are a compromise between the V and the square, for they start wide at each side of the neck and taper down as they descend the chest.

Bergdorf is fond of homey materials interestingly treated. For example, an intricately quilted cotton blouse in a carnation print goes with a gray flannel suit that has a round, collarless neck. Another Bergdorf innovation is hoods to accompany almost anything. These hoods are mesh, and they are attached to short capes that flare out over the shoulders. I'm afraid that they are only for women who have long, graceful necks, because, in profile, even some of the models looked a bit like turtles in them, I thought. There are some wonderful coats in the collection, just above knee length and Directoire in feeling. They're single- or double-breasted, buttoning high on the chest and hanging free, easy, and open below the bosom. A single-breasted one, in black wool, is worn with a dress in a beige much darker than you are accustomed to. A pinky-red double-breasted wool Directoire sort of coat has a high, rolled neckline and flap pockets; it's worn over a navy wool dress with a high, crocheted neckline and short sleeves that have crocheted cuffs. A navy wool suit with that square neck has bands of self material making the hem and giving the look of vertical slashes in the skirt. A gray flannel cape, also with the square neckline, is to be worn over a dress of the same fabric which has a square neck slashed slightly below the throat. Still another thing that you'll see here is a business of using raised vertical seams in such a way as to give you a rounded, hippish, but by no means unattractive look amidships. The best example of this technique is a navy wool coat with a high, rolled collar, balloon sleeves, slanting slit pockets, and a skirt that is seamed vertically and pressed to give the rounded effect I was just talking about. As I recall, a red crêpe dress goes with this, but I had eyes only for the coat.

The Bergdorf coat dresses, always notable, are exceptional this year. Many of them look like suits. A slim navy wool affair, for instance, has square, stitched-down tabs in front of the shoulders and a little cluster of silver-metal ball buttons high on the chest and at the waistline. Another, also in navy wool, has a rather low, square neck with white linen edging it as well as the loose, wrist-length sleeves. Other slim coat dresses are likely to have a frouf of monogrammed white organdie near the hollow of one shoulder. Among the best things in the place is a navy faille suit with a thigh-length jacket, a turnover collar, and rounded sleeves. The waistline is pinched, the peplum is fullish, the skirt is narrow. To complete this, there is a yellow linen blouse embroidered with daisies. Among the unexpected fancies on the premises is a day dress with a short-sleeved black crêpe blouse and a touch of velvet at the high neckline. The skirt is made of a black-and-white printed crêpe in a calico pattern that is repeated in blue and white in a band below, and there is a black velvet band at the hem.

An evening version of this dress comes in a green spun rayon basque, with a skirt that is three vast horizontal bands—one of quilted glazed chintz, one of green spun rayon, and one of black velvet. But the triumph of the collection's evening clothes has a black jersey tailored top with that tapering neckline. Its swirling skirt is of smoky chiffon, white across the front, dark gray at the sides, and black in back. It's perfect. Swirling chiffon skirts also accompany such things as a toast-colored fitted jacket of raw silk (you'll see lots of raw silk, resembling linen, all around the town, by the way). If the skirts are not full, they are generally so narrow—even the slashed ones—that the mannequins look hobbled when they walk. One handsome dress (handsome, that is, if you stand still or move only very languidly) is in a print that has a white ground, green leaves, and a red rose here and there. Like many of the Bergdorf evening things, this dress has a wide, round décolletage, tiny sleeves, and a skirt caught up by a green grosgrain bow above one knee in the front and by another one slightly below the opposite knee in back. Some of the narrow skirts have a definite Empire aspect. The loveliest of these is a pink crêpe with a rounded neck and a deeply scalloped



"It's exactly the same thing, only it doesn't come from Sumatra any more. It comes from the Hackensack meadows."

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hem, both embellished with black jet embroidery.

JAY THORPE's collection, which seems to have been inspired by the work of eighteenth-century portrait painters, is absolutely beautiful. There is a tendency toward frills and bows to accentuate the arms and hands and on rippling collars to flatter the face. A Pierrot dress is in a pale blue silk print embellished with white clowns. The collar is pleated and the sleeves are long and puffed at the elbows and end in big, pleated cuffs that dangle over the hands. Also, there is a George Washington suit of black wool jersey, whose jacket is open to the waist and is buttoned below. The jacket is noticeably longer astern, and there are buttons at the small of the back and inverted pleats below that. A white eyelet overblouse with a high, turnover collar worn on the outside of the jacket goes with this, and so do eyelet gauntlets and a parasol (you never saw so many parasols around). Among the suits, there is one in dark green wool with bands of self material crisscrossing at the waistline. The jacket is cutaway and has a gray silk ascot to give that huddled, stock effect that Jay Thorpe likes around the neck. Another suit, of black wool, has scalloped detail at the back of the jacket and scallops at the top of the skirt and on the pink piqué blouse. There are handsome one-piece dresses, too; one is a pale pink wool with a low, circular ruffle in the skirt (Jay Thorpe loves this sort of stuff low on narrow skirts, and it looks swell) and a bodice that has buttons in a diagonal line from the tip of the left shoulder to the right hipbone. We come now to a light blue wool outfit with a short cape that is bloused at the rear and attached there to a band of fabric that circles the waist. The accompanying dress, of the same fabric, has a high, round neck with the ends looped over at the throat and there is horizontal drapery at each side of the skirt's panelled front. A three-quarter coat, made of navy shantung, has a scarf that crosses at the throat and hangs down one side at the back. It can be worn loose or pulled close around the body. There are triangular pleated inserts at the hem of the dress, once more to give that light swish that this shop is so fond of.

The evening things here range from a navy lace number, with two ruffles cascading down the back of the skirt and a white piqué shoulder-strap bodice under a long-sleeved, high-necked lace top, to a startling brown taffeta with pannier sides that are caught up by red poppies. This last dress is accompanied by a long, flame-colored coat. Another evening notion is an orchid crêpe with a deep cowl neck. At the front of its skirt there is a loose, pleated panel, beneath which is a harem drape that you see only when the wearer is in motion. The peasant-gypsy idea bobs up too at Jay Thorpe in a white piqué evening dress with wavy, horizontal stripes in every color you have ever seen. There is a ruffle at the bottom of the skirt, which is a full one; the blouse is black jersey and has fringe dripping from the elbow-length sleeves, and there is a triangular piqué scarf, edged with fringe, that you put over your head if you are a costume type. Mme. de Pompadour seems to have been the influence for a lovely sapphire blue taffeta dress that has a picot-edged taffeta ruffle and a bow on the short sleeves, with similar ruffly treatment around the deep oval neck. The waist is small, and the skirt swings very full in back because of a sharp godet treatment.

Odds and ends: Pleated nonsense also adds life to a wine-red shantung afternoon dress, which has a pleated frill giving the effect of an apron in front. . . . This shop's fondness for the huddled-at-the-neck look breaks out again in a long, fitted navy wool coat, which has high lapels projecting in front and box pleats low on the skirt. A black-and-white taffeta scarf is bunched over the collar. . . . Some of the clothes are very perky indeed, such as a jacket of gray Indian broadtail with a short peplum on the jacket and white piqué on the turnback cuffs and on the collar.

PATRONS of Saks-Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne are accustomed to beautiful suits with jackets in a shortish length and equally beautiful shoulders. This year brings no change. The jackets are seamed to give a graceful, pinched-in effect at the waistline. There are turned-back cuffs and high, narrow, turnover collars, often accompanied by blouses with even higher necklines. For example, there is a navy wool suit, buttoning all the way up to the neck and lined (and this is a typical Sophie trick) with a pink silk print sporting small blue parasols, cupids, and flowers. The matching blouse has a turnover collar that you wear outside the jacket. Then there is a pink-and-black checked wool with a black crêpe blouse, the self bow of which peers over the collar of the jacket. There are printed silk crêpe suits here, too, among them a blue-and-white one with a short jacket, a nipped-

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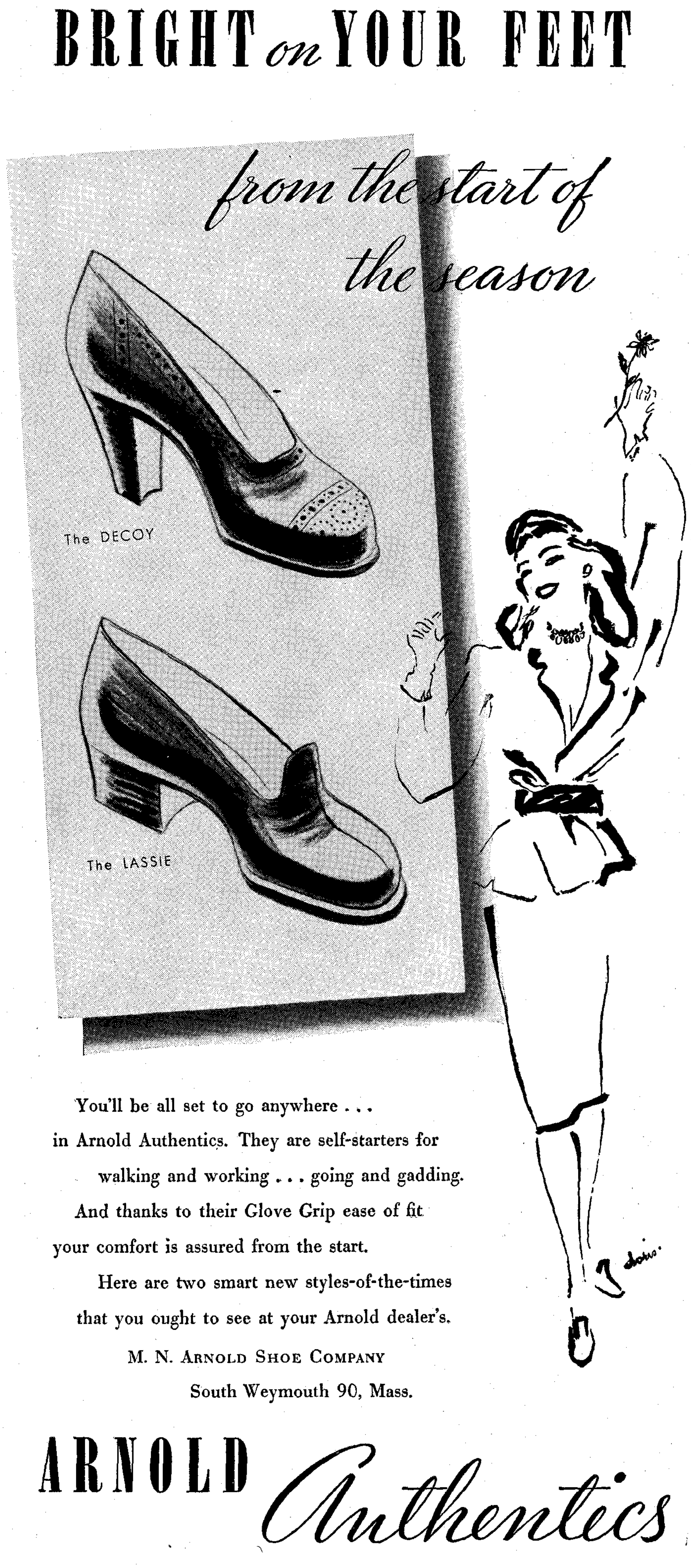
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in waistline, a flat, tailored collar, and a pink flower at the lapel. The dress that goes with it has a high collar and a bow at the throat. Sophie is known for those dresses that are accompanied by long coats, and nobody does them better. A collarless pale blue wool coat has self scrolls giving the effect of a shoulder yoke; it's worn over a blue-and-black crêpe print dress. She also offers a perfect beige wool tailored dress, with a high white piqué turnover collar and matching cuffs. Both collar and cuffs are edged with rickrack, and a belt is set in and ties in front.

Among short afternoon or dinner dresses, the best of the lot is a black jersey with flat polonaise drapery over the stomach and back drapery, which gives it a vaguely harem effect. The high, round neck is slashed a little in back and the management suggests that you wear a black fox stole with it. Another dress, which appears in both a short and a long version, is a black crêpe with sawtooth detail as its only decoration. It has a V back, a square front, and a back peplum that practically amounts to a bustle. For formal evenings, there are charming simple white cotton-lace dresses with a design picked out in white beads. The décolletage is low and round and the skirt has a conga ruffle below the knees. Sophie likes fox, dyed to match ensembles, and used either as stoles or to edge short, flaring evening jackets. The jackets are shown over lovely, slinky crêpe evening dresses.

One last note: The Saks collection is sprinkled with butterflies that even phenobarbital couldn't persuade to go away. Let me tackle just one example. A bright blue silk print tailored day dress has brown-and-black butterflies flitting all over it. Some of the butterflies have been cut out of the print and applied loosely right on top of ones that *haven't* been cut out. The result is fluttery, eye-catching, and unquestionably impossible to describe any more clearly than this. —L. L.

•

He is now living in New York again, with his wife, the former Agnes Hubbard, whom he married in 1916. They have no children.—*Biographical sketch of Gene Fowler in the armed-services edition of his "Good Night, Sweet Prince."*

He questioned me at some length concerning my children, especially my thirteen-year-old son Will. . . . My older son, Gene, Jr., entered the fight rather happily. Then my fifteen-year-old daughter, Jane, came into the fray.—*Gene Fowler in the same edition.*

Good night, sweet papa.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

D DAY, IWO JIMA

MARCH 6 (BY WIRELESS)

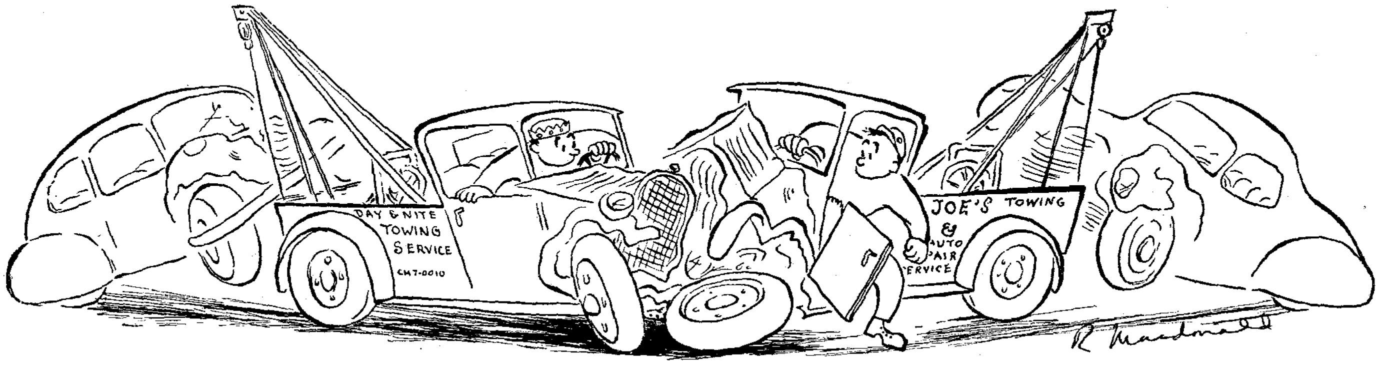
TWO divisions of Marines made the landing on Iwo Jima. These Marines were frankly apprehensive before the landing. I did not see a man, either in the staging areas before we boarded ship or on the journey north to Iwo Jima by transport, who expected anything but a bloody and disagreeable time of it. Iwo was far closer to the Japanese mainland than any enemy possession we had attempted to storm before, and our air observation showed that it was heavily fortified. Moreover, as officers kept pointing out to one another, Iwo was too small to provide room for maneuver, being only five miles long and, at the widest point, two and a half miles wide. Frontal attack was the only possible course, and the southeast beach, where we planned to land, was the only possible landing place. "You can't run the ends up there," one major said over and over again. "Every play is between the tackles." Another officer liked to say that we would have surprise on our side like a burglar with whooping cough. This, if it meant anything at all, may have been a reference to the sinking of some mine sweepers and LCI gunboats of ours which had gone close to shore during the preliminary naval shelling of Iwo. Even a Japanese broadcaster had said that we would land on the southeast beach, but that, as I said, was the only possible landing place. Even so, the Jap announcer's remarks reinforced the cynical mood of the younger Marine officers.

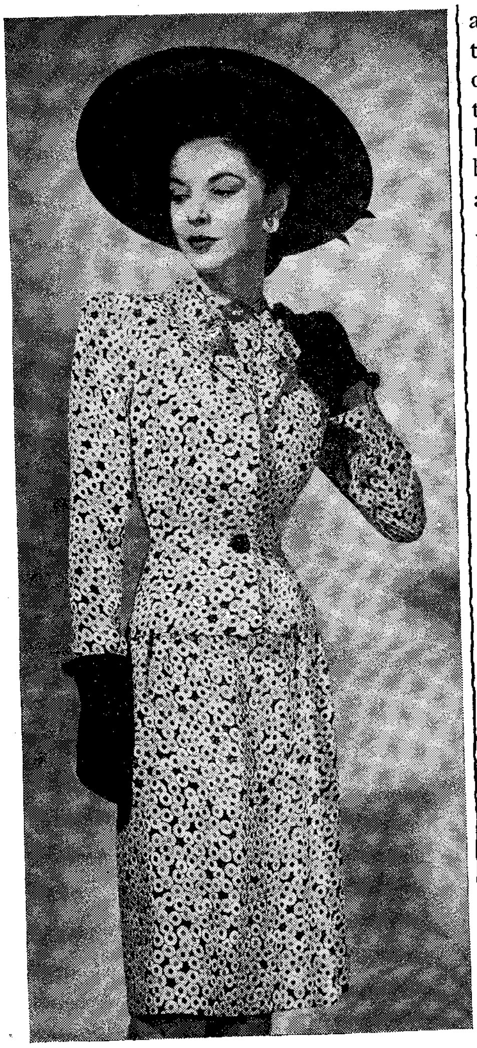
The forebodings of these officers—all of which turned out to be perfectly justified except in one or two minor particulars—were uttered humorously, as a rule, but there were also cases of serious gloom among the officers and many gaudy premonitions among the enlisted men. These were examples of that detached professional pessimism which is ordinarily confined in war to intelligence officers, whose minds are top-heavy with knowledge of the enemy, his strength, his dispositions, and his potentialities. The Marines bound for Iwo spoke more flatly, and with less whimsical wood-rapping, of the expectation of death than any assault troops I had ever been with before. There were reasons for this apart from the special nature of the Iwo Jima operation. The number of Marine divisions is not large and nearly all of them have been badly mauled in the course of the past three years. Their work calls for it. All but two or three of the Pacific bastions attacked by Marine forces were strongly held and bitterly defended, and even when this was not the case, the mere fundamentals of amphibious landings and assault caused them damage. In the Army, shock troops are a small minority supported by a vast group of artisans, laborers, clerks, and organizers. In the Marines there are practically nothing but shock troops. For such troops, in time, no matter how well trained and competent, a saturation point is bound to come. The Marines in the Pacific point all of this out themselves at the slightest provocation, and it's difficult, in the circumstances, to see what else they could do.

As it happened, the Marine division I went with to Iwo—the Fifth—was a new one, activated about a year ago and now engaged in its first combat mission. Most of its officers and many of its enlisted men, however, were veterans of earlier campaigns with other units. One of its enlisted men, Gunnery Sergeant John Basilone, had won the Congressional Medal of Honor at Guadalcanal. He was killed by mortar fire on Iwo Jima shortly after the division hit the beaches. Officers aboard our transport, especially those with large responsibilities, such as getting artillery ashore or conditioning amtracks and their crews for the first assault landing, stood on deck for two or three days before D Day, succumbing to bleak despair whenever the ocean swells ran high or the wind changed direction. "My God!" said Lieutenant Colonel Rose, a very young man from Toledo. "Imagine if that wind is blowing from the south when we hit!" "I'll tell you a couple of things that can happen to my artillery," said Lieutenant Colonel Duryea, not much older, "if it's rough like this at Iwo." And he did. It was gruesome.

Also unhappy for technical reasons was an officer known in his regiment—our passengers were mainly from the Twenty-seventh Regiment of the Fifth Division—as Purple Heart Louis, a high, broad, hulking man who presented an excellent target and invariably got hit in combat. He anticipated a great deal of bloodshed on Iwo Jima, but aboard the transport he was bothered chiefly by the fact that the cook for the commodore of our transport division fried everything he cooked, and Louis ate at the commodore's table. One of Louis's Purple Hearts had involved the loss of his gall bladder, and fried foods were poison to him. He relieved his misery by looting the junior officers in wardroom poker games at night. Ships in the Pacific are hot at night, with doors and blackened portholes closed and all air shut out, and Louis stripped to his gleaming torso when he played poker, revealing a cicatrix across his belly and abdomen which looked like the mother and father of all Caesarean scars. He was hit in the right arm about an hour and a half after landing on Iwo Jima.

D DAY was Monday, February 19th, and H Hour was 0900. On D-minus-one, the regimental surgeon reported a hundred and twenty-five cases of diarrhea among the men and officers aboard. This had come from something they ate, but that evening the Navy cooks did better and served everyone a turkey dinner with ice cream. At the last meal, breakfast





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DE PINNA

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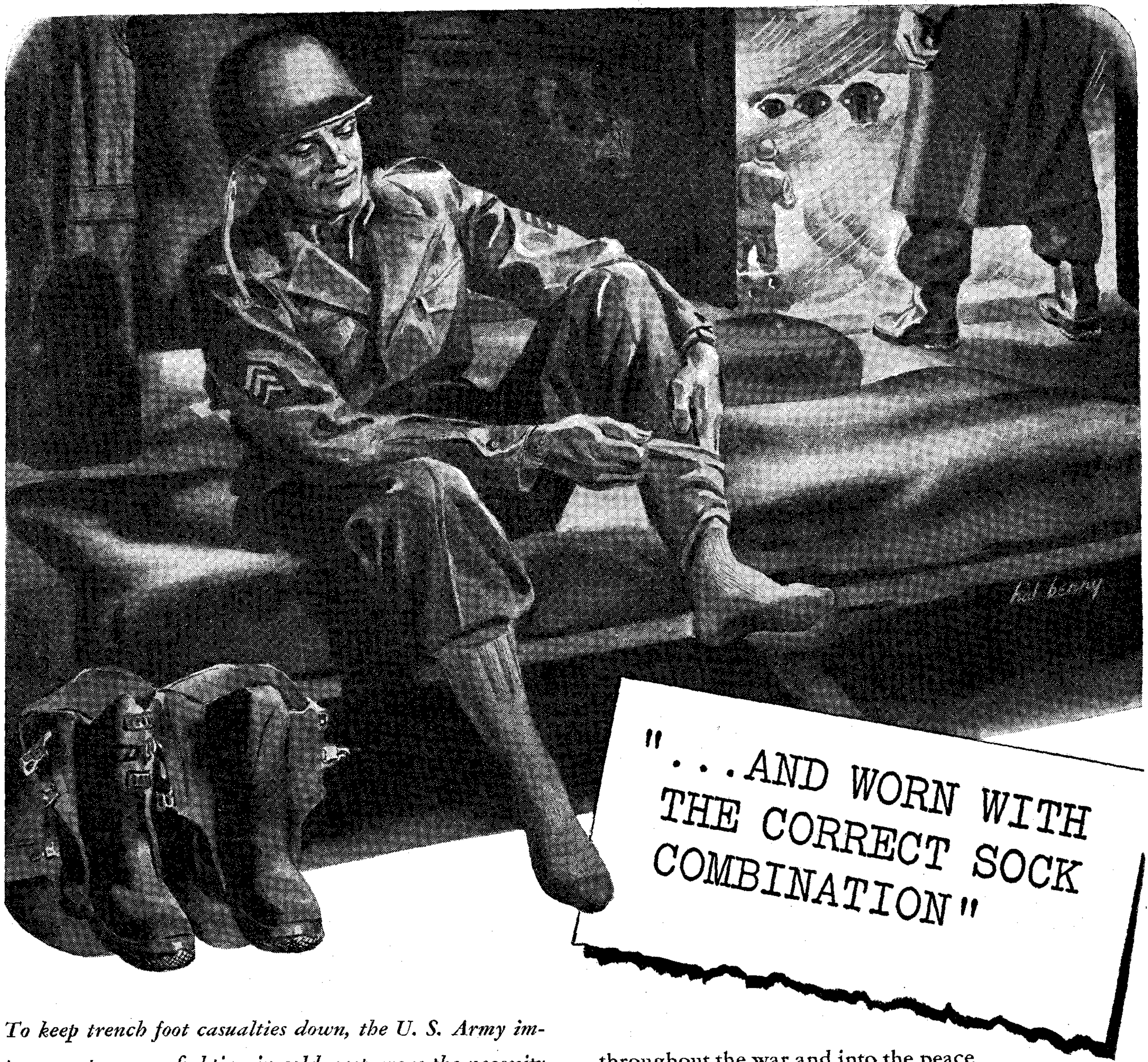
at 0500 the morning of the nineteenth, there was steak and eggs. Everyone had dressed in his green combat blouse and trousers and had strapped on his pistol belt, with a long knife, ammunition, a bandage roll, and one or two canteens attached, and had checked his carbine. After breakfast, everyone put on his helmet, which had a camouflage cover simulating sand, and went out on deck and over to the ladder nets. The sun was just coming up, so Iwo Jima was visible from our line of debarkation, which was several miles out at sea. There the larger transports halted, to keep beyond the range of shore batteries, and put off their cargoes of Marines into small boats. On Suribachi, the volcano at the south end of the island, we could see bursts of fire and smoke from our naval shelling, which continued till H Hour. Some of the men stared at the island. Others remarked that the wind was running in our favor, from the northwest, and that the sea was calmer than it had been, though still difficult. Many could think of nothing but the immediate necessity of climbing the slick, flaccid web of rope down the ship's side without looking silly or getting killed. Even young Marines have been killed on these descents when the sea has been rough, and for those over thirty-five the endless sequence of nets, Jacob's ladders, bouncing gangways, and lurching boats is a hazard and nightmare which can occupy their minds to the exclusion of all other dangers. Admirals and generals can look ridiculous in these circumstances. They are well aware of it, and their tempers during amphibious operations are correspondingly short.

I got into a small boat with Colonel Thomas Wornham, regimental commander, and some of his staff, his messengers, and his radio operators. We chopped and splashed through the ocean swells to Wornham's control ship, which was anchored nearer the shore, at the line at which the first assault troops formed up in their amtracks and began their long, slow, bobbing run for the beach. They went in in ragged waves, which left the departure line at intervals of a few minutes, coached hoarsely by a loudspeaker from the bridge of the control ship. The men in the amtracks were a fierce and stirring sight as they passed us to disappear in the valleys of water between us and the beach. I stood watching them as well as I could from the rail of the control ship beside a regimental messenger, a Navajo Indian named Galeagon, and we spoke of how most of the shock troops we could see, their hands and faces greased dead white for protection against possible flame barriers, sat up very straight and looked intently ahead. The first wave struck the beach approximately at the appointed hour of nine, and simultaneously the Navy shellfire, which had been raking the shoreline, jumped its range to the ridges and pillboxes farther inland. The central ridge was in our sector of the island. We could see the wreckage of Japanese planes piled at one edge of the plateau. We knew that an airfield lay just beyond this junk—one of the two airfields for which the Marines were beginning the dogged battle of Iwo Jima.

After a while, I walked to the cabin of the control ship where the radioman was receiving reports that were coming in to Wornham from the first radios set up on the beach. The first two hours' progress seemed to be good. The Japs had pulled back upland from the shore, leaving few dead behind them, and Wornham's regiment, which was second in the assault line striking north along the beach near Suribachi, had reached high ground, had crossed the southern end of the first airfield, and was beginning a descent to the western shore of the island, a half mile distant from the point where it had landed. I left the wireless room, where the radioman, earphones over his head, was now reading "The Case of the Caretaker's Cat."

Wornham's Higgins boat, a rectangular little launch with a hinged landing ramp in the bow, pulled up on the starboard quarter of our ship, and those of us who were going ashore with the Colonel climbed down a ladder and jumped in. It was exactly 1100, or two hours after the first landings, and this was the fourteenth wave. I should say that we were the fourteenth wave. As far as I could see, no other boat was moving shoreward at that moment. As we cast off, Galeagon came to the ship's rail and yelled something at us through a megaphone. Wornham, a short, stocky career Marine of about forty, smiling and convivial on our voyage north but now very taut and serious, leaned precariously over the stern of the boat, clutching at the rail, and cupped a hand to one ear. "Red One now under heavy mortar fire!" shouted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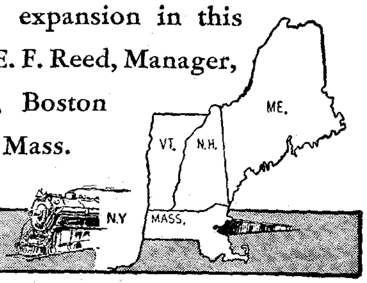

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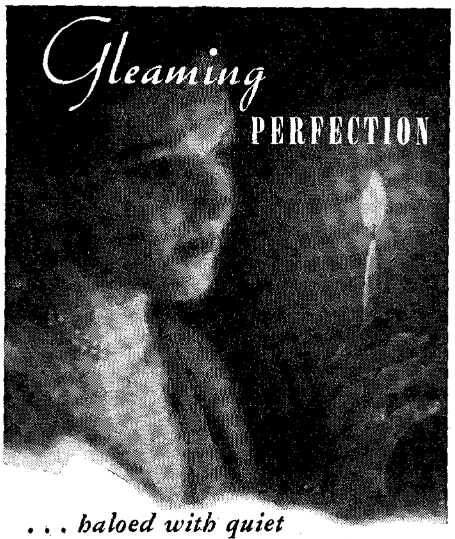

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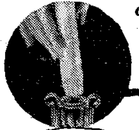

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the messenger. The Fifth Division's share of beaches was Green Beach and Red Beaches One and Two. To the north, the Fourth Division had landed on Yellow One and Two and Blue One and Two. We were fifty feet from the control ship when Galeagon yelled another message. "Red Two under mortar fire," he said, the sound of his voice seeming to bounce across the waves. "Heavy mortar fire on both Red beaches." The others in the boat looked with expressionless faces at Wornham, who smiled wryly. "Head for a point about a hundred feet to the right of the line between Red One and Two," he told the coxswain. Then he turned to the rest of us and said, "All right, be ready to bail out of here goddam fast when we touch that beach."

We all crouched, whether sitting or standing, as the boat moved in. Now and then we wiped spray off our eyes and noses, and we paid no attention to a battleship and a cruiser through whose shadows we passed. I had some trouble crouching, because of my length and because the shelf on which I sat was only a foot or so beneath the stern rail. There was no special need, however, for crouching now, while we were still on water. It was the beaches the Japs were mortaring. We crouched in a sort of instinctive, shrinking alarm at what we were about to meet.

THE Japs burst their mortar and artillery shells up and down the beaches for several days thereafter, but my own sharpest memories of this phase of the Iwo Jima battle are of D Day. That sort of shelling is a procedure someone can always use when he is defending a small area against an enemy who must get his supplies by water. At Iwo, as at Anzio, there quickly developed two fronts—the battle front forward and the shelling front on the beaches, where our supply and reinforcement lines were wholly dependent on boats and amphibious vehicles that were being stalled and pounded by surf and wind. And in the case of Iwo, the Marines depended also on motor or human convoys, which were slowed by drifting volcanic sand. The Japanese were limited only by their ammunition supply. As long as they could stay alive on Iwo Jima and keep their guns intact, they were all right, for they had observation over our supply beaches and we were within the range of their mortars. The mortar shell, a little, bomb-shaped missile, travels in a high, lobbing trajectory and throws its fragments over a wide radius when it explodes. It makes for tearing, disfiguring wounds and for disfigured dead. Since the mortar fire continued steadily for nearly a week on the crowded shoreline, and hasn't stopped on the front lines yet, our casualties have not only been large but tend to be more slashed and mangled than usual.

We saw puffs of smoke—white, gray, and black—pluming from the beach as our boat came closer. Most of the men in the boat, whose first task was to set up a regimental command post somewhere between the beach and the front lines, were burdened with radio equipment. Alwyn Lee, an Australian war correspondent, and I were also fairly cumbrously loaded. A pack in three light pieces is more trouble than a single heavy pack, and I had, in addition to my Army musette bag, a typewriter and a blanket roll containing a poncho and a small spade, or entrenching tool. I also had a sash-type lifebelt buckled around my waist, in conformance a few hours earlier with a transport regulation. This belt dropped off and vanished that day on Iwo Jima, I don't know when or where.

The landing ramp dropped down on the beach and the passengers bustled out with their loads and disappeared behind the first low hummock in the sand. I was on the point of disembarking, second to last, just ahead of the Colonel, when I realized that I had forgotten my gear, and in the moment it took to turn and pick it up piecemeal, Wornham whizzed by me and was gone. I slogged up the beach across one windmade ridge and trench and then another. Loose, dark sand came up to the tops of my high combat boots at each step, and my breathing was sharp and painful. I made it to the third and deepest trench, some thirty yards in from the shore, and fell to my face there alongside Lee and several men of the command-post detail. When you stopped running or slogging, you became conscious of the whine and bang of mortar shells dropping and bursting near you. All up and down Red Beaches One and Two, men were lying in trenches like ours, listening to shells and digging or pressing their bodies closer into the sand around them.

We were legitimately pinned down for about forty minutes. That is to say, the mortar fire was probably heavy enough and close enough during that time to make it impractical to go further. However, there is such a thing as wishful pinned-down thinking, and it can become a more dangerous state of mind than any other in an area that is being shelled. A man tends to cling to his trench, even if it is in the center of a target, when the sensible thing is to proceed out of the target as quickly as possible, using his own best judgment about when it's prudent to dive for cover again. It seems to take about twenty minutes under shellfire to adjust your nerves and evolve a working formula by which you can make progress and gauge, very roughly, the nearness of hits and the pattern of fire.

Lee and I, by agreement, finally left our gear in a trench near the shore (we planned to salvage it later, if possible) and worked our way up the beach in the wake of Wornham and his men. There were Marines on all sides of us doing the same thing. Each man had a different method of progress. One, carbine in hand, walked along steadily, pausing and dropping to one knee only when something about the sound of the shells seemed to confuse him. Another made a high-hurdling jump into every trench or hole he used. At one point I listened to a frail Nisei interpreter arguing with an officer who wanted to help carry his pack. Again, at a moment when Lee and I were catching our breath, something stirred beside the dune just behind us. A wounded man, his face blackened by sand and powder, had roused himself from the lethargy in which he lay and noticed us. Shell fragments had hit him in one arm, one leg, the buttocks, and one eye. His eye, a red circle in his dark-stained face, worried him most. He wanted to know if there were any medical corpsmen with a litter nearby. He had been so deafened by the explosion of the shell that I had to go very close to make him hear me. There were no corpsmen or litters about. In fact, the enemy fire on the beach made it hard to get help to wounded men for the first two days, and then the process of evacuating them in boats, which had to bump their way through a high surf, was incredibly rough and painful. I promised this man to report him and get him help as soon as possible.

The next Marine we passed was dead, and so were a number of others on our diagonal course over the beach to the upland, but I didn't see a dead Japanese soldier until we got near the edge of the plateau. "That's the third one we've found on Red beaches today so far," said a soldier who sat near the mouth of a Jap concrete pillbox, which gave off a faint, foul smell. This pillbox, with walls three feet thick and built on a frame of metal tubing, was a good specimen of the Jap defenses on Iwo Jima, but in the days that fol-

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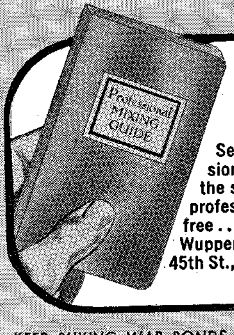

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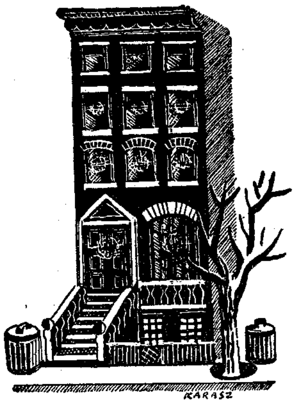
lowed I saw others even more substantial, with walls four to five feet thick, revolving gun turrets, and two or more approaches lined with neat stairs.

BY mid-afternoon, Lee and I were ready to send our first dispatches. We decided that the only way to get them off quickly was to make for the flagship, several miles offshore. We did not feel very good about the prospect. The mortar fire on the beaches was as steady as ever and the surf was running higher than it had been in the morning. We reluctantly started down toward the shore, threading our way through a column of silent, apologetic-looking reinforcement troops climbing uphill with boxes of ammunition from the beach. Occasionally a soldier stepped out of line and asked us if we knew where this column was bound. I don't know why the people going downhill inspired more confidence or looked better-informed than the leaders of the column moving uphill, unless it was that the very direction of our progress suggested that we were Iwo Jima tenants of long standing—five or six hours, perhaps—possessed of sweeping oracular powers and the ability to speak words that would restore confidence and banish fear and confusion. This was certainly untrue. Lee and I paused in a hole halfway down the beach to argue about where we had left our packs and typewriters. I thought it was somewhere to the left, but every time I pointed, a shell was dropped on the exact spot I had in mind. Shells were now also chasing amtracks, ducks, and other craft some little way out from the shore.

It seemed clear, by the time we reached Wornham's command post, now at least several minutes old, in a broad shellhole above the beach, that the Japs had quickly abandoned the beaches, after losing a few men, and had taken most of their dead with them. This worried Wornham, because he figured that it meant heavy counterattacks in the next night or two, and he was also worried, as regimental commanders are everywhere in battle, by the problem of keeping his combat battalions in communication with each other and with him. Sitting in his shellhole, along with a couple of dozen staff men, medical officers, messengers, radio operators, and stray visitors who just wanted to be in a hole with other people, we followed, by radio and courier, the adventures of three battalions a few hundred yards away. The battalions were known in Wornham's shellhole by their commanders' names—Robbie, Tony, and Butler. "Tony says he's ready to make his turn up the west beach," Wornham said fretfully, looking at a message in his hand. "I gotta get him." Now and then he looked around his hole and said plaintively, "Come on, let's break this up. Let's have some room here." At these words, a few of the strays would drift away in one direction or another, and a few minutes later others would take their places. The shells dropped more rarely in that neighborhood, but they were close enough. Tanks began to rumble up from the beach, at long intervals, and angle and stutter their way through a gap at the top of the ridge nearby. Purple Heart Louis came to the edge of the command post and had his right arm bandaged by a doctor to whom we had already reported the position of the wounded Marine on the beach. "I knew Louis would get it again," said a young captain. "Right where he deals the cards, too. I hope it will be a lesson to him."

We heard of death after death of men we had been with on the transport. One divisional surgeon had been killed and another had already had a breakdown from overwork. Visible Japanese dead were still scarce, even though one company had found a nest of Japs and killed a hundred. "Here's a report from FFF Company colonel, sir," said an aide. "He says the presence of a lot of flies in a trench suggests the Japs buried some dead there."

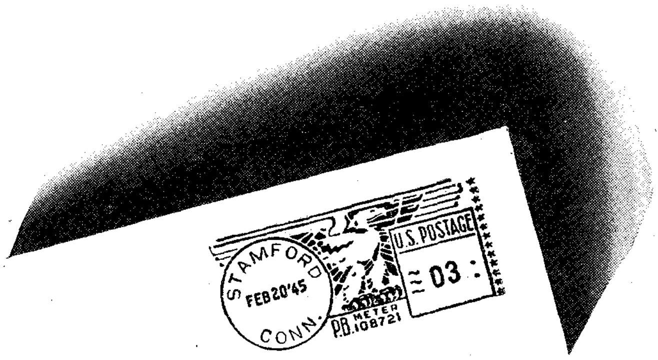


There were live Japs near enough, for whenever the Navy's Grumman fighter planes dived at a point just to our right, near the airfield, they drew machine-gun fire. Looking around, I had the leisure for the first time to think what a miserable piece of real estate Iwo Jima is. Later, when I had seen nearly all the island, I knew that there were no extenuating features. This place where thousands of men of two nations have been killed or wounded in less than three weeks' time has no water, few birds, no butterflies, no discernible animal life—nothing but sand and clay, humpbacked hills, stunted trees, knife-edged kuna grass in which mites who carry scrub typhus live, and a steady, dusty wind.

PRESENTLY Lee said he thought that if we were going to file our stories we should head toward a place where we could see some boats bunching and where there might be a chance of our getting a ride. We started off, and a few minutes later we tumbled into a trench practically on top of our gear. There were a lot of men in this refuge now. Two Negro soldiers carrying supplies had stopped to give some water to a pair of Marines who were lying quietly at one end. The Marines had been hit by shrapnel and were waiting for litter bearers. After they drank the water, their only movement was a slight, mechanical stirring of their heads each time a shell burst close by. By now almost everyone on the beaches, even those not killed or wounded, had had some sort of direct contact with Japanese shells, if only to the extent of having tiny spent fragments, still burning hot, drop onto their clothing or into the sand right beside them.

By the time we reached a hole by the water's edge, near where we had landed, we had lost our sense of urgency and entered that stage, which comes after a certain amount of time in a shelled area, when you can no longer bring yourself to duck and run constantly, even when you are moving in the open. But the men in the boats along the shoreline immediately re-aroused us. Since they came into the fire zone only at intervals and remained as briefly as possible, they had no time to lose their awareness of danger. It suddenly seemed to us a matter of desperate importance to get out of there at once. An ammunition dump was beginning to grow up around us, and the shelling did not abate.

We went up to a boat whose ramp was slapping the waves a few feet out from the shoreline and whose coxswain was trying to hold her to shore by keeping her engine running. There we encountered a Marine named Connell, who for the next half hour gave the most spectacular demonstration of energy I have ever seen. Though he moved with great speed and fervor, there seemed to be no fear in him. He had been helping moor and unload supply boats all afternoon. He was stripped down to his green Marine shorts, and he spent as much time in the water as out of it, his lank, blond hair plastered to his skull. When he wanted to salvage a piece of equipment from the water, he made a long, flat



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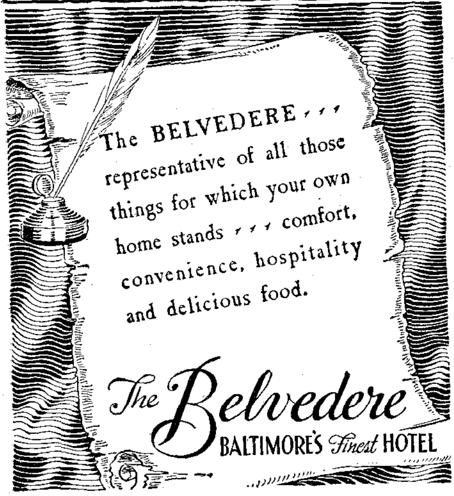
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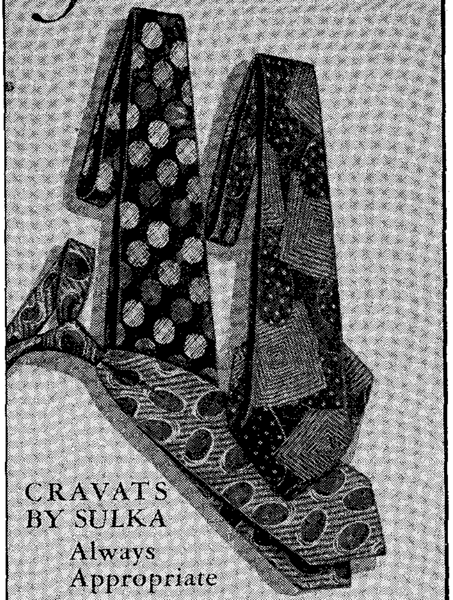
power dive over the surf. His problem at the moment was to make this boat fast, so that the ammunition aboard her could be unloaded. With the coxswain's permission, we got into the boat and stowed our packs in the stern. It was quickly obvious that the crew of the boat, though they remained calm, were of no help to Connell whatever and considered the odds against unloading at this time overwhelming and the situation irremediable. Connell shouted orders or suggestions at them, but they simply stared at him and then stared up and down the beach at the shellbursts. Connell got hold of a rope, made it fast to the boat, then darted up the beach to tie the other end to a tractor, whose driver surveyed him curiously from the top of the vehicle. Connell persuaded the driver to start his engine and try to pull the boat in. The rope broke. Connell tied it again and it broke again. He swam out to get another rope, but by the time he returned to the beach the driver and tractor had disappeared. Swimming furiously, he then approached Lee and me, at the stern of the boat, and called out the courteous suggestion that we get ashore. "This is going to take a long time," he shouted over the sound of the surf, "and you fellows will do better somewhere else!" He never once showed the slightest sign of temper or desperation. He appeared to regard the wild scene and his own mighty efforts and constant frustrations as wholly rational and what was to be expected. He was wrong about the boat's being there a long time. A few minutes after Lee and I swam and struggled to shore—Connell made three personal amphibious trips to help us with our gear—the boat withdrew to sea, with its cargo still aboard, possibly to try a landing somewhere else. The last we saw of Connell, he was racing down the beach to grasp a mooring rope on another boat thirty yards away.

IT was getting dark and our clothes and equipment were nearly dry again when we finally boarded an LCT bound for the general neighborhood of the flagship. Five sailors returning from a shore job were grouped in a corner of the hold aft, where the boat's sides rose above their heads. As the vessel pulled out, we saw that four of them were trying vaguely to soothe the fifth, who was in the throes of shock from a near miss by a shell. He was a small young man with an underslung lower jaw. His head lolled back against the bulwark and his eyes rolled vio-

For Easter



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lently. "They can't get you here," said one of his colleagues, pointing at the boat's high sides. "Look. They can't even see you." By the time we were a couple of miles out, the sailor had recovered to the point of asking questions about the battle, but these and the answers he himself supplied only had the effect of returning him to a state of shock. The four others stopped looking at him and talked listlessly among themselves.

We made the flagship that night, but my typewriter sank to the bottom of the sea during our transfer from the LCT to a smaller boat that could go alongside the gangplank of the flagship.

THE nature of the Iwo Jima battle did not change much in the days that immediately followed. The Marines made slow and costly gains in ground as they fought northward—gains that struck me then, and still do, as very little short of miraculous. A week or so after D Day, in a little scrub grove halfway across the island, I recognized, behind his whiskers, a staff officer in our transport group who used to surprise me a little by the passion and complete engrossment with which he could discuss for two or three hours at a time such a question as whether or not certain items of battalion equipment should be distributed divisionally, or whether a brother officer of his named Logan, thirty-five hundred miles away, stood eighty-sixth or eighty-seventh on the promotion list. It now seemed to me that such preoccupations were useful indeed if they contributed to the professional doggedness with which this man and the troops of his unit moved forward against such overpowering intimations of mortality. "I hear that the mortar fire is easing up on the beaches," he said seriously. "That's good. There's no reason why everybody on the island should get killed."

—John Lardner

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From the Internal Revenue Code, Section 23, p. 1*]

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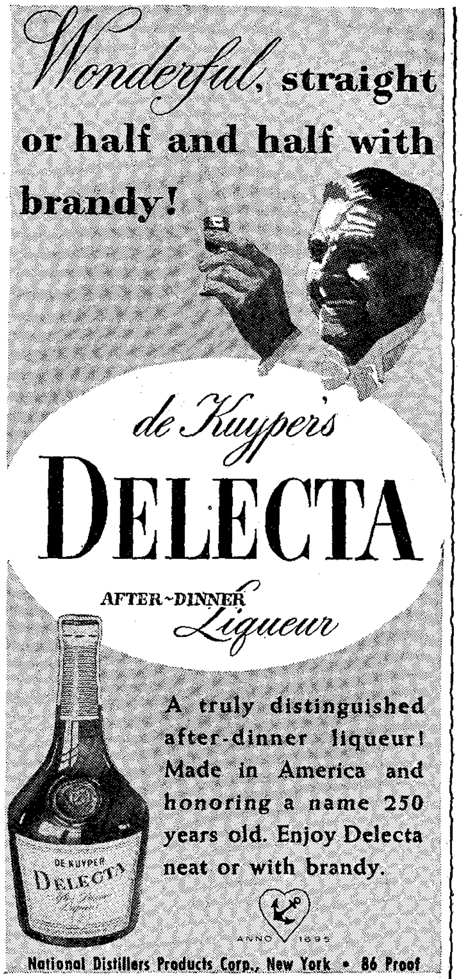

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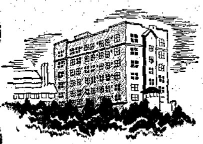


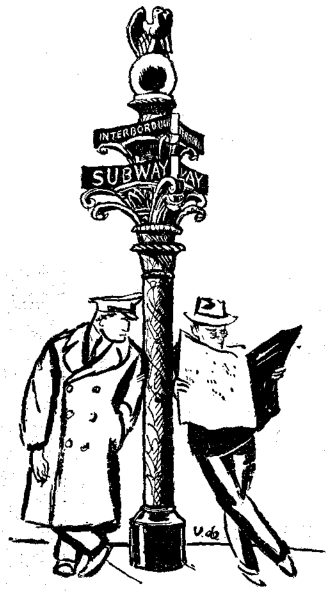
ONE OF THE FAMILY

I HAD been in China almost ten years, but that didn't make any difference. Waking up in the morning and hearing the sounds of the city didn't puzzle me; I knew where I was before I opened my eyes. Nowhere else smells like New York. Crossing streets, I readjusted myself automatically to right-hand traffic. New York hadn't changed, really. New York was marvellous.

Kitty and Carola, however, didn't agree with me at all. Carola is my daughter, and Kitty her nurse. Though Kitty was twenty-two and Carola only two, they had a lot in common and they thought alike about most things. They were American citizens, but they had both been born in Hong Kong, and though they had come to this country with me on the Gripsholm in 1943, neither had wished for this move. They both preferred speaking Cantonese to English. Carola, indeed, having spent most of her time with a Chinese amah, wouldn't even try to speak English.

Kitty was one of a large family. Her American grandfather had run away from his native town, Boston, and gone to China, where he married a Chinese girl and had a son, Kitty's father. Kitty's father had married a Chinese girl too. They had eight children and every one of them rated an American passport, because the Boston grandfather, according to the old United States law, imparted his nationality to his wife and to their half-Chinese son. That son's children, who were by bloodlines three-quarters Asiatic, were therefore American citizens, too. When I met the family on the Gripsholm, there were nine of them—father, mother, and seven of the eight children. En masse they made a big bag for the American repatriation statistics. The eldest son was already in the States, in California, and after we landed in New York, the rest of them went out to join him as soon as the Red Cross could arrange their transportation. That is, all of them except Kitty went. On the long voyage home I had employed her to help me take care of Carola, and the two became such friends that I suggested she stay on with me in New York as Carola's companion and nursemaid. Her father had approved of this arrangement after I made it clear that Kitty was to be a member of the family rather than a servant. He promptly collected some of her wages in advance and took his leave. Kitty naturally assumed that this transaction meant she had been bought and paid for by me, because that is what it would have meant in China. She accepted the situation placidly, but I conscientiously explained that she was a free agent. She and Carola got on fine together, but they certainly didn't like New York.

The two of them would stand at the window of our hotel, looking sourly down into Madison Avenue, telling each other how ugly it all was. I was much too busy getting settled after a ten years' absence to pay much attention to them. I should have realized how difficult the situation was for Kitty, but I didn't. She had never been anywhere in her whole life but Hong Kong, a beautiful city but a quiet one, with the quality of a small town rather than a thriving metropolis. It didn't occur to me that she wouldn't know how to get around or where to walk out with a baby or any of those things. I only noticed that I was always having to chase the two of them out of doors.



"That child must have fresh air," I would say peevishly. "Don't frowst around in here, Kitty. Take her out."

Reluctantly she would bundle Carola into her new coat, put her own new coat on, and set out with dragging feet. I felt I had done my duty by her with that coat; she was warm enough, anyway. I tried to go further, to buy her a new dress during one of my rare free hours, but in the store she turned white when she heard the price of it and made me come away. "That's just wicked," she said firmly. "What robbers they are in this town! There must be cheaper places and I'll find them. Why, it's terrible!"

At last came a Sunday morning when I was free to go out with Kitty and Carola for a walk. It was a sunny, crisp

February day, and I felt good watching the confident way the baby marched down the hotel corridor and rang the elevator bell ahead of us. After all, we had made it. We were home in the States. We were just as good as anybody else, at last. My child could act as cheeky as she liked without getting into trouble with Japs. No more bowing to sentries or, what was worse, thanking Jap soldiers who gave the baby candy. That sort of thing bites deep. I wondered if Kitty was feeling the same way—Kitty, whose family had spent the whole first night of the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong on their knees, praying on their living-room floor while drunken Japs pounded at intervals on the front door.

Out on sunny Madison Avenue, I was brought with a bump back to New York. Carola made straight for a taxi parked at the corner and, with all the assurance in the world, tried to climb in. I caught her back and looked suspiciously at Kitty. "The Park isn't far enough away for a taxi," I said. "Where did she get ideas like this?"

"She loves taxis," said Kitty blithely. "We always get lost, you see, sooner or later, and she gets tired, so we take a taxi back to the hotel. You can get awfully tired on these stone pavements. I don't see how people bear it."

"Then what on earth have you been doing on these walks?"

"Why, what *is* there to do?" asked Kitty. "Nothing. That's why she hates them so. We look in shop windows, of course. Sometimes we go to drugstores and have milk shakes." Her voice grew animated. "That's all right, that is. Did you know you can have all the milk you want in this town? Without a ration ticket or anything. Did you say there was a park? Where?"

ALL the children thronging the zoo looked odd. It was evident that new fashions for babies had come in since I last had been in my native land. I peered around, frowning perplexedly, while Carola shouted with rapture and pursued squirrels.

"It must be the leggings," I said at last. "I forgot all about leggings, and anyway I don't remember babies in my time wearing matching suits like these. They're all wearing riding habits, it looks like. Either everybody else looks funny or Carola's all wrong. Golly, her legs must be cold!"

"She's cute," said Kitty stoutly. "That dress the amah knitted just before we sailed is beautiful. Nobody else

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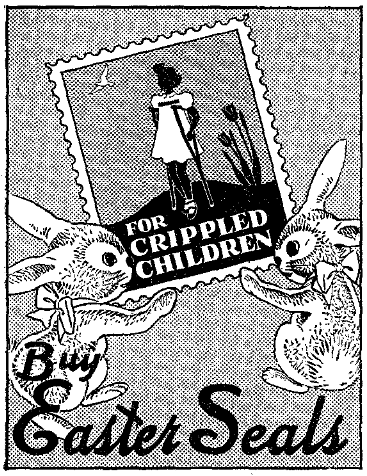

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ELYRIA OHIO

here has a knitted dress. You ought to be *proud*."

"Well . . ."

"Mommy, what's that?" demanded Carola in Chinese, running back to us, and some people standing nearby gave her a startled look.

"That's a pigeon, precious," I said with difficulty, for my Chinese was already getting rusty.

"No, it's a chicken. Hi, chicken!" She was off again.

"Just look at her run," I said fondly. "She's really happy now."

"So am I," said Kitty. "This is wonderful." With shining eyes she stared around at the Park. "I didn't know you could have places like this in a city," she said, "trees and grass, and babies playing and all. But still, do you think it'll be much longer before we can go back to Hong Kong? Do you think California has more trees than New York?"

Honesty compelled me to admit that California had. I looked with apprehension at her wistful eyes.

KITTY acquired a short pleated skirt and a baggy red sweater, like those of other girls her age. She found cheaper shops than mine on Fourteenth Street and around Times Square, and bought herself dresses—plain, pretty dresses in good taste—like the ones other American girls had. But she never did look like the others. She was much more beautiful than anyone else and I began to realize that I had a responsibility in her. People stared after her in the street. Her glossy black hair and great black eyes, her unpainted face, with its ivory and red, caught the most wandering attention. She didn't seem to be aware of this at all. She remained childlike. She found pleasure in riding to Washington Square in a bus or visiting the giant picture palaces, and her biggest thrill was ordering meals. In the hotel we soon came to know the menu by heart, but still she pored over the card for minutes at a time, wallowing in the knowledge that she could have any of those things she wanted. It looked like a wartime menu to New Yorkers, but to Kitty it was bewilderingly varied. To me, too, for that matter. But usually after she had eaten she would sigh, not with repletion, and say, "Remember how good the fat pork was in Hong Kong, Miss Hahn?"

Ultimately, of course, Kitty and Carola found their way to the Broadway Chinese restaurants. There they could relax and be themselves. There Carola, sitting quietly in the corner of a booth, devoured bowls of shrimp noodle while Kitty authoritatively told the waiters about the war in China and everyone talked a reasonable language a civilized baby could understand. After these outings, Kitty would be pensively homesick and I nervous about her leaving me. She got far too many letters from her family for my peace of mind. She usually read them to me and every one of them rubbed it in that Kitty would be awfully useful out in California, what with Mummy not speaking English and the next-eldest girl corresponding every day with a boy she had met on the Gripsholm.

I hated to think that Carola might lose her, the last link with the baby's familiar world. Carola still refused to talk any English except to say "Hi-yo, Silver" and "O.K." Also, I had heard all about the servant situation. I didn't want a servant, anyway. Carola and I wanted Kitty. We wanted one of the family.

AFTER a difficult search, I found a teachers' training school that would accept Kitty's rather special kind of credits. Her education had been snapped off in the middle of her Hong Kong high-school career when the Japs came in, but I couldn't put her into a public high school here. It would have meant her dropping back a grade or two, owing to differences in curriculum, and besides I had an uneasy feeling that the students in the public school, if they were typical Americans, would be too tough for Kitty, whose innocence was unusual. We laughed about that afterward, because nobody could have been tougher than the classmates she encountered at the expensive private school. But though she worked hard and got good marks, she wasn't as happy as I had hoped she would be, now that she was getting ahead and improving herself. She had no friends. Ordinary students walk home together after class or stop in for something to eat at the corner drugstore, but Kitty wasn't an ordinary student. She was older than the other girls, but, even so, their airy chatter in the lavatory shocked her. They asked her too many questions about rape in Hong Kong. Then one day she overheard a colored girl student say scornfully that she, Kitty, was "mixed," and that hurt her feelings and stifled any urge she may have begun to feel toward making friends.

After-hours was as bad. Ordinary nursemaids know each other and chat in the Park from bench to bench, but Kitty wasn't an ordinary nursemaid.

Though she brought Carola daily to the Park, she wore no uniform, and thus she was placed in the same category as the mothers who take care of their own children, and the nursemaids left her alone and the mothers snubbed her.

Before spring, we moved into an apartment. As the snow melted and the mornings grew brighter, we settled down to a routine, Kitty shoving cereal hastily down Carola's throat, loading her into her nursery-school bus, and then grabbing her books and running for the subway. I would look after her and wonder. She was hatless; her flat canvas shoes and bright sweater looked right for hockey, for the wide, peaceful village streets, sunlight on brilliant blue water—for anything but the shuttle train from Grand Central to Times Square and classes in a dingy office building. I wouldn't have liked being in Kitty's place myself.

Of an evening, when the baby slept, I would see Kitty moping at the window, looking without approval at our dull northern stars. I didn't look out the window; I looked at the wall. I saw writing on it and it wasn't Chinese calligraphy, either.

IN all those months, Kitty had never asked for her rightful time off, though often I suggested a holiday to her. Therefore I felt a throb of hope when she did come in one afternoon and ask me if I could spare her for the evening. I felt even better about it when she told me that she had a date, for a new boy friend might make her more contented in New York. But she dashed my hopes by adding, "He's nobody new. He's Raymond. I used to know him a long time ago, back home, and his sister and I have corresponded for years, ever since their folks moved to Hawaii."

When Raymond arrived that evening, I told myself that there might be something in it, after all. He was an awfully nice-looking Chinese-American boy, in the uniform of the United States Army. He was in training camp, he said, near Philadelphia, and had only just heard of Kitty's arrival. They acted together just as Kitty and her brothers had on the boat—offhand and comfortably familiar. Well, even if he were not much of a beau, I thought, it would be nice for her to have companionship at last, especially as Raymond came from home. At breakfast next day she was happy, bubbling with stories of the evening. They had met some other Chinese-American soldiers

FLIGHT FORUM

A Chippewa guide of the North Woods, on one of his trips to a trading post, was offered a 50-mile lift by a friendly pilot flying a sea-plane from one lake to another. This was 15 years ago, so the flight took all of 30 minutes. The old Indian knew both lakes, so knew where he was on landing, but thought that the speed was some trick of time. Checking a mail-order watch with obvious mistrust, he shrugged off airplane speed with the comment, "Clock stop!"

• • •

Deliberately to trick time, four million passengers last year rode the airlines of this nation. They averaged about 180 miles per hour in flight. Yet that's slow compared to a new transport on which you soon may travel.

• • •

It's the new Cyclone-powered Boeing C-97 which recently streaked from Puget Sound to the Potomac in the astonishing time of six hours, three minutes. That's an average of 383 miles per hour. Ask a Seattle family to dinner and they could cross the nation before you could bake a 12-pound ham.

• • •

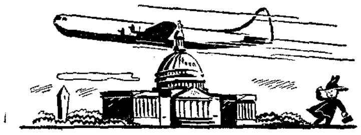
The landing routine, not the speed, amazed the control tower operator in Washington. Calling the tower, the pilot of the speeding C-97 said that he was starting to let down for a landing.

"Okay", said the Washington operator, peering into the night for the plane's landing lights, "but where are you?"

"Over Pittsburgh", was the reply.

• • •

When you are cruising about 400 miles an hour at 30,000 feet, you have to start coming down a long way out. In fact, 15 minutes after passing Pittsburgh, the C-97 crew could see the capital's lights.



Will such speed be common on all flights? It would put Boston only 30 minutes from Manhattan, Miami less than three hours away. The answer is maybe, but it's more likely that such planes will first be used on the long runs, transcontinental and transoceanic. Then Times Square and Piccadilly Circus will be about eight hours apart.

• • •

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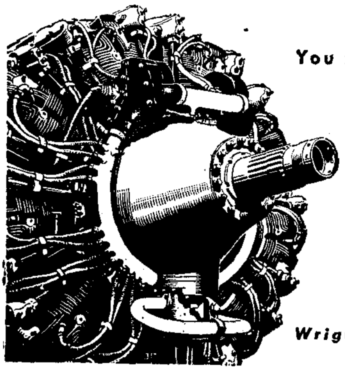

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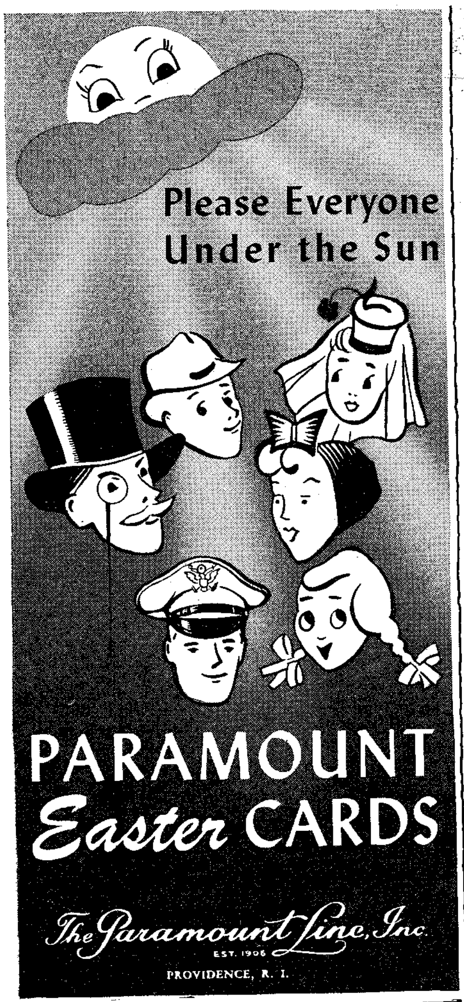
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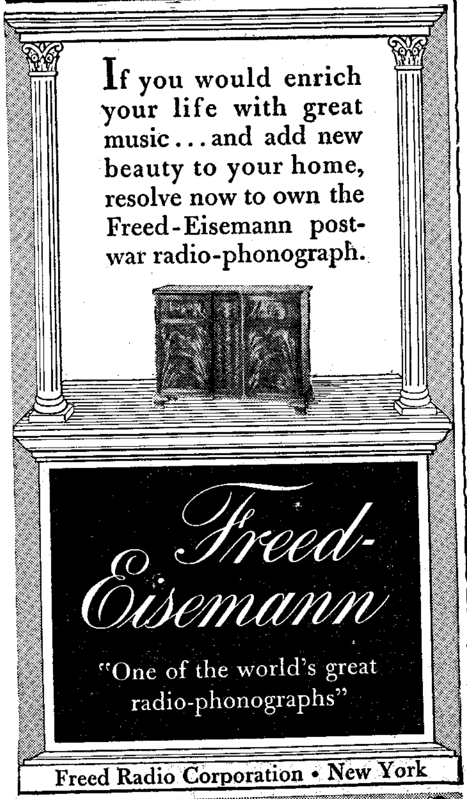
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in Chinatown, she said, and after a satisfying dinner they had all gone bowling.

After that, Raymond managed to come to New York almost every weekend, and Kitty's day off became part of the routine, much to Carola's indignation. Carola was jealous of Raymond from the very first, but I liked him—he had such nice manners. I had forgotten that such manners existed, now that I was forgetting China. Before he took Kitty out, he always phoned to ask my permission. That is what well-brought-up boys do in modern Chinese circles; they ask the girl's mother first. In Raymond's mind, as well as my own, I stood *in loco parentis* to Kitty.

Unfortunately, I observed, Kitty was still homesick, and Raymond's company did not seem to make her miss her real brothers any less. And the letters she got from California became more urgent. In fact, they took on a scolding note. Kitty, now that she had some incentive to wear pretty clothes, was buying more. That meant that she sent less of her salary home, and her father was quick to rebuke his unfilial daughter. In return, Kitty put up an unusual resistance, aided and abetted by me. She certainly never became spendthrift, but she did see to it that she had enough dresses, father or no father.

Nevertheless, I could not be sure that she didn't long for her family, because when she went shopping she always avoided buying the warmer sort of dress. "It might be too heavy to wear in California, if I should go there," she would tell me. Evidently California was still more attractive than any Philadelphia boy friend. Well, I told myself glumly, life is like that, now up, now down.

RAYMOND had not done much about educating Kitty, I realized one night when she told me she had never been to the theatre. Movies, certainly. She had grown up on movies out in Hong Kong and she now revelled in them the weekends Raymond came to town. But as for what she called "real shows," Kitty knew nothing of them and cared less. Being a reactionary who has always preferred plays to movies, I was severely shocked and set about introducing Kitty to Broadway without further delay.

Delay, however, was necessary, I soon discovered when I tried to get tickets to a suitable piece. After a week of frustration, when I was in a fury and ready to give up the whole thing, a friend who knew all about scalpers and such called me up to say that he had left tickets for a mildly good comedy at the box office for Saturday afternoon.

We were late. First, the baby sitter didn't come on time, and then there was the question of Kitty's new hat, her first. She put it on, took it off, combed her hair, put it on again, but then decided not to wear it, after all. We were so late that the man at the box office was able to give us his full attention.

"No tickets here in that name," he said absently, his eyes fixed on Kitty's glowing face. "Where'd you buy 'em? Wait. I'll get Murphy." And in a moment a new man—Murphy, I assumed—came out of the theatre into the lobby. I told him I didn't know where my friend had got the tickets, and he took it for granted, I suppose, that they had been promised to us free. He was an ebullient young fellow with a bright necktie and he, too, was fascinated by Kitty and kept looking at her.

"Can't seem to trace any tickets," he said genially, after some talk with the man in the box office. "But I guess I can fix you girls up, anyway. In the profession, I suppose?"

"Well, uh—" Kitty faltered and looked puzzled. I said hastily, "Sort of."

"Showgirls, eh? I thought so." He patted Kitty on her slim haunch and led us into the theatre and down the aisle to seats in the third row, over on the side. It was quite ten minutes before I discovered that we were not seeing the right play; my friend had given us the name of the wrong theatre. But it didn't make the slightest difference to Kitty. She was in a daze. She sat there with flushed cheeks, and now and then she giggled suddenly, without obvious reason, and finally she murmured to me, "He thought we were actresses, didn't he? He thought I was a Broadway actress."

After saying this, she relapsed into silence and stared unseeingly at the stage. Suddenly she spoke to herself explosively. "He must be crazy!" said Kitty. Then she giggled again.

Next morning at breakfast, glancing at her carelessly, I gave a violent start and almost tipped over the percolator. Kitty was using lipstick.

IT was a morning several months later that I got a long-distance call. "This is Raymond," said a voice after the connection was completed.

"Oh, yes, Raymond," I said. "They

asked for the wrong person. Just a minute and I'll call Kitty."

"No, I asked for you," he said. "I'm coming in tonight and Kitty knows it. We made the date last week."

"Yes?" There was a long pause and I added, "Hello?"

"Hello, hello," said Raymond. "I wanted to tell you something. You ought to be the first to know. I have a surprise. Kitty and I are going to be engaged tonight."

I squealed, "Why, that's awfully nice, Raymond! Congratulations!" Not that I was really surprised. I had been expecting something of the sort ever since Kitty went to the theatre. She had been a different girl after that. The engagement was likely to be a long one because of the war, and it might make Kitty more content to stay in the East with me. "I must tell Kitty how happy I am," I said to him.

"Oh, no!" cried Raymond. "I particularly don't want you to tell Kitty. It's to be a surprise. I want to surprise her, do you see?"

I didn't, but I said I did. Then we said goodbye and I hung up. I sat there for quite a while.

KITTY didn't come in that night until one o'clock, but I was waiting up for her. I felt that this much was expected of me. Raymond obviously considered Kitty one of my family and, since I had given him my blessing in advance, I owed it to her to offer congratulations while it was all still fresh.

I heard the elevator and the murmured conversation at the door before the key turned in the lock and Kitty came in alone. She was pink-cheeked, her eyes sparkled, and so did the diamond in the new ring on her finger. Beaming with simple pride and happiness, she held it up for me to see. "But why didn't you *tell* me?" she cried.

I could go to bed in peace. Kitty wouldn't leave us now—not for a while, anyway—and Kitty was happy. Raymond had sold her on New York.

—EMILY HAHN

•

All white male cats with blue eyes are deaf, but no reason for this curious condition has been found, says The Associated Press.—*The Times.*

Salmon frequent the waters of both coasts of Canada. The salmon off the Pacific Coast spawn only once and then die, but those in the Atlantic waters spawn several times, according to The Associated Press.—*The Times.*

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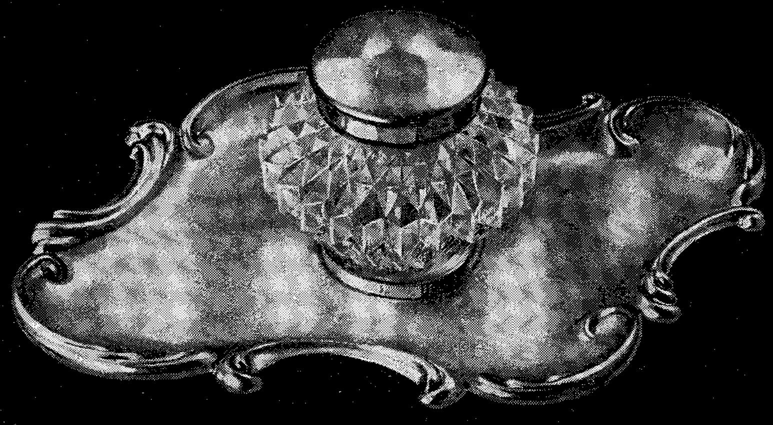
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

They Died Like Flies

"MURDER, MY SWEET," a translation of a novel called "Farewell, My Lovely," by Raymond Chandler, is one of those comedy melodramas at which the movies are very often at their best. The story, never exactly clear to me in print, is perhaps even a little more tangled in the version produced by R.K.O. There is a private eye, or dick, called Marlow, who is employed by one Moose Malloy, a murderous cretin at least seven feet tall, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a little stretch in the jug. There is a jade necklace, priced at one hundred thousand dollars, that costs, by my count, the lives of at least four men. There are two beautiful women, who periodically embrace Marlow, a not especially perceptive man, for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. And there is hell's own amount of drinking, shooting, riding rapidly from place to place in high-powered cars, and throwing people across the room, naturally wrecking the furniture. It sounds moderately silly, which it is, but, like such performances as "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Thin Man," it is certainly energetic, and it has that air of intelligent parody that sets such things apart from the usual corpse opera. I would recommend it far above some much more pretentious haberdashery, including "The Woman in the Window," "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray," to mention just three examples.

The high points of "Murder, My Sweet" are, probably, a highly stylized cocaine dream experienced by the detective when the gang decides to drug him in order to find out what has become of the necklace; the subhuman behavior of the above Moose, who really manages to suggest how terrible the combination of a child's mind and a giant's body can be; and the performance, as Marlow, of Dick Powell, hitherto known to me as a purveyor of sweet songs but now clearly an actor who can act tough along with the best of them.

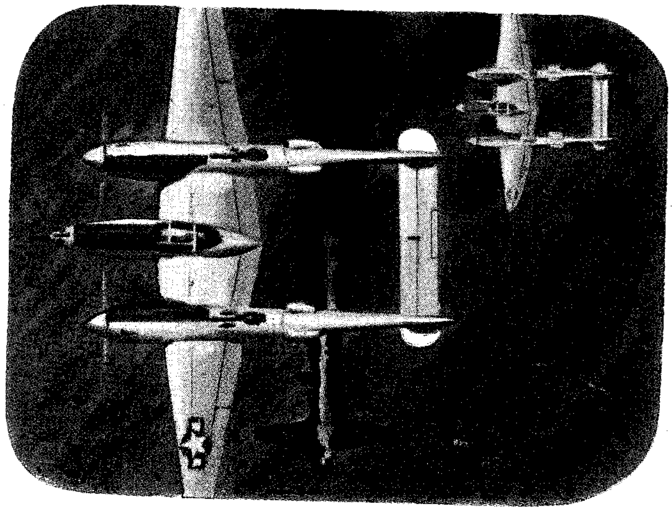
"TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT," adapted from a simple and modest play about the London music hall during the blitz, is a striking example of what can happen when somebody (in this case Columbia Pictures) makes up its mind to spend a couple of million dollars to delude the public. This one—a bore or an offense, depending on how you happen to feel—takes Rita Hayworth and a considerable company through the worst days of the bombardment. They have a production that would be extremely hard for Billy Rose to put on in the Yankee Stadium, since it involves more costumes and scene changes than you ever saw before; they are extremely gracious about the British war effort; and, with your consent, I can't help feeling they all ought to be shot. Miss Hayworth and her associates (Janet Blair, Lee Bowman, and Marc Platt) are all as pretty as dogwood in the spring; they sing and dance with extraordinary vivacity (considering all the Technicolor bombs), and they would obviously be horrified at the idea of using the same routine two nights in a row. The story, in very general terms, explains that Miss Hayworth is determined that the show shall go on, though two members of the company have been killed, the theatre is a shambles, and she herself is faced with the loss of her lover from the R.A.F. It goes on.

A FEW years ago, Dodie Smith turned up here with a mildly sedative play about British family life called "Dear Octopus." It reappeared last week in the form of a film called "The Randolph Family." Margaret Lockwood, a very handsome piece of goods, plays the part of the heroine, and almost succeeded in making me believe that a girl can entertain a strong passion for a very disagreeable playwright. The strangely parochial quality of British humor is perhaps best evidenced when one character, discussing the birth of an illegitimate child, says airily, "Oh, well, the villagers are always like that. However, it's a little better now that we have the cinema."

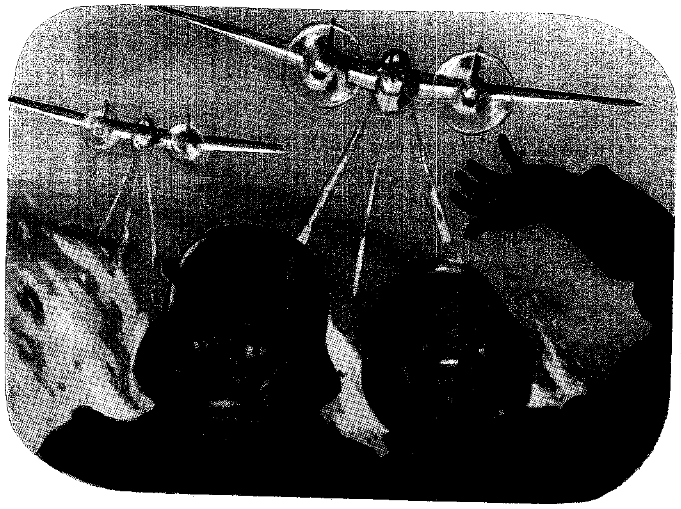
THE official pictures of the invasion of Iwo Jima only emphasize what you must have read in the newspapers. It was a murderous operation which obviously had to be undertaken. Here again, as in "The Fighting Lady," are the puzzled, tired, and never heroic faces of men under fire, and the inescapable fact that a landing army has to pay heavily in lives. "The Invasion of Iwo Jima" is a very short picture (seventeen minutes or so), but one that I think you shouldn't miss. —W. G.

Der Gabelschwanz Teufel

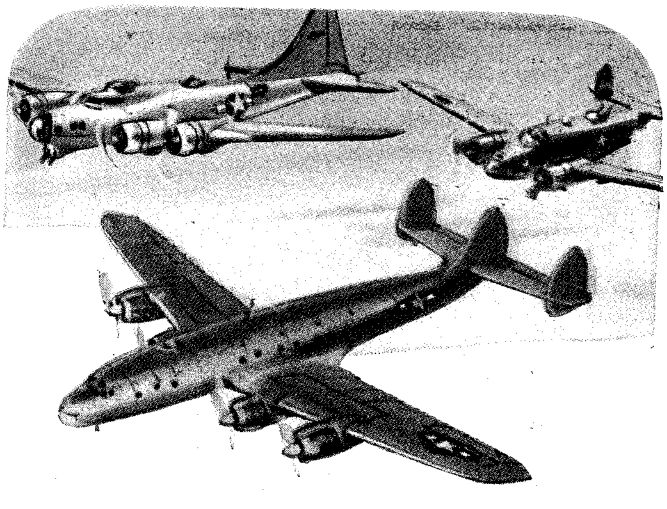
Der Gabelschwanz Teufel, "fork-tailed devil." Named by German pilots who have been lucky enough to escape its wrath. Americans know it as the Lockheed P-38 Lightning – one of the most efficient fighters the world has ever known.



Japs know it, too. In the Pacific, it is probable that more enemy aircraft have been destroyed by the Lockheed Lightning than by any other American fighter. The 49th group alone has a record of more than 537 planes downed in combat.



One of the most versatile of warplanes, Lightnings range far to protect heavy bombers – to photograph military positions. They can blast the enemy with machine guns and cannon, launch rockets, drop bombs or torpedoes, strafe and knock down attackers.



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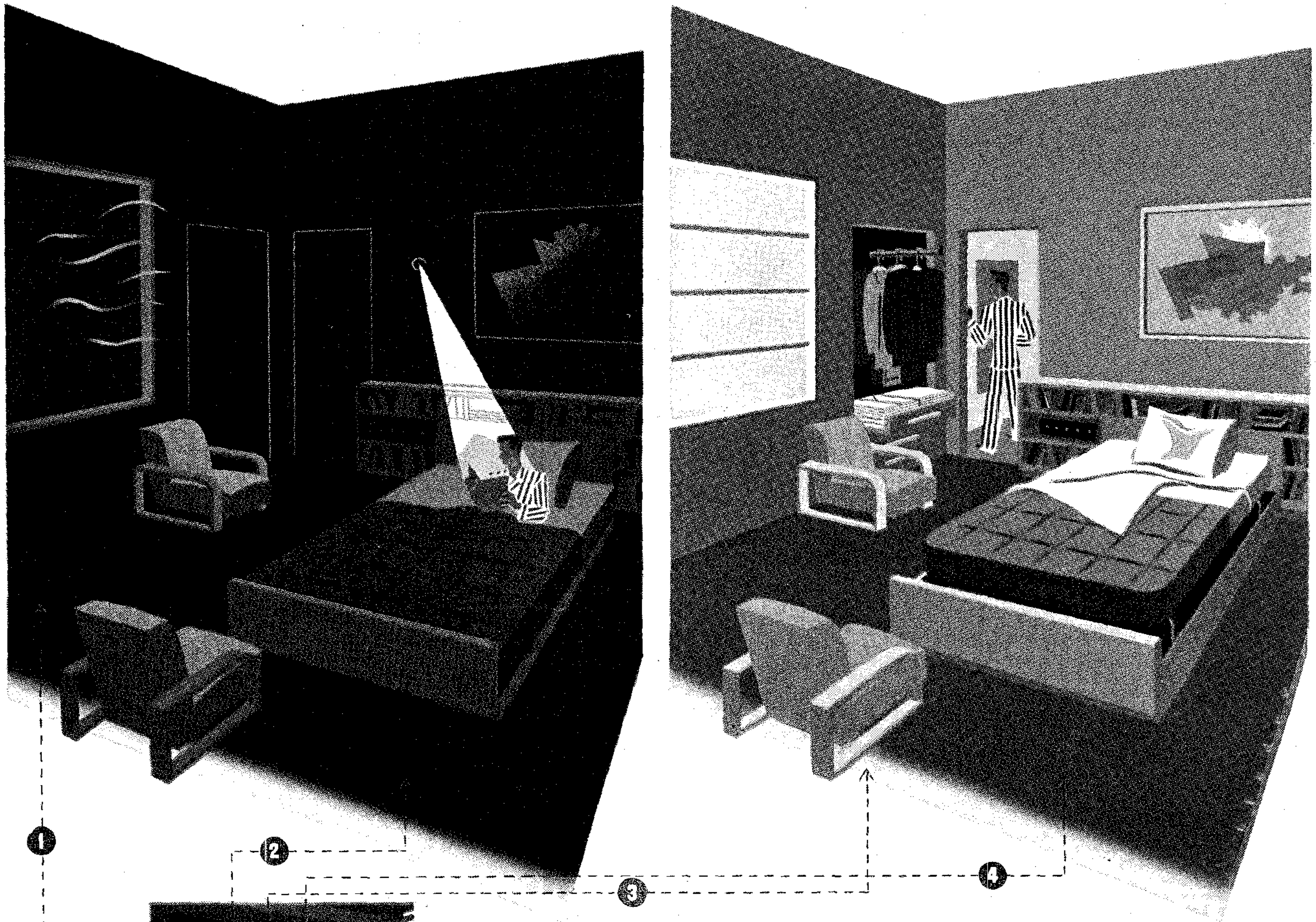

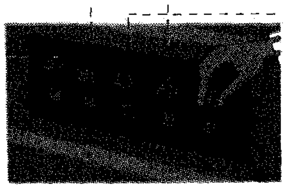

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YESTERDAY'S PLANNING FOR TODAY'S PLEASURE!

THINK BACK to six years ago. When the first stratosphere planes were being built! When "Northwest Passage" was on the best-seller lists! When Great Britain officially opened her new Singapore Far East naval base! And when Seagram was carefully selecting the choicest of Canadian whiskies . . . storing them away to age and mellow through the seasons! Today, enjoy these rare whiskies in one superlative light blend—Canadian Whisky at its glorious best—Seagram's V. O. CANADIAN!

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CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST

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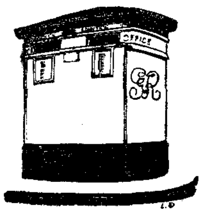
CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 11 (BY CABLE)

THE two little words "They're over" made Thursday night seem big and beautiful to Londoners. It was apparent to everybody who heard the news of the Rhine crossing on the radio that this was a moment of the war that had the genuine flavor of victory. However, by the next day there was singularly little excitement in evidence. Most people, remembering the many setbacks in the past, particularly the German counter-offensive in Belgium, appeared determined to accept the good news warily. That morning's papers were for once less cautious than their readers, and came right out and said that it was now only a matter of weeks until the final collapse of the Nazis. Such prophecies made painfully interesting reading to people who have relatives in German prison camps. With the Nazi castle unmistakably beginning to crumble, thousands of English families, like thousands of European families, are understandably worried about the men who are still behind barbed wire somewhere in the middle of the German catastrophe. One of their greatest fears is that the inevitable disorganization of transportation by bombing may keep the precious, almost life-saving Red Cross parcels from getting through to the prisoners. There was some reassurance the other day in an announcement that a road convoy of foodstuffs had left Switzerland in an attempt to reach the prison camps. Nevertheless, the ironic fact is that the good war news is causing a great deal of private grief and worry.



The first photographs that really show the results of Allied strategic bombing in Germany have just been released here, and they have further convinced Britons that the Reich's days are numbered. Londoners, who have had plenty of experience in calculating piles of rubble in terms of human misery, are apt to whistle incredulously at the shots of Cologne street scenes. The evidence of what the enemy is trying to withstand makes it easier for people here to accept the latest crop of V-bombs and the sudden return of piloted bombers in a series of small and apparently merely vindictive attacks. The bomber raids were the first of the kind on England since last June, and many people had got so accustomed to being bombed by robots that the idea of being bombed in the old-fashioned way seemed almost as strange as a Jules Verne fantasy. However, the new attacks appeared to be less disconcerting than the coincident guarded official statement that as yet a return to a full blackout was not being considered. General opinion has held for months that the Nazis, as their defeat gets closer, would do their best to make it as hot as possible for the civilian population of England.

AS a result of last week's good news, people now feel that peace may after all take them by surprise, and there is much public anxiety over the possibility that some of the postwar planners will also be taken by surprise. A lot of people are afraid that the Government's housing planners are going to be caught by the returning troops in an unbecoming attitude of unpreparedness. The ironic "Homes for Heroes" slogan of the first World War may have a bitter revival unless someone watches out. The Minister of Supply, Duncan Sandys, whose position as the Prime Minister's son-in-law has not given him immunity from criticism by the press and the public, recently made the very startling announcement that the Government's plan to erect temporary houses was to be dropped in favor of a program for constructing permanent houses. Practically nobody had viewed the proposed prefabricated steel bungalows with much enthusiasm, but the plan had been accepted as an expedient compromise, inasmuch as permanent houses would require a lot of time and a lot of skilled labor, neither of which was plentiful. Moreover, it had been supposed that the original scheme was well under way. Mr. Sandys' announcement has produced a flood of criticism that takes in all the various ministries involved, whose overlapping decisions seem to have produced a situation remarkable for lack of results and abundance of muddle. The increasingly worried onlookers of the depressing spectacle of innumerable ministers all passing the buck only hope that one man with complete power will be appointed to pull things together before the boys come marching home and find that home is still a series of uncoördinated plans in altogether too many Whitehall briefcases.

DURING the war years, more and more Londoners have taken to reading poetry, listening to music, and

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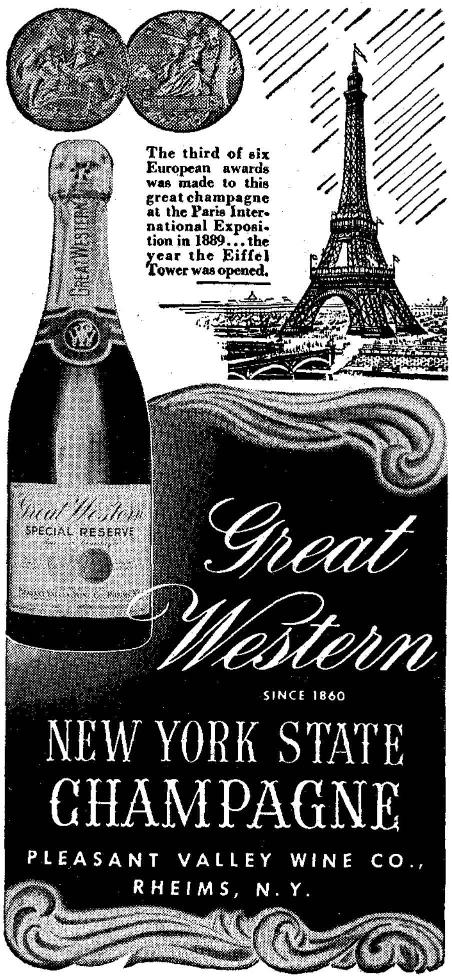
The third of six European awards was made to this great champagne at the Paris International Exposition in 1889... the year the Eiffel Tower was opened.

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NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
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going to art exhibitions, although there is less and less of all three to be had in this shabby, weary capital. Most of the poets are too personally involved in the war to have attained that state of impersonal tranquillity which generates good poetry. Louis MacNeice, whose most recent collection, "Springboard," was quickly sold out, is working at the B.B.C., C. Day Lewis has a job at the Ministry of Information, Stephen Spender is a full-time fireman, and most of the younger poets are in uniform. Several have been killed, among them Alun Lewis, who was considered one of the most promising. The output of good poetry is small, but the public hunger for it is pathetically great. The demand for music is probably not much greater now than it was in peacetime, but it looks greater because the supply of concert halls and orchestras is sadly limited. Since the Queen's Hall was bombed, the Albert Hall has become London's leading musical center. Michael Tippett's important new oratorio, "A Child of Our Time," the child being that young Polish Jew who killed a Nazi in Paris several years ago, was given there recently. People line up at the National Gallery every day for the lunchtime concerts organized by Myra Hess. There isn't much to see in the way of paintings at the Gallery right now except a collection of things by war artists. The old masterpieces are still laid away in their secret mountain hideout. They will probably be among the last evacuees to return home.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

A photographic memory for recalling numbers can be developed by anyone who will really try persistently. But as a secondary method; many persons, who lack an ability to visually retain an impression, utilize the scheme of fixing the first figure of a number in their minds by applying a code based upon the rule of associated ideas. Under this scheme the first number is associated with some part of the body—the scheme goes something like this—*ONE* is associated with the fact that we have but *ONE* nose. *TWO* with two eyes, *THREE* with the three spaces between our four fingers, *FOUR* with our four fingers, *FIVE* with our five toes, and so on through the nine numbers, with Zero being remembered by our mouth speaking the letter "O."—*The Office Staff, a publication for tenants of Rockefeller Center.*

Oh?

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the World-Telegram*]

Sgt. S—— will spend 21 days here and then take his bride to the Air Forces redistribution center in Atlantic City.

T'AINT JUST THE CONTROL PRICE OF A COCKEREL, SIR. WE CAN'T BUY AN ALARM CLOCK-SO WHO'S GOIN' TO WAKE US UP IN TH' MORNINGS?

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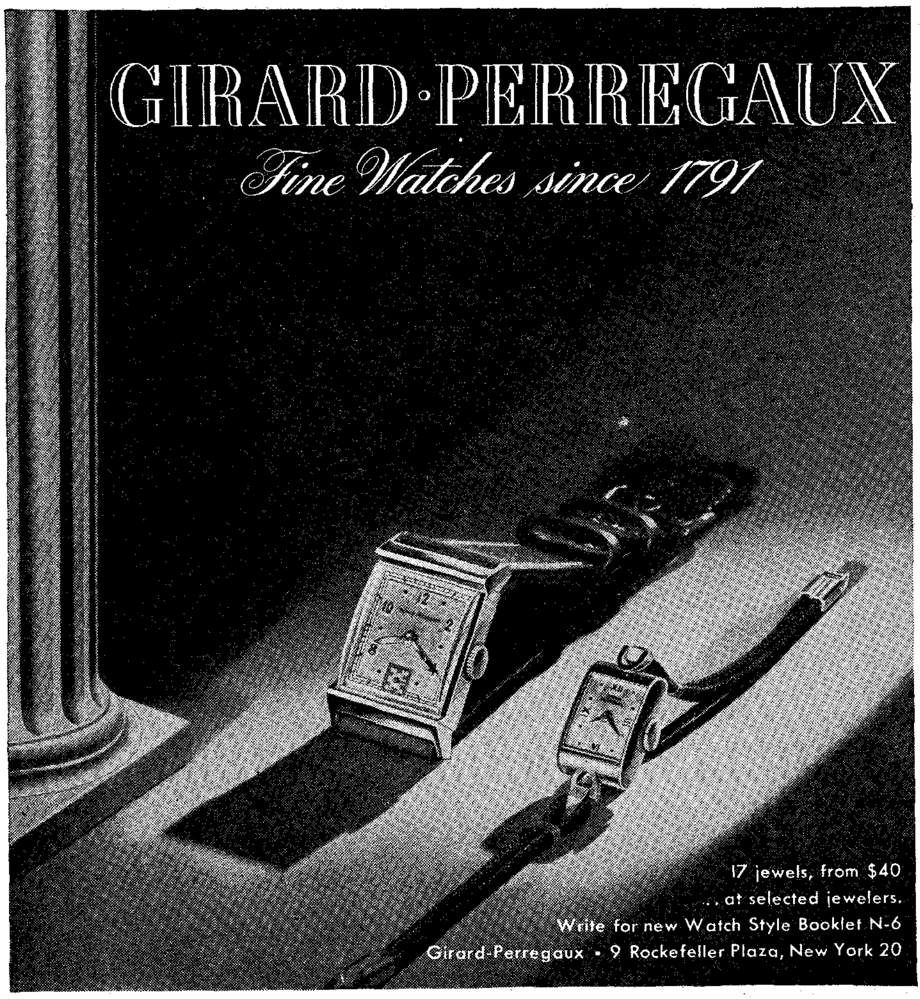

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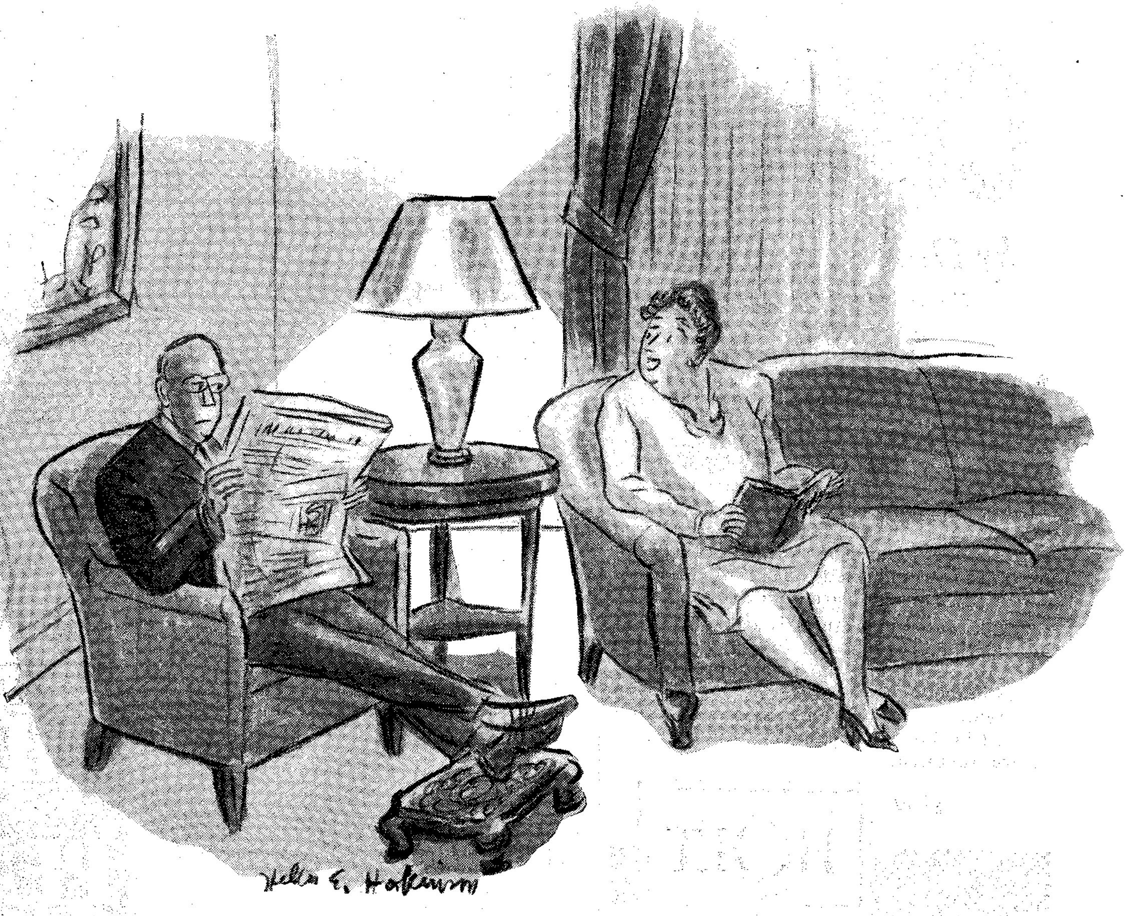
BOOKS

Gertrude Stein and W. L. White: Two Americans in the Wilderness of Europe

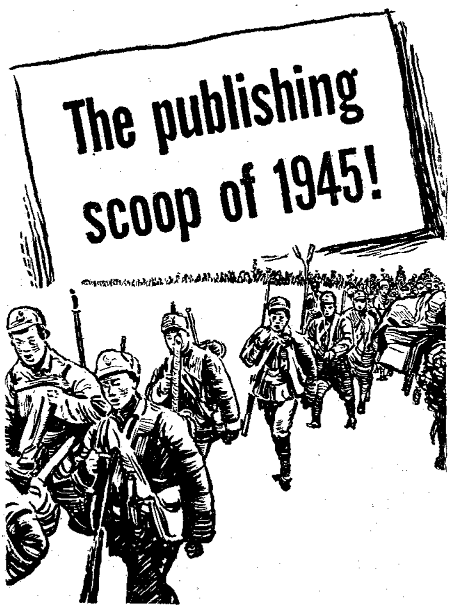
THE new book by Gertrude Stein—"Wars I Have Seen" (Random House)—has a kind of journalistic interest that none of her other books has had and may possibly get a wider circulation. Miss Stein remained in France all through the German occupation, in the locality where she has for years spent her summers: the Department of the Ain, near Switzerland—refusing to cross the border for safety even when advised by the French authorities to do so. She kept a chronicle of her thoughts and experiences which she depended on the illegibility of her handwriting to protect from the scrutiny of the enemy, and it is this journal that she has now published. The book sets out with some long ruminations of the repetitive and rhythmic kind that constitutes her more tiresome vein—an interweaving of memories of childhood with reflections about wars in general—but do not let yourself be put off by this. If you start reading at page forty, say, you will find yourself involved in a development—an alternation of comments on history with anecdotes of daily life—which gradually becomes exciting and, finally, exhilarating.

The drama reaches us, as it were, unexpectedly, through small incidents and local gossip, just as it reached Miss Stein and Miss Toklas, living quietly in their country house. But the vicissitudes and contrasts of the French defeat, the German invasion, the French resistance, and the ultimate arrival of the Americans eventually become, as she says, "just like being in the theatre with a romantic drama, the things we heard when we were young, 'Secret Service' and 'Alabama' and 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' and 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight' and 'Shenandoah.'" You see the Germans in the house, the first rumors of the "mountain boys," the glimpses of Germany afforded by local Frenchmen who have come back from there, either as escaped prisoners or as transplanted workers on leave; the morality of the black market as illustrated by the behavior of neighbors; the acquisition by Miss Stein and Miss Toklas of a goat to supply them with milk; the reading of Shakespeare and the shocked recognition that life in the twentieth century is very much like "Richard III" and "Macbeth;" the discouragement of the "one winter too much" that was 1943-44, when they listened to the radio and realized that "one thing" was "very certain: nobody seems to be loving anyone;" the swooping down by the Maquis—"just like Robin Hood"—on the local aristocrat and the plundering of his dairy and cellar; the Germans driven to barricade themselves in a "blockhouse" surrounded by barbed wire and mines; the directions to civilians in "real American voices talking American" suddenly coming in over the radio; the change in the relations between natives and Germans—the former becoming openly mocking, the latter trying to make themselves amiable; the confusion of the French middle-class point of view between its various motives for fearing Germans, Russians, and Anglo-Americans all in greater or less degree; the appearance of the last levy of Germans: "childish faces" with "worn bodies," who could do nothing but burn houses, steal cattle, and shoot down unarmed civilians; the point at which the outlawed Maquis emerged as the new French Army; the trapping and flight of the Germans, some of whom puzzled the French by saying goodbye with tears in their eyes; the advent of the American troops, who called Miss Stein "Gertie" and took her for rides in their jeeps—to the intoxication of her and Miss Toklas, who found that they were filled with ecstasy merely at hearing the names of the American states from which the various soldiers came.

Miss Stein endured through all this with her characteristic solidity and dignity; she never felt seriously frightened, she says, until after the real danger was over and she was told that the Gestapo had searched her apartment in Paris. And she observed and registered impressions with her sensitive subterranean intelligence. There is here, as in others



"Well! I certainly am finding out things about Charles the Second."



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REPORT from RED CHINA

by Harrison Forman

Illustrated with the author's superb photographs

● From the cave city of Yenan, the world's most remote fighting capital, comes this first-hand account of the courageous fighters who are outlawed by Chungking and feared by the Japanese. It is the *first* book-length report to reach America after six years of silence. Stripping aside the secrecy and mystery imposed by the Kuomintang, veteran correspondent Harrison Forman brings back an objective, unbiased report of what he personally saw and learned in Red China.

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of her books, a certain amount of very subjective and simplified generalizing of the kind that a child makes to itself, but there is also a good deal of shrewd comment that has a wide knowledge of the world behind it. When she is trying to define the differences between the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries, she is, it seems to me, sometimes girlish, sometimes quite profound. When she is discussing national characteristics, she almost always has striking insights. One of the most interesting things in the book is her comparison of the new American Army with our soldiers in the last war. She says that the Americans in Europe seem in certain ways more men of the world than they did in 1917: they are less taciturn, they do not drink so much and they do not blow in all their money, they know how to carry on a conversation, they recognize that there are other countries which have customs different from theirs and they no longer ask stupid questions. She has concluded, after discussing this change with the American soldiers themselves, that it has something to do with the depression, which forced them to understand "that a job was not all there was to it." If she had been watching, in these late years, from the American end, she might have added that the United States has now come to feel its place in the world as it did not thirty years ago.

"REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS," by W. L. White (Harcourt, Brace), is an account of his trip to the Soviet Union in the summer of 1944 in the party of Eric Johnston, the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Mr. White makes little attempt to analyze the social processes at work in Russia or to generalize about her recent history. He simply tells what he saw, heard, and felt. But, as a journalist, he was in a position to enjoy certain unique advantages. He travelled about in a way that no regular correspondent in the Soviet Union has been permitted to do in years, and he was able, as he says, to "bite the ears" of the regular correspondents in Russia—that is, to find out all they knew but were not allowed by the censorship to tell, and to print it when he got back to America. His book has thus a unique value and ought not to be confused with the ordinary correspondent's book about Russia. Mr. White not only saw much more than most visitors, he is a better observer than most, and he tells you how things look and people behave, and how everything strikes an American, in a way that few other writers have ever done. It is so

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curiously rare for a foreigner to visit the Soviet Union and record all the obvious impressions. E. E. Cummings did it in "Eimi," and André Gide did it, but these were both writers in the field of belles lettres and hardly reached the general public. Now Mr. White has done it in a first-rate journalistic job.

I have not space here to summarize his adventures, but should mention that the book contains detailed accounts of inspections of Soviet factories and of conversations with their directors in the company of Mr. Johnston, who viewed factory management with the eye of an expert; full discussions of the treatment by the Russians of Poland and of the Baltic provinces, and of the murder in the Katyn Forest of the ten thousand Polish officers, the guilt for which Germany and the Soviet Union has each tried to put off on the other; a trip beyond the Urals and a remarkable visit to the Communist boss of Siberia; and a trip to the Ukraine, in the course of which Mr. White went through a German bombing raid on an airfield.

The book contains a great deal more material than appeared in the two installments of excerpts which were published in the *Reader's Digest,* and Mr. White has wisely omitted certain passages in which the drabness and slackness of Soviet trade was blamed on the absence of the competitive system instead of being ascribed to the simple lack of consumers' goods (when these goods were becoming available in 1935, there was a revival of advertising in Russia). He has, however, allowed to stand his description of life in the Soviet Union as that of "a moderately well-run penitentiary." —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NEVER LET ME GO, by Gale Wilhelm (Morrow). Miss Wilhelm is the despair of reviewers who think a writer should not be permitted to wiggle out from under a label once it has been attached. In her latest novel she forgoes the elliptical style of "Bring Home the Bride," the rather oblique style of "The Time Between," and several other styles she has made her own and tells a straight story in a conventional manner. In fact, this novel about a young heiress who is able to withdraw from an unhealthy relationship with a man-hating mother and become the happy wife of a lovable, middle-aged extrovert is rather too conventional. Miss Wilhelm has always inspired the suspicion

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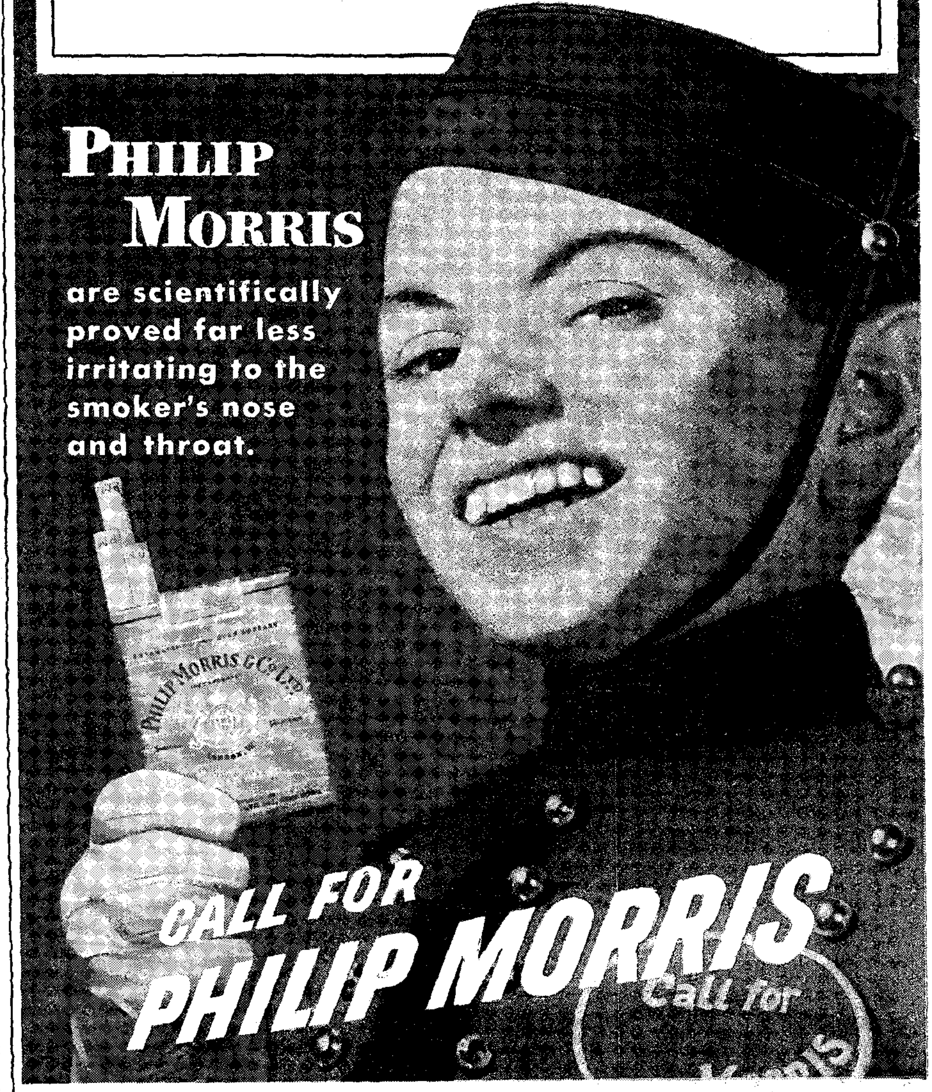
are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.



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that she will someday do a really first-rate piece of work, but "Never Let Me Go" is not it.

LOWER THAN ANGELS, by Walter Karig (Farrar & Rinehart). When you have said that Mr. Karig's novel is an honest effort, you will be hard pressed to find other praise for this exceedingly tedious story of the son of a respectable, poor family who jogs through adolescence, becomes a butcher, serves as an Army cook in the first World War, chases after a couple of girls, marries one of them, and is finally killed in an accident caused by his own carelessness. Here, at first glance, are the ingredients of an H. G. Wells sermon—an ill-educated, self-satisfied, moral little beast whose relentlessly complete biography would, in the hands of a writer of deeper insight, add up to an important, or at least interesting, statement on society. But whereas Mr. Wells' bewildered, lower-middle-class Englishmen grope after something, the hero of "Lower Than Angels" never even suspects that there is anything to grope for. You cannot deny that Mr. Karig has sharp eyes, but he has yet to learn that clarity of observation is worth nothing without clarity of intent.

THE VIOLENT FRIENDS, by Winston Clewes (Appleton-Century). The real life of Jonathan Swift was a drama of such intensity that it is hard to see how a novelist can be deluded into thinking that the story would gain in interest by being cast in fictional form. Certainly Mr. Clewes, though an able literary carpenter, is not the man to report on what passed in the furious brilliance of Swift's mind or on his intensely subtle relationship with Stella and Vanessa. He has, however, created a peppery old curmudgeon, prickly on the outside and tender within—just the part for Lionel Barrymore, as Hollywood may already have decided.

RIVER SONG, by Harry Hamilton (Bobbs-Merrill). The easygoing chronicle of a group of fisherfolk who live in shanty boats on the lower Mississippi. Everybody is kindly and good-natured and a thread of plot is furnished by the musical hero, who is taken in hand by a radio talent scout and put in the way of making enough money so that he can help the community. Mr. Hamilton is not a startling success as a humorist and he is even less successful as a writer, but he has contrived a cheerful little tale that is easy to read,

Why we stopped borrowing notebooks

A FRIEND OF OURS has a remarkable notebook. In it he keeps a catalogue of words. Words to describe weather. Words to describe women. Words to describe food.

When we wanted to write a piece about Camembert cheese, we borrowed the notebook. We turned to the section: Food, words to describe. And we made checks by the Camembert words.

For the golden crust, we chose *tender*. For the creamy center, a whole bouquet of words . . . *mellow, mild, smooth, delicate.*

We sprinkled these words through a paragraph of prose. We read it over. We stared at the words. The words stared back. Something was very wrong.

So we took out a package of Borden's Military Brand Camembert, and spread the cheese on a cracker. We tasted. We tasted again. We spread another cracker.

How foolish to consult a notebook! For the soul of Camembert is a gentle, fugitive thing. It cannot be captured in an adjective, or held in a net of sentences. It must be *enjoyed*—wordlessly and *abundantly!*

We spread another cracker.

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though perhaps even easier to forget.

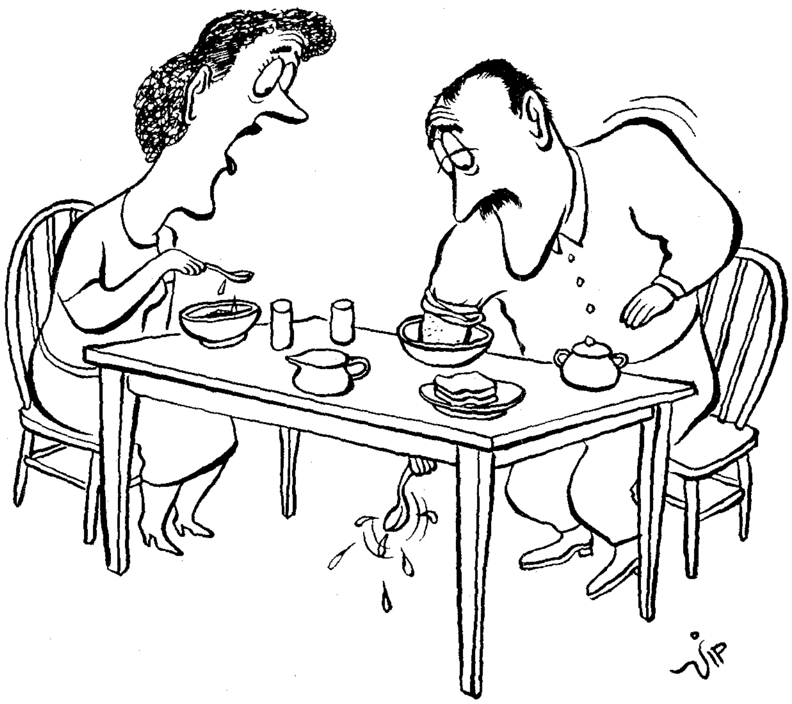
FURY IN THE EARTH, by Harry Harrison Kroll (Bobbs-Merrill). A hundred and thirty-four years ago the town of New Madrid, in Missouri, was completely destroyed by earthquake and the ground it was built on slid into the Mississippi. Mr. Kroll reconstructs the town and tells a highly moral but not overly interesting tale that is half adventure story and half a feeble try at a study of the psychological effects of disaster on an assorted group of individuals.

PIPE NIGHT, by John O'Hara (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). This is Mr. O'Hara's first book since "Pal Joey" and his first collection of diversified short stories since "Files on Parade." These thirty-one tales, each of them unmistakably O'Hara, cover a considerable range of subject, treatment, and cast of characters (Walter T. Carriman and Mrs. Whitman, whom you may especially remember, are among them, and Pal Joey pops up once), and the scenes are laid in Hollywood, Long Island, and plenty of whistle stops, including Chicago, in between. There is a preface by Wolcott Gibbs. Many of these stories made their first appearance in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

GOLDEN GATE COUNTRY, by Gertrude Atherton (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). This item, one of an otherwise estimable series of books about regional America, doesn't seem to amount to much. It is a rewrite of practically everything you have ever read about early California, with an overemphasis on San Francisco society, which the author has adorned for many, many years, and political small talk of four and five decades ago. However, Mrs. Atherton has written a great many books on these very subjects, so she may well be running short of material.

ALLENBY IN EGYPT, by Field Marshal Viscount Wavell (Oxford). Volume II of Lord Wavell's biographical study of his master and precursor, and necessarily a history of Egyptian internal politics and of Lord Allenby's stewardship during the unsettled period (to put it mildly) after the first World War. Lord Wavell is a skillful writer and historian and, although he is an enthusiastic admirer of Allenby's character and career, he never loses his critical sense. Both subject and author might well be considered to represent the best in British im-



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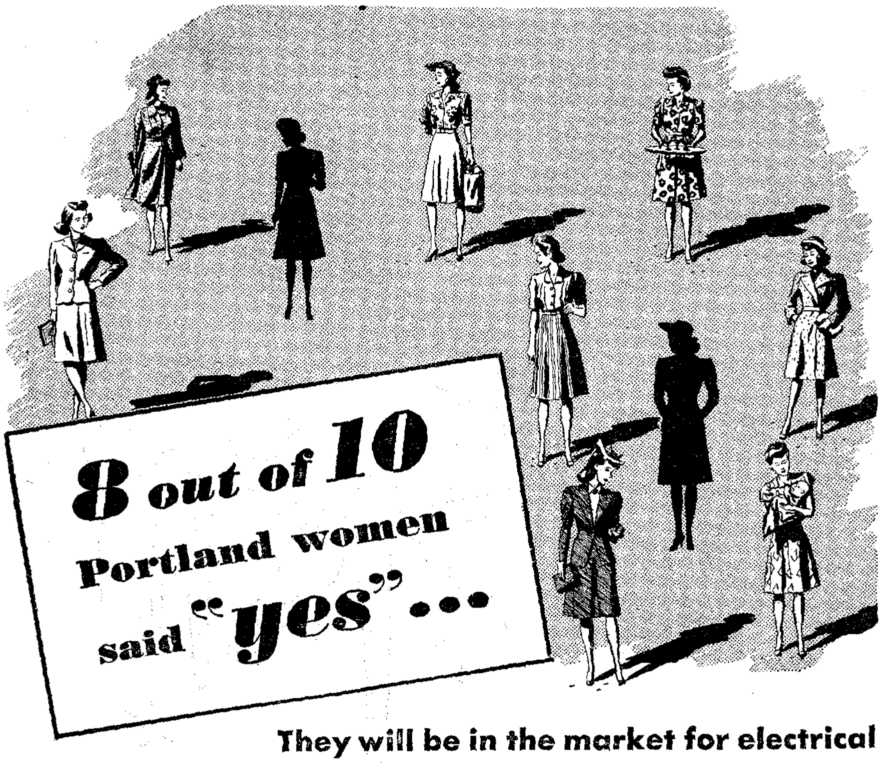

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perialism, whatever the "best" may mean today.

THE BEDSIDE TALES (William Penn). A "gay collection," according to the publisher, of good contemporary American fiction and foolery, ranging from Hemingway to Perelman. Just how gay it is seems disputable; surely another adjective would have been more apt for an anthology that includes William Faulkner's "A Rose for Emily," John Steinbeck's "The Murder," Joseph Mitchell's "On the Wagon," one of Saki's little experiments in sadism, and a score of other tales which were never designed to make the reader chirp like a lark. Peter Arno contributes a foreword that says rather less than his drawing for the jacket. There are fifty-four pieces in the book, nearly all of them badly proofread. Quite a number were first printed in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE INNOCENT FLOWER, by Charlotte Armstrong (Coward-McCann). Mrs. Mary Moriarity, a New Rochelle divorcee, is distressed by the notion that one of her six children might have dropped nicotine sulphate into the sherry that finished off Miss Emily Brown, who was visiting the family. MacDougal Duff, a private detective, happens along, is entranced by the Moriaritys, becomes a part of the household, and works out an explanation after encountering a number of red herrings. Very pleasant once you get used to your old friend Duff in his rôle of family man.

DIED IN THE WOOL, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). After the local police have fallen down on the job, Inspector Roderick Alleyn drops in on a New Zealand mountain homestead to inquire about the death of Mrs. Florence Rubrick, M.P., the owner of the ranch, who had turned up in a highly compressed state in one of her bales of wool three years before. Because of this lapse in time, Alleyn's investigation consists chiefly of interrogating the members of the Rubrick household, who all seem to have been mixed up in espionage as well as murder. A sluggish mystery redeemed by fine local color.

•

FIVE-STORY BUILDING COLLAPSES ON DUANE ST.; NONE BELIEVED IN IT
—*Herald Tribune.*

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